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THE

Heroines of Domestic Life.

BY

MRS. OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN,

AUTHOR OF "HEROINES OF HISTORY," "RAISED TO THE PEERAGE,"
ETC. ETC.

"There are homesteads which have witness'd deeds
That battle-fields, with all their banner'd pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well perform'd upon a humble stage."

WESTLAND MARSTON.

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TO

MISS ANGELA BURDETT COUTTS,

WHOSE CONSISTENT AND UNOSTENTATIOUS PHILANTHROPY ATTESTS

HER APPRECIATION OF THE VIRTUES THESE PAGES EXHIBIT,

They are Dedicated,

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

P R E F A C E.

THE aphorisms of great men are not always to be taken unreservedly ; since in them the world encourages the license of assumption. Thus, when Dr. Johnson declared "that character to be the best, which does little but repeated acts of benevolence," and styled "heroic deeds the *bon-mots* of society, which occurred seldom, and were too highly thought of ;" it is obvious that his remarks, though mainly true, are not to be entirely accepted.

The present age, whilst it deprecates moral or intellectual energy being urged forward into pretentiousness, has grown too accurate in its appreciation of the relative duties of the sexes, to permit either to ignore responsibility, by consuming life in selfish ease. No man or woman has a right to become a mere cipher in existence, and both are called upon to imitate Him who "deems it not beneath the dignity of His transcendent majesty, *to work unceasingly for all.*" To draw, therefore, from the great moralist's expressions, any discouragement to the practice of those heroic

virtues which seek not notoriety, yet cannot escape it, would be to pervert not less the truth than, possibly, the meaning of the speaker.

An invidious desire to restrict woman's legitimate influence, is no new thing ; and although the universal increase of education confessedly demands her proportionate advancement, to keep pace with the day, we find narrow prejudice still striving to depress her in the social scale. In his defence of female education, Sidney Smith strongly animadverts upon this tendency. "Nothing," he observes, "requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to, in every dispute, and from whose sovereign authority it is often vain to appeal. 'The true theatre for a woman is a sick chamber :' — 'Nothing is so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all.' These two phrases, the delight of *Noddledom*, are grown into common-places on the subject, and are not unfrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish." He adds significantly,—"the great use of her knowledge will be, that it contributes to her private happiness."

The real answer, however, to those casuists who impugn whatever may lead woman out of that inane repose, in which they seek to keep her, is derived from facts themselves. Any virtue elicited by a great event, becomes, *ipso facto*, matter of history,

and therefore celebrated ; yet this does not invalidate its claim to be essentially domestic. Feminine heroism comprehends those elements which make better wives, mothers, and daughters ; and if circumstances reveal such characteristics as devotion, fidelity, piety, unselfishness, in their highest culmination, we can no more ignore them, than we can repudiate those plants, which, growing unobtrusive in the forest, restore a nation to health, disarm infection, or mitigate the agony of death. In a similar manner, domestic heroism desires not fame, which is alien to its very nature, yet becomes of public import, as its unassuming virtue spreads from the cottage to the throne, cheers the home or the hospital, and alleviates even the scaffold and the gaol.

Still, it cannot be denied that association with aspects of severer duty, is apt to give a masculine hardness to the mind and the manners, inauspicious to feminine delicacy, the especially graceful attribute of the sex. The constant habit of thinking for herself, of ruling rather than obeying, nay, even conversance with subjects of hospital and camp life, wears off from woman, under such circumstances, her soft and gentle character. Our observation may be thought strange ; but we think that such heroines never proved their claim to the appellation more, than when they voluntarily sacrificed the attractiveness of feminine sensibility, by the exercise of self-imposed obnoxious offices. Possibly upon this result, the jealousy of allowing

women a more active sphere, is founded. • The heart, like the hand, gets coarse by familiarity with roughness, and, to sensitive minds, certain pursuits would be simply intolerable ; but here constitutional disposition comes in, and the natural tendency of the individual predisposes to such practice. In fact, each follows his or her bias ; so that often, except where physical suffering is concerned, a heroine has voluntarily chosen a path she need never have entered upon. Yet, after all, what is life but one appeal to duty ? Or what are its functions, but demands upon submission to the severest discipline ? So long, therefore, as the obligation rests upon both sexes, to " bear one another's burdens," those elements must be encouraged in woman, which qualify her the better to discharge her responsibility.

There is an evil in the present day, which particularly calls for the study of pure models of excellence. We allude to the all-pervading proneness to selfish luxury, which is a sad impediment to woman's work. Whatever, then, can direct the mind to noble example, checks this tendency to perversion from our being's high end and aim ; "for all education of the sex upon dignified and important subjects, multiplies, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius."

If, indeed, the sex would entitle itself to the quaint

compliment of Malherbe, that “the Creator may have repented of having formed man, but never woman,” it is clear that graver thoughts of her true destiny, must be imparted into the old system of educating her to be merely a pretty puppet in the drawing-room. Hence, such subjects have been selected as stand highest in the roll of fame ; this series being devoted especially to the illustration of the domestic virtues. To condense is more difficult than to elaborate ; but it will be well if these records stimulate examination of fuller biographies ; and although courage, conjugal and filial piety, philanthropy, and self-culture, may impart an unavoidable resemblance to such annals,—for, alas, the list of human virtues is soon run out, though never fulfilled !—yet the variety of circumstances, as well as of individual constitution, presents ample materials for thought.

To enhance such motives, therefore, as, while they discourage assumption, teach woman to endure—her chief lesson in this life !—and unselfishly to support others—her main prerogative !—at a period when her greater activity is demanded, is the object of this work. But let it be remembered that true greatness is of Nature, not of Art, and that Heroism cannot be instilled. It must be instinctive ; and though it may be imitated, yet its primary elements cannot be acquired. Education may teach us to shun the shoals, but it can as little construct the ruling mind, which guides the vessel over them, as create

those tides which prostrate all obstacles, by the resistless energy of an indomitable will. Virtue, genius, greatness, are of loftier source, and like happiness, belong to a brighter sphere than this ; the artist can imitate, but cannot inspire his model ; and though Prometheus is said to have formed the fairest image of humanity, the vivifying spark which taught the soul and eye to speak, was caught from heaven !

E. O.

28, CARLTON HILL EAST,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Oct. 1860.

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Ruth.

“Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height
be taken.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Ruth.

ABOUT B.C. 1322.

SCRIPTURE is sometimes wronged of certain striking aspects under which its contents may be viewed, by being considered solely as a revelation for redeeming man ; whereas it is no unimportant point connected with this most marvellous volume, that it comprehends the subject-matter of every science, and teems with narrations of individual life and character. Under this regard comes the Book of Ruth, containing the history of a Moabitess, who has passed down to modern ages as the mirror of constancy, which is placed in our Bibles between the Book of Judges and those of Samuel, as being the sequel of the former and an introduction to the latter. Probably its author was Samuel himself, and he has carefully marked the time of its occurrences as subsequent to the rule of the Judges ; the mention of David proves that the book was composed during his time. The authenticity of the record has never been disputed,

and St. Matthew refers to Ruth in his genealogy of our Saviour ; but some variation as to its chronology is incident to the different points it is made to occupy in the tables of the Rabbins. By some it is supposed that Boaz, the husband of Ruth, was the same as Ibzan, who judged Israel about A.M. 2823, between Jephthah and Elon ; others, again, confine the story to the time of Ehud, and the servitude of Israel to Eglon, king of Moab. We find it, moreover, assigned to the epoch of Barak, Gideon, Abimelech, and Shamgar respectively ; but whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to the date, the simplicity and straightforwardness of the persons mentioned in the narrative are no less conspicuous than the independence of the writer, who does not hesitate to trace the royal house of David to a foreign family, in circumstances of the greatest poverty. As to the character and deportment of Ruth herself, they will ever appear to reflect, in striking lustre, the qualities of filial piety, devotion to duty, and a single-hearted innocence truly sublime.

Her history is as follows :—Born in the country of Moab, she had married Chilion, the son of Elimelech and Naomi, two Israelites of wealthy and influential connection, who had emigrated during a famine. Naomi was shortly afterwards deprived of her husband and both her sons ; so that, being reduced to great distress, she resolved upon returning to Bethlehem, at the same time representing to her widowed daughters-



Ruth and Naomi.

P. 5.

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in-law the policy of their abiding in Moab, in consequence of the very small expectation she entertained of being able to support them in Judea. This discussion revealed the constancy and fidelity of Ruth towards her aged relative, in marked contrast to the behaviour of Orpah, who had married her other son, and who yielded to the strong test of sincere devotion Naomi's proposition imposed by "going back," as she expressed it, "to her people and to her gods." This addition to the speech, especially when collated with Ruth's answer, proves that the latter had already become a proselyte to Judaism: faith in the one true God constituting the groundwork of her devotion to her whose affliction she was so willing to share. Few instances occur, even in Scripture narrative, where pious self-abnegation, and unaffected dedication of the heart at the shrine of dutiful love, are more beautifully portrayed than in her touching, yet decided reply, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest," she even goes on to say with the wildness, as it were, of earnest abandonment, "will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." The whole of her speech declared, not only a thorough renunciation of the errors of idolatry, but a resolution to cleave to the truth through evil report and good

report. It has been said that the power of faith will often shine forth the most where the character is naturally weak, since there is less to intercept and interfere with its workings; but, however this may be, it is no less true that dispositions of firm, though mild quality are materially enhanced in their development by the instrumentality of adverse circumstances, which, as in the case of Ruth, conduct the agent through difficult paths by the light of faith and holy principle. Equally void of superstition as of that stern obduracy which not unfrequently misrepresents egotism or selfishness as conscientious zeal, she was dutiful, yet, at the call of faith, uncompromising; and her conduct combines the tender simplicity of the child, with the calm fortitude and thoughtfulness of the woman.

Upon her return to her own country, Naomi found herself without friends or means of support, and although she was aware that her husband's kinsman, Boaz, "was a mighty man of wealth," yet it does not appear that she directed Ruth to apply to him, in the first instance. On the contrary, the young widow is described as going out to glean in the fields to support her mother and herself, and "lighting," doubtless according to the overruling designs of Providence, yet with no premeditation of her own, upon the fields of her rich relative. His attention was drawn to her in consequence of the favourable report he had heard of her conduct towards Naomi, and he not only authorized her

to refresh herself from the provisions for his labourers, but with genuine and delicate kindness, directed the reapers to let fall "some of the handfuls on purpose for her." The lines of Mrs. Hemans are too descriptive for us to omit their quotation :—

"Oh ! forlorn
Yet not forsaken Ruth ! I see thee stand
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the harvest band ;
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy fatherland
Smiles far away ! Yet to the sense of home,
That finest, purest which can recognize
Home in Affection's glance, for ever true
Beats thy calm heart."

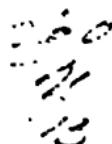
Naomi then discovered to Ruth the affinity between Boaz and herself, and directed her secretly to claim the protection which the Jewish law enjoined towards distressed relatives. An interview accordingly took place under circumstances which set forth the integrity and uprightness of Boaz in a remarkable degree ; and he, aware that Naomi had a nearer kinsman than himself, fulfilled the obligations of consanguinity, by giving him the option of marrying Ruth and redeeming her estate, and, finally, upon his refusal, became her husband. The tenderness which united the mother-in-law and the fair Moabitess was cemented still more strongly by the birth of a son,—Obed, the grandfather of David. Naomi, we are told, took the child and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse to it, her affection to the house of Ruth being so entire, that

the neighbours spoke of the new-born babe as though it were her own offspring, and characterized Ruth's love as being better than that of seven sons. The sacred history goes no further than to afford a brief genealogy, probably because its object, consistent with the tenor of the other Scriptures, is not to gratify curiosity, but to enforce truth and record instruction. Still the outline of this fair type of female character may be filled up in thought, and the heart must be callous indeed to the attractions of essential goodness, which does not dwell with fondness upon the memory of one pure in her suffering as in her prosperity, and unchanged in her piety by either.

Antigone.

“That still face
Had once been fair ; for on the clear arch'd brow,
And the curved lip, there lingers yet such grace
As sculpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
The deep black lashes o'er the half-shut eye—
For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
Dimm'd, the slight form all wasted as by care.”

MRS. HEMANS.



Antigone.

B.C. 1225.

ALTHOUGH the period at which the circumstances of our heroine's life occurred, invests them with a portion of the mythical mist of tradition, yet there is little doubt that she was not only a real character, but distinguished for remarkable proofs of that filial and sisterly love which has made her instanced in all ages as—

“The father's staff, the brother's friend.”

She was the daughter of Oedipus, king of Thebes, and Jocasta; and the romantic history of her parents has been one of the most favourite themes of ancient poets. Before we pass on to her own particular life, we may remark that mythology, or what is called, perhaps, more properly, the fabulous era of history, is not to be wholly spurned as if altogether untrue, nor accepted merely as an exercise for schoolboys, or a topic for imaginative rhymesters. Like those curious shells, or cases, in which the cadis and other insects

hide themselves, composed of various materials amalgamated in fantastic shapes by a singular adhesion, yet affording habitation for life within, so mythology holds inherently the germ, in many instances, of some fact ; is often the vehicle of even a scriptural truth ; but the tides of Time have rolled over it, and the changes of man's habits, and the progress of civilization have trodden it down into wild and weird forms, so that to the spectator externally, it appears grotesque, or strangely beautiful, yet, nevertheless, all this while there is vital truth within, and the diligent inquirer will find it.

After the self-banishment of *Œdipus* from Thebes, his resignation of the kingdom, together with his direful destruction of his own sight, the irascible old man, whom we cannot help sympathizing with, as far as the story goes, since he appears to have been the victim of circumstances rather than of voluntary crime, withdrew to Colonus, a hamlet, or district, near Athens. Separated from his country, and at enmity with his own sons, who were rival claimants for the throne of Thebes, as well as with Creon, his wife's relative, *Œdipus*, led by Antigone, implored the protection of Theseus, who granted it. *Æschylus*, Sophocles, and Euripides, all make her a character in their dramas, particularly dwelling upon, and setting forth her religious devotion, self-sacrifice to her father and brother Polynices, and the tenderness of her love to Hæmon, the son of Creon. We annex a translation

of her speech, when, urging upon her father the duties of forgiveness of injuries, and prudent moderation of anger ; she thus addresses him, with all the simplicity and fervour of the Greek drama :—

“ Father ! my youth should not exhort thine age,
 Yet patient, hear me, and thy wrath assuage ;
 Let Theseus follow what the gods inspire,
 Nor quench the ardour of affection’s fire,
 Which, animating him, glows forth in me,
 Who plead forgiveness with a suppliant knee.
 Think not that kingly power, but friendly zeal
 Bids thee a father’s tenderness to feel ?
 My brother pardon, and, by Nature won,
 Welcome thine erring, but repentant son.
 Lurks there disgrace to list reflection’s voice ?—
 The great in noblest sentiments rejoice.
 Did he not draw from thee the breath of Heaven .
 Wouldst thou extinguish what thyself hast given ?
 If criminal beyond that utmost bound
 Which e’en the vilest doom’d of Fate hath found,
 Yet Heav’n forbid that thou, from vengeful ire,
 Should perpetrate, than his, a sin more dire.
 Turn, turn thine heart, my father ! Grant the pray’r
 Which Nature pleads ; let Hope supplant Despair !
 Others have sunk beneath that vastest woe,
 Ungrateful children, whose remorseless blow
 Has paralyzed their soul : in others, rage
 Rends the sad history of their darken’d age :
 Yet Wisdom’s tones have brought, at length, relief,
 And “ words in season ” mitigated grief :—
 Love has disarm’d their hatred, quell’d their fears,
 And flowers of joy sprung up ’neath Pity’s tears !
 Then him disown not,—banish vengeful dread.
 Warn’d by past woe ; and if by Wisdom led,
 Forgiveness sway thee,—soon thou’lt comprehend
 How misrule’s temper hath pernicious end.

Thine eyes,—dim guides!—see not the light of day,—
 Let Reason's star shed forth unerring ray.
 Its bright gleam gladly follow; for a good
 Is doubled when its pray'r is not withstood.
 And those who plead for Truth at Conscience gate
 O! hear thou freely, nor doom long to wait!"*

From this quotation we learn, that not only was Oedipus at variance with his sons, but that the affection of Antigone was especially devoted to Polynices, whom she endeavoured to restore to her father's still influential protection. As to the life she led when at Colonus, the romance of tragedy, which overlays fact with sentiment, affords but little information; but that she ministered to one not less physically blind than mentally perverse; that she bore the unequal temper of the will; that she studied to apply every lenitive to his affliction; and that this duty was discharged, notwithstanding the proffers of wealth and power to elevate her to regal dignity, from the wearisome task of tending on misfortune, which only filial affection rendered tolerable, is clear from the concurrent testimony of all writers. She was to Oedipus what Cordelia is represented as having been to Lear—

“a sacrifice on which
 The gods themselves throw incense.”

and remained with her father till he died, when she returned to Thebes. According to Apollodorus, Hæmon, the son of Creon, had died before this time,

* Translated by the Rev. O. F. Owen.

but Sophocles, to suit his own tragic purposes, represents him as alive, and falling in love with Antigone, a circumstance which constitutes the dramatic foundation of one of his best plays. It had been agreed between the sons of Oedipus, that after their father's abdication, each should reign his alternate year ; but Eteocles having broken the compact, induced a siege of his capital, which ended in the mutual destruction of the brothers by single combat. The ancients, by a curious, yet significant fable, which fully bore out their creed in the indelibility of human passion, represented that their bodies being burned, the flame parted itself, as a token of such deadly hatred between them, that as during life their minds, so after death their bodies could never agree. This unforgiveness of injuries constitutes one great, unalterable distinction between the creed which is human, and that which is divine. Socrates could reason upon the immortality of the soul ; anticipate the joys of future existence ; nay, even descant upon the nature of God Himself ; yet owned still, and admitted into his system the tyranny of human pride, for he taught that revenge was commendable, and that man need not pardon.

It is after the death of Polynices that the devotion of Antigone to duty again appears. A consistent character (we speak of it as far as human frailty allows), is itself a proof of genuineness, and the remark peculiarly applies to Antigone. As she had urged her

brother's cause to her father, so she determines, when Polynices fell, to risk all in the administration to his body of those honours which, according to the Greek religion,—marvellously in this respect anticipating the doctrine of purgatory,—were considered imperatively necessary to convey the soul to the abodes of the blessed. Creon, in his wrath against the family of the outcast monarch, had issued an edict forbidding the burial of the fratricides. Antigone broke the order, and impelled, no less by horror at the sacrilegious despotism which could persecute beyond the grave, than by that deep love to him over whose failings death had thrown the majesty of its shroud, secretly buried the body of her brother. Her conduct in this respect resembles that of certain other of our heroines, with whom the death of their beloved wrought no difference in devotion to self-imposed duty ; but we are now speaking of what is called a barbarous age,—a strange misnomer when we reflect that such an era touches nearest upon that unsophisticated state of early nature when men walked with angels ! If ages pass away and men acquire different habits, yet humanity itself remains the same ; and though luxury enervate, or persecution test its principle, the same circumstances will elicit the same result in disposition, though varied in application, and modified in degree.

We are told that her punishment followed fast upon her exploit, we cannot call it a crime, for disobedience to injustice and impiety is a virtue. Apollodorus says

that Creon had her buried alive in the same tomb as her brother, but Sophocles states she was shut up in a subterranean cave, where she killed herself. Stoicism, or that indifference to pain which was frequently the exhibition of a courageous hypocrisy, considered suicide as a virtue. Even the moral and the virtuous, in their ignorance, forgot their responsibility of life to the Giver of it, "nor remembered that before they left the world they were bound to return what God had done for them in it." Hence we must not impugn the memory of Antigone, if she even acted, according to the questionable testimony of a poet, from the evil tendencies of Grecian superstition. The event is worked up by Sophocles with the greatest pathos and the proper measure of retribution meted out to Creon. Hæmon, the lover of Antigone, hearing of her death, seeks her in the cayern, and kills himself by her side. Theseus makes war upon the tyrant and slays him, and the whole race of the Theban dynasty is made an exhibition of the Divine judgment upon error.

The elements of the story, such as they present themselves to the general reader, will be easily identified with those upon which many modern moralists and dramatic authors have founded their striking idealities. But the disposition of Antigone, her actions, nay, even as the tragedians have represented, her speech, condense, as in a focus, the rays of many lessons, giving potency to all. She is exhibited to the mind's eye as a "very woman," loving and filial as

Cordelia ; pure and devoted to the impulses of a higher destiny as Dorothea, the virgin martyr of Massinger ; with Portia's intellect, and Arria's courage. It may be that the poets drew upon their imagination, and that these virtues, rare in their separate excellence, were made wonderful by their combination in one ideal ; but let the lesson only be that she suffered well, it is enough. Past ages have admired, and in some small degree, though so great demand is not made upon unselfishness, let the present copy her. She remains a concentration, a statue of harmonized principles, all tending to the development of the consistent beauty of virtue. If the image be of stone, still the rules of its creation accord to those of life ; but the predominant charm of the portraiture of Antigone is, that it contains the soul of love,—unworldly, self-denying, constant, and pure !

Panther.

“Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Pantheat.

ABOUT B.C. 567.

IF ancient history were merely a collection of events, and did not present constant instances that human nature, like its Divine Creator, is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” a great portion of its instruction would be superseded. It is from our tracing perpetual examples of virtue, adapted to every age, whatever be the clime or the circumstance, that we derive the impressive lessons that there is nothing new under the sun ; that neither prosperity nor misfortune can exceed the limits which individuals have already experienced ; and that whatever man has done or suffered, he may, when called upon, do or suffer again.

Cyrus, king of the Medo-Persians, born about B.C. 590, was one of those remarkable conquerors who are raised up by Providence for special purposes, so that he is even mentioned in Scripture by name (Isa. xliv. 28; xlv. 1; Ezra. i. 1), above one hundred years before

his birth, as the destroyer of Babylon, and the restorer of the Jews to their country. He was the son of Cambyses and Mandane, a daughter of Astyages, or (as he is called by the prophet Daniel) Ahasuerus, king of Media. Revolting from his grandfather, he delivered the Persians from the Median yoke, defeated Croesus, king of the Lydians, taking Sardis, the capital, and subsequently captured Babylon.

During the campaign against Cyaxares, Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Susiana, fell into the hands of the victors, and her beauty being extolled to Cyrus, he at first declined to see her, fearing that such an object might, by enervating his affections, withdraw him from his career of ambition. He, therefore, confided his captive to the care of Araspes, with the prudent caution not to permit himself to be overcome by the charms of her beauty and conversation. The young nobleman, too confident in his insensibility, soon became so desperately enamoured of Panthea, as to compel the latter to appeal for protection to Cyrus, who rebuking her assailant, the latter withdrew himself from the army, and Panthea became anxious to supply his loss by the proffer of the services of her husband, whose merits as a general were widely renowned. When he arrived at the camp, she made Abradates acquainted with the magnanimity of their benefactor, to whom he hastened to express his gratitude.

“ You see before you,” he said, “ the tenderest friend, the most devoted servant, and the faithfulest ally you

ever had ; who, not being able otherwise to acknowledge your favours, comes and devotes himself entirely to your service." His friendship was reciprocated, and the first example of the devotion of husband and wife to each other, and to their friend and protector, as well as the confidence of the latter in the skill and attachment of his new ally, is related in Xenophon's account of the battle of Thymbria.

Nothing can be more simply beautiful than this sketch of early manners, as it is thus given by the historian :—" The chariot of Abradates, that had four perches and eight horses, was completely adorned for him ; and when he was going to put on his linen corslet (which was a sort of armour used by those of his country), Panthea brought him a golden helmet, and arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists, a purple habit reaching down to his feet, and hanging in folds at the bottom, and a crest dyed of a violet colour. These things she had made unknown to her husband, and by taking the measure of his armour. He wondered when he saw them, and inquired thus of Panthea : ' Have you made me these arms by destroying your own ornaments ? ' ' No, truly,' said Panthea, ' not what is the most valuable of them ; for it is you, if you appear to others to be what I think you, that will be my greatest ornament ; ' and saying that, she put on him the armour ; and, though she endeavoured to conceal it, the tears poured down her cheeks. When Abradates, who was before a man of fine

appearance, was set out in these arms, he appeared the most beautiful and noble of all, especially being, likewise, so by nature. Then, taking the reins from the driver, he was just preparing to mount the chariot, when Panthea, after she had desired all that were there to retire, thus said :—‘ O Abradates ! if ever there was a woman who had a greater regard to her husband than to her own soul, I believe you know that I am such a one. What need I, therefore, to speak of things in particular ? For I reckon that my actions have convinced you more than any words I can now use. And yet, though I stand thus affected towards you, as you know I do, I swear by this friendship of mine and yours, that I certainly would rather choose to be put under ground jointly with you, approving yourself a brave man, than to live with you in disgrace and shame ; so much I do think you and myself worthy of the noblest things. Then I think that we both lie under obligations to Cyrus ; that, when I was a captive, and chosen out for himself, he thought fit to treat me neither as a slave, nor, indeed, as a woman of mean account ; but he took and kept me for you, as if I were his brother’s wife. Besides, when Araspes, who was my guard, went away from him, I promised him that if he would allow me to send for you, you would come to him, and approve yourself a much better and more faithful friend than Araspes.’ ”

Thus she spoke : and Abradates, being struck with admiration at her discourse, laying his hand gently on

her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, made this prayer :—“ Do thou, O greatest Jove, grant me to appear a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus, who has done us so much honour ! ”

Having distinguished himself with the greatest bravery, and overthrown that part of the enemy which was opposed to him, he became entangled in the fall of his chariot, and was despatched with a hundred wounds. As soon as Cyrus heard of the sad event, he galloped to the spot, where Panthea was sitting, with the head of her husband in her lap. In vain did he, according to Xenophon, seek to console her by promises of protection and honour. She still continued to reproach herself with having urged him on.

We give the statement of the last interview in the words of the historian :—

“ Cyrus, shedding tears for some time in silence, then spoke,—‘ He has died, lady, the noblest death ; for he has died victorious ! Do you adorn him with these things that I furnish you with ’ (Gobryas and Gadatas were then come up, and had brought rich ornaments in great abundance with them). ‘ Then,’ said he, ‘ be assured that he shall not want respect and honour in all other things ; but, over and above, multitudes shall concur in raising him a monument that shall be worthy of us ; and all the sacrifices shall be made him that are proper to be made in honour of a brave man. You shall not be left destitute ; but, for the sake of

your modesty and every other virtue, I will pay you all other honours, as well as place those about you who will conduct you wherever you please. Do you but make it known to me, where it is that you desire to be conveyed to.' And Panthea replied,—'Be confident, Cyrus, I will not conceal from you to whom it is that I desire to go.'

"She having said this, Cyrus went away, with great pity for her, that she should have lost such a husband, and for the man, that he should have left such a wife behind him, never to see her more. Panthea then gave orders for her servants to retire, 'till such time,' said she, 'as I shall have lamented my husband as I please.' Her nurse she bid to stay, and gave orders that when she was dead, she would wrap her and her husband up in one mantle together. The nurse, after having repeatedly begged her not to do this, and meeting with no success, but, observing her to grow angry, sat herself down, breaking out in tears. She being beforehand provided with a sword, killed herself, and laying her head down on her husband's breast, she died. The nurse set up a lamentable cry, and covered them both as Panthea had directed. The three servants drew their swords and killed themselves; and Cyrus, struck with admiration at Panthea's heroism, raised over herself and husband a monument of very great size."

Such was the end of one who, in her ignorance of true religion, rushed, unsummoned, into the presence

of Him who gave us being, and alone has the right to resume it. We may admire the greatness of her courage, although, even here, we should not forget that real fortitude is that which endures in dutiful obedience, not seeks to break through the will of Heaven.

“ Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come ;
Tyrants may tie him up from your relief,
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world ;
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.”

DRYDEN.

Epionix.

“ Oh ! who the exquisite delight can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
Which links, in tender bands, two faithful hearts ?
In vain, assailed by Fortune’s envious darts,
Their mitigated woes are sweetly shared,
And doubled joy reluctantly departs :
Let but the sympathizing heart be spared,
What sorrow seems not light, what peril is not dared ? ”

MRS. TIGHE.

Eponina.

BORN A.D. 50. DIED A.D. 78.

AT the period when Rome was distracted by the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for empire, lived Julius Sabinus, a powerful chief of the Lingones.

Married to a beautiful and accomplished woman, ambition, which sometimes leads men to sacrifice those they love, in the wild aspiration of obtaining for them more than even love itself requires, induced Sabinus to put forward his claim for a sceptre, which the character given of him by Tacitus proves his inability to wield.

This description, drawn with all the vigorous terseness of that celebrated historian, represents him as no less rash in attack than precipitate in panic; and it appears wonderful how a person so different in intellectual and moral energy from the requirements and characteristics of his time, should have been able to associate to himself what Tacitus applauds as a

wonderful constancy in his friends, and the devoted attachment of his wife. Addison observes,—

“ True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.
All else is towering phrensy and distraction.”

Nothing could be more exactly opposed to the career of the husband, who, without fortitude, violated the terms of a treaty, and wildly engaged in a rebellion against a virtuous monarch; yet how often do we find in married life the folly of the one partner elicit the fondness of the other. That Sabinus was associated with a heroine, all history testifies, and the less incentive to conjugal duty we find in him, the more we are induced to extol the inflexible fidelity of Eponina.

It is to be regretted, indeed, that the history of Tacitus terminates before the fulfilment of his promise to inform us of the details of Eponina’s conduct, which not only elicited his admiration, but which, judged by its transmission through other sources, would have afforded one of the finest opportunities for his noted analysis of character. The story, full of romance, would strike the dramatist with salient topics for effect, through those passages to the human heart which the virtues open from the great temple of truth within the soul; while the philanthropist, who needs them not, and the misanthrope, who requires them most, would be, the one compelled to admit, and the other eager to admire, the evident proofs it affords that the

pillars of original excellence in our nature, though prostrate, yet demonstrate, even under the disparagement of fortune, that their handiwork, if marred, is not obliterated. Could any scene be more powerfully effective than that of a desolate cavern concealing the claimant of a throne ; the neighbourhood beset with indefatigable enemies and restless spies ; anxiety within ; at times the breath drawn with fear ; the conversation in a whisper ; the ear grown sensitive by the ceaseless alarm of the heart, at first, startled by the fall of a leaf, and then, from long experience in danger, become so callous as to make the captive,—in disguise, it is true, but yet with strange audacity,—trust to the filmy veil of a changed garb, or a feigned voice, for protection and escape ? Then we have not only scenic accessories, but the whole *dramatis personæ* are here. The faithful friends, the ready-witted and devoted servant, running all hazards, but inflexibly honest to one master ; above all, the wife, from whose example probably, kindling their admiration, the fidelity of friends and the constancy of followers were elicited, and by a word or smile of whose recognition both were repaid.

The incidents of the narrative, however, although striking, are but few ; but of both husband and wife it may be said,

“ — Their hearts made all their harmony ;
Love’s broken murmur, and more broken sigh.”

Hence, the life within, rather than that without them,

constitutes the element of attraction. Sabinus, it seems, relying upon a real or supposed descent from the first Cæsar, fomented an insurrection among the Gaulic tribes, caused himself to be proclaimed emperor, and endeavoured to gain over those legions and allies of Rome, who were disaffected to the new government. At the head of an ill-disciplined horde, he attacked the Sequani, a people in strict alliance with Rome, and being defeated, sought safety in spreading abroad a false report of his death. Escaping, with difficulty, the general carnage, he reached a house situated upon a small property he possessed in the neighbourhood, and calling together the few faithful adherents left to him, informed them of his determination to avoid the disgrace and death which awaited him, by putting an end to his existence by his own hand. Having received their adieux, he shut himself up, and soon the flames of the burning building attested the fate its owner had voluntarily embraced.

Eponina, left in Rome, to bear as she might the suspense of the undertaking's success—this is woman's constant fate; and is not the passive agony of inaction far harder to bear than all the excitements of actual peril?—Eponina heard with bursting heart the tidings of defeat which speedily were followed by those of her husband's death. She shut herself within the seclusion of her own chamber, and mourned as Roman wives were taught to mourn, not in resigna-

tion, but in despair. She refused all nourishment, and in three days was reduced to so pitiable a condition, that it was evident her sole hope, that of rejoining Sabinus in the grave, would soon be realized. Either commissioned to reveal the secret, or penetrated with grief and pity beyond further control at the sight of his mistress, Martialis, a freed man, who had brought to Eponina particulars of her husband's supposed death, now informed her, with every necessary caution, that he was still living, and in comparative safety. A scheme had been concerted by this faithful domestic and one other, to preserve their master's life, and he was now concealed in a cavern, where he anxiously awaited the coming of his beloved wife. Eponina, still keeping up the appearance of grief, made arrangements for immediately joining him: under the protecting veil of darkness, she flew to the subterranean abode, where Sabinus pined in darkness and anxiety; and having solaced and comforted him by her affection and sympathy, returned with equal secrecy to Rome. Emboldened by success, again and again did Eponina visit her husband, supplying him with every necessary, and teaching him, by the refreshment of her presence, how to bear those tedious hours when she could no longer be near. Seven months thus passed; and at the end of that time, finding her constant absences productive of suspicion, she formed the project of concealing Sabinus in her own house. The removal was not effected without

much difficulty, and Fortune refused to smile upon an endeavour which, if successful, would have diminished the evils of captivity, by allowing the unrestrained intercourse of affection. Again, therefore, was the ingenuity of the faithful wife taxed to remove, once more, the weary prisoner to the shelter of his subterraneous home. Her hopes of obtaining a pardon through the influence of friends had turned out fallacious, and we may easily picture the heart-wrung anguish with which she retraced her steps to her husband's precarious asylum ; but when we read that for *nine years* afterwards, she continued her visits, and shared the gloom of an imprisonment her presence alone irradiated, we are lost in admiration of a fidelity so inexhaustible in its patience, and unswerving in the self-sacrifice of its devotion. Woman is described by Shakspeare as "naturally born to fears ;" and how these must have been augmented by the perils of a life, each act of which, in reference to her husband, was a hazardous enterprise, threatening not less her own safety, than that of her other far dearer self, must be fully realized before we can appreciate such genuine nobility of nature. Suffice it, that in this type of woman, Eponina will, indeed, "outstrip all praise, and make it halt behind her."

That nothing might be wanting to intensify the pathos of her history, we find that, during her *nine years' voluntary incarceration*, Eponina became

a mother. This circumstance, of course, rendered detection almost certain ; but, by a ready stratagem, it was evaded, and the twin-sons, who first looked upon the world in the gloom of unnatural solitude, were educated by their heroic mother, whose life had been perilled for their own. These, she fondly hoped, would become additional promoters of her plea for her husband's pardon at the court of Vespasian ; but before she could carry out fresh preparations in favour of Sabinus, treachery or cupidity had done its work. In the year 78, Eponina and her unfortunate companions were dragged in fetters to Rome. Probably, and we say this in justice to the character of the emperor, he would have yielded to the eloquence of a mother whose Spartan fortitude commanded his sympathy and admiration. As she presented her children, and prostrated herself at his feet, while, with impassioned eloquence, she mitigated her husband's crime, and faithfully depicted his sufferings and her own, the heart of the Roman, for an instant, trembled. What man worthy of the name, could resist such an address as that, the fragments of which have reached us ?

“ Not till these boys could join their tears to those of their mother, did I seek, oh, Cæsar ! to disarm your wrath against him whom it is now your opportunity to pardon, and thereby gild your diadem with clemency, the brightest gem of conquest. By a coincidence in which the Fates them-

selves seem to strengthen our appeal, this is the first day when, coming, as it were, from a tomb, they behold the sun, and seek your pity to warm into life the emotions so long buried in darkness and sorrow." Finding that, whilst all around were moved, the countenance of the emperor remained impassive, she redoubled her earnest prayers; but in vain. The cold, iron policy which, in this age, contaminated Roman councils, whilst it yet did not confirm the strength of the imperial authority, prevailed; so that, abandoning all hope of forgiveness from one whose fame this act of cruelty has for ever tarnished, Eponina rose from her knees, and changed at once her attitude and address.

"I am resolved, then, as you refuse to hearken to the voice of magnanimity, that your tyranny shall have two victims. Depend upon this truth, that not in vain have I so long contemplated peril. You shall see how I scorn death when life is deprived of the only boon it can bestow. More happy than a tyrant surrounded with unsafe splendour and insecure tranquillity, have I been with my husband and my children, though banished from the light of day. For them I have forgotten pain, to him I now sacrifice life, and die, leaving our oppressor to the vengeance of the immortal Gods!"

According to Plutarch, Vespasian's death, and the extirpation of his whole family, attested the anger of Heaven towards an act which all historians condemn

as one of narrow-minded vengeance and impolitic cruelty. In this respect, we may remark, that the characteristics of woman's reputed vindictiveness and man's magnanimity, are powerfully transformed; Vespasian appearing a pitiful parallel of Fulvia, whilst Eponina develops the majestic fortitude of Socrates or Julius. But "man is the sport of circumstances;" and it is to be hoped that, had all the concomitant details been made known to us, some extenuation might be found for what, otherwise, appears a crime of the darkest tyranny. As to our heroine, in her case "that domestic worth that shuns too strong a light," as Lord Lyttleton observes, partook of what is woman's not unfrequent excellence, an undeviating rectitude of principle, which shrunk not, when called upon, from the boldest avowal, and the most uncompromising dedication to duty. Her soul was the spell and light of each path the sharers of her captivity pursued. She has written her fame in one of the brightest pages of female constancy, and realized, more than most, in character and conduct, the description given by our great magician, Byron.

"Herself a pillow in her energies
To bear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less."

Gertrude, Baroness von der Wart.

“Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us ;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fix'd and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law :
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee !”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Gertrude, Baroness von der Wart.

A.D. 1308.

ALBERT I., emperor of Austria, surnamed, from his victories, the Triumphant, was son of the emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, and a competitor for the imperial crown with Adolphus of Nassau. This prince, who was emperor of Germany, was yet unable to cope with his powerful and able rival, by whom he was ultimately defeated and killed. Exactly ten years after, in 1308, the victor was himself vanquished; not, however, in the field, but falling a victim to assassination, doubtless compassed by adherents of his deceased antagonist.

Germany, with its petty states and subdivided interests, seems to deserve, more than Flanders, the sobriquet of the "tilting-ground of Europe;" nor until Charles V., about two hundred years after the period we write of, condensed the states into a compacted territory under his own indomitable will, does the history of the country present any other aspect

than that of constant intrigue and unscrupulous partisanship.

It is necessary to bear these considerations in mind, in order to comprehend how the husband of Gertrude von der Wart became a victim to malevolent persecution.

He had been accused of aiding and abetting John of Suabia in the murder of Albert, although to the last he maintained his innocence ; and his assertion is corroborated by the concurrent testimony of all historians. We have seen that, in those days, a man's destruction was resolved upon before his trial, and that the will of his foes, not the evidence of truth, decided his sentence. The incidents of Von der Wart's execution were transcendent in their horror, even at that barbarous epoch ; and, when accompanied by the thrill of sympathy excited by the heroism of his wife, have formed a subject of serious and sorrowful contemplation through all succeeding ages. He was sentenced to be broken on the wheel ; a mode of punishment extant even to the present century, and which may rank with the most exquisite inventions of cruelty ever devised by the satanic malignity of man against his fellow.

The criminal was laid upon a machine resembling a cross, in the shape of an X, and raised horizontally a few feet from the ground. Sometimes it was inclosed by a circle of wood and iron, which

gave it the appearance of a wheel. The limbs of the wretched victim being stretched out, the executioner, with a heavy crowbar, broke them successively between the joints, the intervals between each fracture being prolonged according to the degree of vengeance which malice desired to inflict on the sufferer. Under these circumstances, a life of agony was drawn out, as it were, drop by drop,—“death shunned the wretch who fain the blow would meet;” but the *coup de grâce* was not given until, the limbs being crushed, no other cruelty could be devised; and then the executioner either fractured the skull, or dispatched the quivering culprit with a dagger.

Civilization, in its arrogance, even to twenty years ago, used to talk of barbarism as the Pharisee did of the publican: we are afraid that, when the history of nations is completed, its blackest page will be that which tells of a professedly religious people, notwithstanding its opportunities of knowledge, for a paltry loss, almost a trivial fault, torturing or sacrificing the image of God.

Our chief accounts of the amazing magnanimity evinced by Gertrude von der Wart, are derived from her letter to Margaret Freienstern, than which few records can be more thrillingly pathetic. Resolved to be with her husband in his last moments, she made every preparation for attending the fearful spectacle; and the beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans, commemorative of this noble woman’s constancy, accurately portrays,

not only the state of her feeling, but the facts of the case.

“ Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,—
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy Heaven above ;
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

“ ‘ And bid me not depart,’ she cried,
 ‘ My Rudolph, say not so ;
 This is no time to quit thy side ;
 Peace, peace, I cannot go !
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
 When death is on thy brow ?
 The world, what means it,—all is here,
 I will not leave thee now ! ’ ”

Our heroine thus writes :—

“ I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown all over it. ‘ I beseech you, leave me ! Oh, I beseech you,’ he exclaimed continually ; ‘ when day breaks, should you be found here, what will be your fate ; and what new misery will you bring upon me ? Oh, God ! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings ? ’

“ ‘ I will die with you ; ’tis for that I came ; and no

power shall force me from you,' said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"She wiped the death-damps from his brow
With her pale hands and soft ;
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
As hope and joy ne'er knew."

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us. I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and, as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed ; for, at daybreak, all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"As some people approached, I saw, also, several women of my own acquaintance ; among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo von Winterthur. I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings."

"'He dare not do anything for me,' sighed Wart, upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes ; 'he dare not do anything ; the queen (Agnes, queen of Hungary, daughter of the murdered emperor)

pronounced the sentence, and the bailiff must, therefore, obey ; otherwise, I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.'

" Some people brought me bread and confectionery, and offered me wine to refresh me ; but I could take nothing, for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased ; I recognized also the sheriff, Steiner von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrad and Datlikon ; also a Madame von Neufenstein, who was praying for us.

" The executioner came also ; then Lamprecht, the confessor. The first said, with a sigh, ' God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul ! ' The latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess ? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the queen before the tribunal at Brugk (denying the charge). The priest was silent.

" All at once I heard a cry of ' Make way ! ' and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down. The executioner knelt ; the confessor laid his hand upon his breast ; the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner, ' Whither are the crows

flown, that he still keeps his eyes ?' and this was Duke Leopold.

" My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile, said, ' Let him writhe as long as he has feeling ! but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches ! this sighing and crying makes me mad ! No pity must be shown here. And she here, who so increases the howling ; who is she ? and what does the woman want ? Away with her.'

" I now recognized the voice of the queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain it was Agnes.

" ' It is Wart's wife,' I heard a third knight say ; ' last night, when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us, and I must find her here, then. We thought that, in her despair, she had leapt into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. God ! what faithful love !—let her alone ; nothing can be done with her.'

" I here recognized the mild-tempered Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me ! I could have fallen at his feet.

" ' Well, Gertrude,' cried a fourth to me, ' will you not take rational advice ? Do not kill yourself ! Save yourself for the world ! you will not repent of it.' Who was this ?—Margaret ! I trembled ; it was she who wanted to persuade me at Brugk to leave the

criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I, too, could have almost exclaimed, 'God ! this is too much !—cease !'

"Agnes made a signal to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me ; but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death ; but in vain ; two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven : it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her : such fidelity is not found on earth ; angels in heaven must rejoice at it. But it would be good if the people were driven away !'

"They let me loose again ; the horsemen departed ; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes ; he had acted strictly according to his duty, and executed the will of the queen ; he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady ! I am vanquished ; your name shall be mentioned with glory among saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life,' said he. He gave me his hand, and departed.

"Every one now left the place except the executioner and the guard. Evening came on, and at length silent night ; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

“One of the guard now brought me a cloak, to protect me from the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the ~~wheel~~, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband. The wind whistled through his hair; his lips were dry. I fetched some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margarita, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours. But I lay as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God, continually praying near the wheel, on which my whole world reposed.

“As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger in my heart; but I consoled myself with the hope that, after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of heaven would be my portion; and this gave me courage to suffer. I knew for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

“Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

“How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He mur-

mured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words : '*Gertrude, this is fidelity till death!*' and expired. On my knees I thanked God for the grace which He had given me to remain faithful to the end."

"Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had one meed,—one smile in death,
And his worn spirit pass'd.

While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not !"

Margaret Roger.

“—What weight of duty
Lay on a child from such a parent sprung,
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.”

MALLETT.

Margaret Roper.

BORN 1508. DIED 1544.

A FAIR family picture—the fairer in grouping for the deep shadows which form its background—has been drawn for us by a gifted authoress of recent times, in the “Household of Sir Thomas More.” In it there is no imaginary excellence, the artist flatters not himself in perfecting his subjects: eminently pleasing and graceful as the portraiture is, it possesses a still higher advantage, that of accuracy, for it has been taken from life.

Upon the canvas we see, sharp and angular in the sunlight, the large quaint mansion of the Chancellor. It is situated at Chelsea, hard by the river; indeed, the large and beautiful gardens stretch down to the very water’s edge. There, looking across the terrace, perched upon the balustrades of which, Juno and Argus, the two favourite peacocks, unfold their burnished glories, is the pavilion, where Erasmus used to sit conversing with his learned and illustrious

friend. Those are the windows of the "Academia," shaded by their cool green curtains; glancing within, we find three or four fair maidens bending over their desks, some writing, some reading; all with an air of pleasant earnestness. Then comes the chapel; and there, far above, one may see the observatory, whither royalty itself oftentimes ascends to watch the stars, and discourse upon their nature, and the laws which limit their bright courses, with the sire of that gentle sisterhood, the master of that happy household.

Without the limit of the domain, rises, from the embowering shade of majestic trees, many a neighbouring mansion, enriched by every charm wealth and power—perhaps taste also—can impart. Further on is the almshouse, guerdon of Sir Thomas More's benevolence; and there the church, in which, upon fasts, festivals, and Sundays, he may be seen, clothed in a white surplice, himself assisting in the celebration of that ritual whose dogmas, however erroneous, the lustre of his conscientious sincerity irradiates, as does the sun's early beam the prismatic colours of the gossamer steeped in dew.

Like a series of dissolving views, rises before us scene after scene of that "eventful history." We behold, yonder, upon the bosom of the "cleare shining Thames," barges pass and repass, filled with glittering company. Anon, heralded by a flock of swans, which come breasting the water with their

milk-white prows, the wherry lands three persons,— Sir Thomas and the “deare little man” Erasmus, together with a tall stripling, who carries the cloak of the former; and to meet them, we see issue from the house a fair girl, whom we may presently know for the favourite child, the “best-beloved Meg;” and she kisses the hands of the elders, and laughs and blushes when the tall lad, an old playmate long absent, no other than Will Roper himself, makes as if he would perform the same ceremony with her soft cheek, only he has no courage; whereat Sir Thomas laughs, and cries, apropos of his two ineffectual attempts, that “the third time’s lucky.”

Presently, it is in the hayfield, we see the father and his children, where the summer sun is lying in slanting evening rays along the fragrant rows. There the laughing girls pursue the liveliest pastimes of youthful innocence; they swathe him, not a whit less merry, in ropes made of the hay; but when, at length, in soberer mood, he reclines at full length amongst it, it is upon Margaret’s knee his head rests, it is to Margaret’s ear he addresses, with closed eyes, the expression of his thoughtful dreaming of “that far-off, future day, Meg, when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap.”

And now, a less bright vision. The favourite child struck down by disease, we see the father watching at her bedside, or praying, with almost frantic hope, for

her restoration to health. In his agony, words escape which show how dearer than child ever can be to him again, is that slight suffering form. If she die, he says with solemnity, for her sake will he abjure the world, its honours, its triumphs, for evermore.

Pass on. The invalid comes forth to breathe the healthful air. Colour steals back to her cheek, the lustre to her eye. Guests arrive; among them, the two maiden aunts, the "lay nuns;" and it is pleasant to see that these, who have parted for ever with the youthful wreath of rose and passion-flower, can yet smile with joy, scarcely reflected, to see such garlands twined around the bright heads of their sister's children. But, in a little time, another visitor is seen, a large man, with a fair, handsome countenance, and reddish, gold hair; and he walks with his arm around the neck of the Chancellor, "for an hour or soe," the latter addressing him by the title, just then coming into ordinary use for the first time,—"your Majesty."

And now we have an artist, painting in a cool, sequestered-looking chamber, where all the light is excluded, save that which downward falls upon his work. At his side sits the same gentle form which has so often greeted us, less sylph-like in its proportions than of old, and with a graver, yet a deeper happiness, lying in the luminous abyss of her beautiful eyes. Sometimes the "tall stripling"—stripling no longer—is there, too; and then her cheek is

brighter still, her accents tenderer ; whilst, ever and anon, flashes of the old playfulness break out, alike in daughter and father ; for a fair-haired boy nestles in her arms, who plays with the painter's colours, and climbs his knee to see if the picture is like "grand-father."

But Hans Holbein and his easel fade away, and it seems as if a cloud were hanging between the sun and that once cheery house, for all the children's smiles and merry singing voices that fill it now. There is an air of gloom strangely pervading that cool flower-studded garden ; and in the pavilion sits Margaret, alone and in tears, trying to decipher a scarcely legible letter, which seems, as indeed it is, written with but a clumsy substitute for ink, a morsel of coal,— a letter which dates its mission from a prison !

Such are some of the scenes vividly brought back to our thought by the very name of "More," and not one of them but has been painted fully, and with truthful pathos. Whatever, in the way of illustration, therefore, we may say of Margaret, the principal figure in that group,— of Margaret, the favourite child in the household,— of Margaret, the highest and the best, must necessarily be *de trop*, after what has been already so well, and so earnestly depicted. All that remains is to afford a simple recital of the principal circumstances connected with the elucidation of that filial devotion which has fairly won her

a prominent place in the temple of filial heroism ; and this we propose to do in the following sketch.

Margaret More was the daughter of a Miss Joanna Colte, of New Hall, in Essex, who was married to the elegant author of the "Utopia" in the year 1507. The match was one of inclination, and the young husband appears to have had nothing left to desire for many years after his union. Death, however, deprived him of his beloved wife, after she had borne him three daughters, of whom Margaret was the eldest, and then a son, all of whom were of tender age at the period of her demise.

Upon their marriage, the young couple had taken a house in Bucklersbury, and here their children were born ; but afterwards, and probably about the time of their father's return from his mission to Bruges, he purchased Crosby Place, a mansion more in keeping with his fortunes, which were then steadily in the ascendant. In 1516, when Margaret was about eight years old, he was appointed one of the privy councillors of the sovereign, and the following year received the dignity of Master of the Requests. The before-named journey to Bruges formed the groundwork of his famous work, the "Utopia." In the preface the following remarks occur, which give a very fair idea of his domestic life, and the description of home his daughters were likely to enjoy :—

"Whilst," says Sir Thomas, "I daily either plead other men's causes, or hear them sometimes as an

arbiter, otherwhiles as a judge ; whilst this man I visit for friendship, another for business ; and whilst I busy myself abroad about other men's matters all the whole day, I leave no time for myself ; that is, for study. For when I come home, I must discourse with my wife, chat with my children, speak with my servants ; and seeing this must needs be done, I number it amongst my affairs ; and needful they are, unless one will be a stranger in his own house ; for we must endeavour to be affable and pleasing unto those whom either nature, chance, or choice hath made our companions ; but with such measure, it must be done, that we do not mar them with affability, or make them of servants our masters, by too much gentle entreaty and favour. Whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a year passeth. When, then, can I find any time to write ? for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which things alone bereave most men of half their life. As for me, I get only that spare time which I steal from my meat and sleep, which, because it is but small, I proceed slowly ; yet, it being somewhat, I have now, at the length, prevailed so much, as I have finished, and sent unto you Peter, my Utopia."

The next move Sir Thomas made was to the house at Chelsea ; and here, unconscious of the fatality hanging over him, he hoped to pass the remainder of his days. At this time he had formed a second

marriage with a lady named Alice Middleton, a widow, some years older than himself; and in so doing, he had possibly his children's welfare principally in view. A large portion of time was now devoted to their improvement; and if he did not positively take upon himself the responsibility of their education, he supervised so constantly the teaching of the excellent tutors he provided, that it is not surprising they imbibed his habits of thought, and grew to be worthy followers of the high example he afforded them.

The two sisters of Margaret More, Elizabeth and Cecilia, shared with herself the talents and tastes of their father; but their brother John, who was the youngest of the family, was also the least-gifted by nature. While his sisters were studying Plato, and composing Latin epistles, he was performing all kinds of mischievous pranks, and seeking amusement in every possible shape that presented itself. This was the occasion of Sir Thomas's remark, "that the mother of his girls, not content with them, desired ardently to have a boy, and was at last given one who meant to remain a boy as long as he lived."

Of the interesting trio, the eldest daughter appears to have possessed at once the superior talents and the most attractive manners. "She was," says her biographer, "to Sir Thomas More what Tullia was to Cicero,—his delight and comfort." Early she became proficient in Greek and Latin; thus qualifying herself,

if not for a sharer in his studies, at least for an intelligent companion. Cardinal Pole was so impressed by the elegance of her style in Latin writing, that some difficulty was experienced in persuading him it was the production of a woman's pen. She wrote two declamations in English, which her father, by way of exercise, proposed to her to turn into Latin. He made a translation at the same time she did hers, and upon comparing them, it was found difficult to determine which of the two was the best as well as most elegant version.

In languages, Dr. Clement and Mr. Gunnel were Margaret's instructors ; but the arts and sciences were by no means forgotten, and to assist her in overcoming the difficulties of these, such teachers as were especially qualified were given her. Sir Thomas was a devoted admirer of music, and encouraged his children in its exercise. This was one of their favourite recreations when the more serious study of theology and physics, especially recommended by her father, left Margaret at leisure for lighter occupations.

It was Sir Thomas More's custom to go into the chapel every morning with his family, and remain there while not only the ordinary prayers were read, but the Psalms and Litany. The same duty was observed at the close of the day, when the Collects were added to the Psalms, &c. The whole of every Friday he devoted to his religious exercises. While the family dined, some person read aloud, always from

a profitable, often from a religious book. We may conceive, in a household thus ably regulated, what must have been the happiness and contentment of the inmates. Perhaps no better idea may be conveyed of the patriarchal simplicity which perpetually reigned there, culminating the excellence that characterized it, than in the words of Erasmus, which we here transcribe :—

“ More,” he writes, in a letter addressed to an intimate friend, “ has built near London, on the banks of the Thames, a commodious house, where he converses affably with his family, consisting of his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is no man living so fond of his children, or who possesses a more excellent temper. You would call his house the academy of Plato. But I should rather do it an injury by such a comparison. It is rather a school of Christian goodness, in which piety, virtue, and the liberal sciences, are studied by every individual of the family. No wrangling or intemperate language is heard ; no one is idle ; the discipline of the household is courtesy and benevolence, and every one performs his duties with cheerfulness and alacrity.”

This opinion is valuable as being, not that of an ordinary visitor upon high days and holidays, when everybody donned their company manners with the festival clothing, but the result of the observation of a constant guest, and one before whom it was highly

improbable that the smallest concealment would ever be practised.

Illustrious in every point of view was Sir Thomas More : refined of speech, playful of wit, erudite as magnanimous, and firmly devoted to the stern path of rectitude, while his heart acknowledged with feminine impressionability every impulse of tenderness, it is not astonishing to observe the mixture of respect and love,—little short of adoration,—borne him by his family. Erasmus, Colet, Linacre, Grocyn, Latimer, Tunstal, Lily, Pole, and Fisher, were his intimate friends, and the constant associates of his daughters. Erasmus seems to have been the most valued among these interesting names. In several letters to Margaret, we find him praising her as a woman famous not only for piety and virtue, but for true and solid learning. He it was who gave to her the title of "*Britanniae Decus*," the honour or glory of Britain,—a compliment which, coming from him, she must have very highly appreciated.

For filial love, it seems to have been hereditary, as one fact alone goes far to prove. Sir Thomas, himself, at the time Lord Chancellor of England, used to stop every morning on his way to Westminster, and going into the King's Bench, of which his father was judge, to kneel, and ask the old man's blessing before going to sit in Chancery. The attribute, more or less existent in every member of the Chancellor's family, shone most brilliantly in the eldest child ; in fact, was

the moving spring of her character. Such love as this father and daughter bore each other, can scarcely be conceived in these days of lukewarmness and ingratitude to the authors of our being, and the givers of all the earthly comfort and happiness we enjoy. What can form a more painful contrast than their intercourse, which, sublimated by holy love, was distinguished by its courteous tenderness, with the rough, ill-bred independence too often exhibited by the young towards the old in our day? It was proved in the sequel that she whom he cherished was worthy the rich treasure of such parental confidence.

When Margaret was about nineteen, she was attacked by an epidemic of a highly dangerous character, termed the sweating sickness. It had appeared first in England at the end of the previous century, and broke out at intervals up to the year 1528, when it happily ceased. This malady it was, which, in the June of that year, caused a panic even to stout-hearted Wolsey, and so affected the king, as to induce him, in great alarm for the health of his soul, engendered by that for the body, to patch up a temporary reconciliation with the injured Catharine, and send off Anne Boleyn to Hever Castle, where, as it happened, both herself and her father fell ill from the same pestilence within a few days. Margaret More had a narrow escape of her life. She lay for many days so dangerously ill, that the physicians gave little hope to her afflicted relatives. The only chance of recovery was

to keep up a constant sudorific action, and to prevent the patient from sleep at the critical period. Nothing can be more touching than the account given of the father's tearful anxiety during this terrible illness. Every moment snatched from attendance at the invalid's bedside, was spent by him in fervent prayer. His solicitations were graciously answered ; Margaret recovered ; lived to prove a faithful child to so faithful a parent, and to administer the best earthly consolations that noble heart could receive, in the hour of imprisonment, and in the bitterness of death.

All Sir Thomas More's children were married early, but Margaret first, who must have become Mrs. Roper shortly after her recovery from the epidemic, and when she was in her twentieth year. There was scarcely more than a year's difference in age between the sisters respectively. Elizabeth married John Dancey, and Cecilia, Giles Heron ; and the husbands of all three were fitting matches in point of birth. The only child of Mrs. More also, Margaret Middleton, who was about the age of her mother's stepdaughters, married near the same time. So far from causing conflicting interests, these marriages seem to have enhanced the harmony and contentment of the household. All lived with Sir Thomas, at Chelsea ; nor did the new ties they had formed abate an iota of the devotion experienced towards him by his entire family. Besides these, there was a poor relation of the More family, brought up from a

child among them, another Margaret—married several years after to their tutor, Dr. John Clement,—born in the same year as our heroine. This young lady seems to have been regarded in the light of a beloved child, and worthy the benefits conferred upon her. It is a striking illustration of the peculiar temperament and happy system of education of Sir Thomas, that all these young women became noted for possessing, in a high degree, those characteristics which most nearly approximate perfection in the feminine nature, while they were eminent, even in those days of learning, for a lore seldom attained by members of their own sex. Surely, this ought to be a sufficient answer to those narrow intellects who maintain scholarly cultivation incompatible with the gentler attributes of woman. So true it is, that

“The woman’s cause is man’s ; they rise or sink
Together.

He gains in sweetness and in moral height
She mental breadth, nor fails in childward care ;
Nor losing childlike in the larger mind,
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.”

The peaceful calm which reigned over the house at Chelsea, was soon to be dispelled. Upon the disgrace of Wolsey, the favour of the fickle monarch, Henry VIII., fixed upon Sir Thomas More, and most reluctantly did he accept the high office of Lord Chancellor, now forced upon him. The cardinal had never been a favourite with his successor ; but the same courteous

spirit had always been exemplified by the latter, even when his sentiments had caused him to be most in opposition. To the foresight and penetration of Sir Thomas More, the dignity offered him only presented a dangerous and equivocal aspect. It is more than probable he mentally predicted the result of the step circumstances now dictated ; nor does it appear that he was at any time dazzled by a condescending familiarity, which, to one who read the character of his royal patron as he did, could have presented no cause for pride or triumph.

The honour thus "thrust upon the unwilling shoulders" of her father, withdrew Margaret more than she had been ever before, from the companionship and teaching she so highly appreciated. Her children, dear as they were, formed no substitute for the loss of the one who was equally missed by her husband and herself. During the period which follows, the courageous endurance of this noble-hearted woman was probably called into hourly action. The mind of her father was oppressed by business, or distracted by the responsibilities of power. In the solitude of her home, whilst educating her children or studying her father's favourite authors, she was insensibly maturing the heroic spirit which, later on, exemplified itself ; but the process was a painful one,—the more so, that Sir Thomas's confidence had, doubtless, foreshadowed to her the end !

The new queen, Anne Boleyn, who had already

compassed the downfall of Wolsey, was to prove the instrument of the present chancellor's destruction. Too sincere for a courtier, too much influenced by conviction to retain office when ability to serve his country was withdrawn, in a word, preferring integrity to place, Sir Thomas More, after expressing his disapprobation of the king's conduct relative to his repudiated wife, the unfortunate Catharine, declared his intention of resigning the chancellorship. Henry, whose regard for his faithful minister had yet some vitality, combated strongly this resolution; but More, urging that he was growing old, and had need of repose, prevailed at last, and retired from court in the May of the year 1532, withdrawing to the quiet home he had long sighed for, and to the daughter who was its chief ornament and his purest consolation.

An interesting account is given of the words used by the master of the hitherto happy and united household, upon his return to Chelsea, and when the discovery had to be made that he, who had also been ever a liberal patron, a refined *Mæcenas*, could no longer support the heavy outlay of such an establishment. Sir Thomas, living under the same roof, and in the midst of his family, the expenses of which he had hitherto defrayed from his revenue, knew not how, on the resignation of his office, to support the idea of a separation from them. Having assembled his children together, he advised with them respect-

ing the measures which it would be necessary to pursue ; and, while they listened to him in mournful and respectful silence, thus addressed them :— “ I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln’s Inn, and in the king’s court from the lowest degree to the highest ; and yet have I, in yearly revenues, at this present time, little left me above one hundred pounds a year. If, therefore, we continue to live together, we must all become contributors. But my counsel is, that we descend not to the lowest fare first ; we will not yet comply with Oxford fare, nor that of New Inn ; but we will begin with Lincoln’s Inn diet, where many persons of distinction live very agreeably. And should we find ourselves incapacitated from living thus the first year, we will, the next, conform ourselves to that of Oxford. Should our purses not even allow us that, we may afterwards, with bag and wallet, go and beg together, hoping that, for pity, some good people will give us their charity ; and at every man’s door we will sing a *Salve regina*, whereby we shall still keep company and be merry together.”

This year was a sad one for the More family in several ways. One of their griefs was the death of Sir John, the grandfather of Margaret, who was beloved by them all, and whose loss was especially severe to his son, the ex-lord-chancellor. A very brief interval elapsed, when, refusing to take the oath of supremacy, Sir Thomas was warned by his friends,

who speedily found their fears but too well founded. He was sent to the Tower, as a means of forcing him into the required concession. We can form a faint idea, from the attachment already depicted between the parties, of the agony of this separation. It was in the lovely spring time, when everything in nature teemed with promise, that the dark cloud fell upon that house ; the bright face, which had been the source of sunshine throughout it, was withdrawn, and the idolized parent dragged away, never to be again restored !

Twelve weary months Sir Thomas lay in prison,— twelve weary months his eldest and best-beloved child wore out a burdensome existence of suspense and pain. It will be scarcely supposed that Margaret would relax her efforts to obtain an interview with the prisoner until that object had been accomplished ; and, at length, in consequence of incessant importunity, she prevailed. Poignant had been her grief, but, upon admission to his prison, she was shocked yet more deeply by the discovery of the state of destitution to which the royal tyrant had consigned his former favourite.

It is said, that when Sir Thomas More was first conveyed in custody to the Tower, he gave to the porter—who, in accordance with an established custom, demanded as his fee, the cloak or uppermost garment he wore—his cap, saying, “ That is my uppermost garment. I would, for your sake, friend, it were of

greater value." This remark seems to declare his conviction that, once an inmate of the terrible structure, no further occasion would be given him for a covering for his head : it said, " I shall never issue hence again —I shall die here," with sad significance. Too well founded was the involuntary prediction. This world was at an end for him ; there was no going forth more, except to pass the threshold of another !

The bishop of Rochester, one of More's dearest friends, had been incarcerated near the same time, on account of similar contumacy. No entreaty nor threat could induce these men to waive the conscientious scruples they entertained ; neither would acknowledge the king's supremacy. Bishop Fisher's case was more distressing, in one sense, even than that of his friend, for he was a more aged man, between seventy and eighty years old ; indeed, even Henry himself, heartless as he was, might have been thought capable of extending some compassionate solicitude to a prisoner so entitled to pity and respect. His sufferings were a transcript of those of Sir Thomas More, and we may judge of them by an extract from a letter written by the bishop, from his prison in the " Bell Tower," to Cromwell :—" Furthermore, I beseech you to be good master in my necessity ; for I have neither shirt nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if they would keep my body warm. But my diet also, God

knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now in mine age, my stomach may not away with but a few kinds of meats, which if I want, I decay forthwith." This learned and venerable man, the friend of Henry in his earliest years, the firm adherent of his father, and the counsellor recommended on her deathbed by the countess of Richmond to her royal grandson,—this man, when attainted of misprision of treason for refusing the oaths, was thrown into a dungeon, and left in sickness and suffering, without sufficient clothing, and all but in want of sustenance! We doubt whether Tiberius, Nero, or Caligula furnished a worse instance than Henry did of rancorous tyranny. That More was relieved from a condition altogether as miserable, was mainly owing to the "filial heroism" of his beloved daughter.

Once admitted to his presence, Margaret employed the precious moments in urging her father to oppose the king's will no longer, but to save the sacrifice of a life so dear to them all, by concession. She herself, "less tenacious, or less bigoted," had taken the oath, but with the following reservation, "as far as would stand with the law of God." Arguments, entreaties, and even tears failed, however, to shake the determination and constancy of the prisoner; and Margaret, with a heavy heart, left him, and returned home.

"What think you, my most dear father," she writes, "comforts us, in this your absence, at Chelsea? Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life

passed among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue ; of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased." During the year of Sir Thomas More's imprisonment, all that could be done was done by Margaret to alleviate his confinement, and solace both in their separation. Letters passed constantly between them, many of which have been preserved, and serve forcibly to illustrate the tender affection subsisting between these two noble hearts. "There is nothing more sweet unto me than thyself, my dearest daughter,—thee especially, whom virtue and learning have made most dear unto me," writes the prisoner from his desolate dungeon ; and Margaret responds with no less devotion, exhorting him to "accommodate himself to the king's pleasure," as the only means of preserving to his children, the object of their veneration and love.

That terrible twelvemonth passed all too rapidly. In the May of the year 1535, the trial of Sir Thomas More came on ; upon the 22nd of June, in that "same year of blood," Bishop Fisher was dragged to execution ; and early on the 6th of the following month, intimation was given to his friend and fellow-prisoner, that "he was to die before nine in the morning of the very day." When Sir Thomas Pope, More's "singular good friend," who brought the intelligence, had departed, the condemned rose

and began to prepare with alacrity for his execution. Death must have been welcome to the worn and heart-broken captive,—emancipation from the dreary hours passed within those melancholy walls, where he was not only deprived of the society of a single member of his family, but restricted in the use of pen, paper, and ink, and above all, books, the refreshment, if not the very nutriment, of his daily life. Rich, the king's infamous solicitor, no friend of Sir Thomas, had fetched them all away, and probably delighted in the refinement of cruelty afforded him by the task. The last letter to Margaret, the farewell outpouring of hope, and the aspiration after "perfect freedom,"—that beautiful discourse of peace and goodwill to man, of exhortation and blessing to herself, had been traced with a piece of charcoal upon some scraps of paper, mercifully left in his way for the purpose by George, the lieutenant's servant.

A few days before, he had passed under the dreary portal of the Tower to his trial ; he had appeared as a traitor in the same court where he used to sit in judgment, his brown hair changed to silver, his form and countenance emaciated, supporting himself with difficulty upon a staff ; to such premature decrepitude had his enemies reduced him ! The draught of despair had been nearly drained that day ; but the dregs of it were reserved for the moment which witnessed not his condemnation, but a scene which shortly followed it—the severest trial of his whole



Margaret Roper taking her Farewell of her Father. P. 77.

life ; after which, the bitterness of death was indeed past. "As he moved from the bar, his son rushed through the hall, fell upon his knees, and begged his blessing ;" but upon reaching the Tower wharf, his "dear daughter, Margaret Roper, forced her way through the officers and halberdiers that surrounded him, clasped him around the neck, and sobbed aloud. Sir Thomas consoled her, and she collected sufficient power to bid him farewell for ever ; but as her father moved on, she again rushed through the crowds, and threw herself upon his neck. Here" the strength, not "the weakness, of nature overcame him, and he wept as he repeated his blessing, and again uttered his Christian consolation. The people wept too ; and his guards were so much affected, that they could hardly summon up resolution to separate the father and daughter !" The noble victim was once more to pass forth, and this time the old spirit of calm fortitude forsook him not for a moment ; there was a flush upon his faded cheek, a lustre in his eye, long quenched, but now flashing up afresh, a gleam of the old wit-sparkle in the words he addressed to those around him.

When informed of the king's "clemency" (!) in commuting his sentence from "hanging, drawing, and quartering" to simple decapitation, he said, "God preserve all my friends from such royal favours !" He rose calmly, and apparellled himself for the last scene which was so shortly to be enacted. One request only did

he make, and this again had reference to her who, ever since the death of her mother, seems to have been for him the most valuable possession, the dearest consolation the world afforded. "Let Margaret be allowed the liberty of being present ; permit my child's eyes to see the last of her father," he pleaded. So long as life remained, it was a blessing inexpressible to think that that true heart was beating near his own, that the prayers of those pure lips he had taught to lisp their first childish petitions, were uniting with his, and floating around him as he passed the dread portal, through which even her tried affection could in no other shape accompany him !

As usual on such occasions, the headsman demanded pardon of the victim before proceeding to the fulfilment of his odious vocation. He received for reply, that he would that day confer upon Sir Thomas More the greatest favour in the power of man to give. "Strike not awry," was smilingly added, "for the sake and credit of thy profession ; but hold, until I remove my beard, for that, at least, has never committed any treason." After declaring, in a clear voice, that he died a faithful subject and a true Catholic, this great man calmly laid his head upon the block, and in a moment more had ceased to exist, for at one stroke it was severed from the body.

When Margaret had visited her father in the Tower, he had demanded how Anne Boleyn, the proximate author of all his misfortunes, did. She replied, "that the

queen had never been better. Nothing was thought of at court but dancing and sporting." "Never better, you say, Meg," he rejoined sadly. "Alas ! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances, as with them she will spurn our heads off like footballs ; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance." The account of More's execution being brought to the king as he sat "playing at tables" with the queen, the conscience, hardened as it was by crime, of the royal profligate, showed yet some signs of discomposure, and saying to Anne, "Thou art the cause of this man's death !" he hastily withdrew, to shut himself within the solitude of his chamber. Even then the fulfilment of the prediction was on the horizon of events ! "How prophetically he spoke these words," says that grandson of More who became his biographer, "was proved by the sequel of the tragedy." Another year had not reached its expiration, before the barge of the queen retraced the way from Greenwich to the Tower, and this time she passed beneath a different entrance to that whence she had formerly issued, in all the pride of bridal state. It is recorded, that, passing beneath the sombre shadow of the "Traitor's Gate," Anne, looking up with horror depicted upon her fair pale features, sank upon her knees, and again reiterating her innocence of the charges imputed to her, called upon Heaven for help and succour. In that bitter moment, and after-

wards, in the yet more terrible one, when kneeling, with steadfast eyes fixed on her executioner, she met the same fate, it is but too probable the form of the man murdered, if not by her actual, at least by her indirect means, seemed to hover before her, and share, with the memory of the supplanted Catharine, that royal mistress to whom he had been faithful, even unto death, in the mission of reprobation and retribution.

The sacrifice of Sir Thomas More was consummated on a fine summer morning: we may fancy the sad mockery of nature's brightest and loveliest hues spreading over that dear old Chelsea garden, upon the fatal day, to the heart-broken family of the victim. What agonies of mind must have been endured by the devoted Margaret and her sisters; by William Roper, scarcely less attached than herself, to the noble father of his wife! In the very extremity of her grief, however, the favourite daughter preserved that endurance and constancy of purpose which had, probably, been one of the principal charms which knit her to her father's breast. She was determined his remains should find the resting-place which he had himself destined, and where an epitaph by his own hand, was already placed in the chancel of the church, near their quiet home. By her unwearied care and exertion, the victim's body was interred, first in the chapel of St. Peter's ad Vincula, in the Tower, and afterwards, when opportunity served, brought to the church at

Kyme's "labour and suit." If so, truly did she realize the Saviour's prediction, that His followers' foes should be those of their own households. She was detained by her judges about five hours, and then conveyed away in the custody of the clerk of the Council, to the house of Lady Garnish. On the following day, she was again brought up for interrogation, and, failing other means to elicit something to her disadvantage, the bishop of Winchester desired to speak with her alone. This she refused. They asked, why? "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every matter should stand," she replied, "after Christ's and Paul's doctrine." Again she was dismissed. "So went I to my lady's again ;" "but on the Sunday she was," she goes on to tell us, "sore sick, thinking no less than to die ; therefore I desired to speak with Latimer. It would not be. Then was I sent to Newgate in my extremity of sickness, for in all my life afore was I never in such pain. Thus the Lord strengthen you in the truth. Pray, pray, pray!" This touching faith in the efficacy of prayer, shows how bitterly the future martyr had been tried. In Newgate she employed herself, prohibited from any intercourse with her friends, in holy meditations and appeals to the supporting hand of the Almighty. Her purpose never was shaken, and she constantly fortified her resolution to endure the coming trial of her principles. On the 23rd, one of her relatives, Mr. Brittain, who had in vain offered bail for her re-

appearance, visited her, and finding the condition she was in, urged it so forcibly that he obtained permission to become, with a Mr. Spilman, of Gray's Inn, her surety.

But she was within a very short period again apprehended, and summoned before the King's Council, when, being found still impracticable, she was remanded to Newgate, and shortly after sent thence to the Tower, where a final attempt was made to procure a deposition fatal to Lady Suffolk, Lady Herbert, and the queen, but without effect. "They asked me of my lady of Suffolk, my lady of Sussex, my lady of Hertford, my Lady Denny, and my Lady Fitzwilliams. I said that if I should pronounce anything against them, I were not able to prove it."

In Newgate, Anne's spirits had sustained her nobly. "Neither," she wrote, "do I wish death, nor yet fear his might. I am as merry as one that is bound towards heaven." In the Tower, gleams of brightness from above, irradiated the dreary walls of her prison, and strength, not of earth, animated her delicate frame. The fierce Wriothesley having procured a royal order, to proceed to the horrible extremity of the torture in Anne's case, this disgraceful expedient was not only carried into execution in his presence, but—to his lasting condemnation—by his very hands. The lieutenant of the Tower, horror-struck at the fiendish

you are about to sign with me, admonishing each of you to remember the compulsion, violence, and constraint employed against me upon the matter of this said marriage.

(Signed) "JEANNE DE NAVARRE,
"J. D'ARROS,
"FRANCES NAVARRO,
"ARNAULD DUQUESSE."

Although this document is said to have been both dictated and written by the princess, it seems probable she was assured of her father's secret approbation of her rebellion, if not actually aided by his advice in the course she pursued. Some deeper reason for this determined resistance appears to have existed than the mere contumacy of a child ; though, bearing in mind Jeanne's subsequent conduct, it is quite possible that an antipathy might at this early period have been engendered, so decided as to justify her disobedience, where the happiness of her whole life was at stake. Had the duke been a Roman Catholic, we might have imagined religious scruples had some influence ; but he, like Marguerite of Navarre, professed the tenets of the reformed faith. Jeanne herself had been brought up a Romanist ; but we confess it seems to us possible she had long privately determined to profess the religion of her mother whenever opportunity offered. In any case, religion does not seem to have entered into her objections, nor can the nature of them, beyond the personal dislike she avowed, be determined.

Finding the king treated her opposition as childish,

and insisted upon the immediate accomplishment of her public betrothal, Jeanne calmly prepared to accompany her mother to Châtellerault, contenting herself with concocting a second memorial, which, like the first, was properly witnessed, and left in safe custody until it should be required. This paper similarly declared that only under violence would the "pretended betrothal" take place, and that she hoped, "by God's help," the present document would one day avail her "to set aside such compulsory nuptials."

Far from being dazzled by the splendour and importance which invested her upon her arrival, or worn out by the commands and persuasions she met on all sides, the unwilling bride persevered up to the last moment in the opposition she had so boldly commenced. The marriage ceremony was, however, despite all, performed; nor did the refusal voluntarily to walk to the altar, avail, when, complaining of indisposition and the weight of her ornaments, the childish figure remained immovable, thereby exciting the great vexation of the French monarch. "The bride," says Brantôme, "being led to church, covered with gold and jewels, sunk under the weight of her robes. Francis, observing her unable to proceed, commanded the constable of Montmorenci to bear her in his arms." In this manner she reached the chapel. A grand ball, banquets, jousts, and pageants, followed the ceremony; such brilliancy characterizing all, that the festivities were talked of, as the most



Jeanne d'Albret refusing to Walk to the Altar.

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memorable event of the time. "Les noces salées" (so called from the salt-tax, which was levied by the Crown to liquidate the expenses contracted in their celebration) were signalized by tournaments and pageants, as well during the night as day, for the space of more than a week. "Lists were constructed, in which the joustings continued by torchlight, a thing never before heard of in France." When these amusements were finished, the duke of Cleves paid his *adieu* to his young duchess, and resigning her to the custody of her mother, "until such time as she should have attained suitable years to fulfil the conjugal engagements she had contracted," departed to prosecute the war against the emperor, while Jeanne accompanied her parents to Pau, in Béarn, the capital of their kingdom.

Whether or no her daughter's sentiments had been hitherto uninfluenced by Marguerite of Navarre, it is certain she soon exhibited a decided leaning to the Lutheran church. During the happy period of her retreat with the natural protectors of her girlhood, she daily conversed with the reformers, then refugees in Béarn, and studied the Scriptures with her theological preceptors, as well as under the guidance of her mother. The teaching of the latter corrected the natural failings of her temper and disposition; nor did the lessons she then received, aided by the example of that accomplished princess, the patroness of refinement and learning, the friend of all who were

destitute and oppressed, ever lose their influence over her mind.

It was destined that the marriage, so hateful to the young heiress of Navarre, should never be concluded. After a terrible fright, from the arrival of Cardinal du Bellay to conduct her to meet her bridegroom at Aix-la-Chapelle, and her performance of a part of the journey in accordance with nothing short of absolute necessity, she had the happiness to receive tidings, on reaching the city of Soissons, which set further apprehensions at rest. In the middle of the night a messenger arrived, with instructions from the king of France, to put a termination to the inauspicious nuptials he had so warmly set on foot. The abject concessions of the intended bridegroom to the emperor of Germany, had so disgusted Francis, that he swore no vassal of that empire "should receive investiture of a fief appertaining to the French crown ;" and he desired his niece might be forthwith taken to Fontainebleau, to remain under the protection of the queen of France, until she should be pronounced, by the voice of Rome, free to bestow her hand and her heritage elsewhere.

This was accomplished with but little delay. The efforts of the king were now as vehement to annul, as they had formerly been to bind, and as the duke of Cleves warmly seconded the endeavour to release himself from what must have been a very unpromising engagement, no difficulty arose, and the princess was

left at liberty to form another more in accordance with her inclinations.

Shortly after this period, Francis I. died, and Henry II. ascended the throne, with Catharine de Medici, a princess against whom Jeanne d'Albret was destined to wage a life-long contest. Upon these events, the latter retired to Béarn, and remained in attendance upon her mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, and whose enfeebled health seemed at this time to present some alarming indications, which she did not long after survive, until summoned again to court some months after.

The fact was, lovers were coming from far and near in the hope of securing the hand of Jeanné, and among them Philip of Spain, now that he had lost his first consort, again urged pretensions, which were as repugnant to the young king Henry II. as they had been to his father. She was, therefore, desired to repair without delay to Fontainebleau, where, as it proved, an admirer awaited her, whose addresses were destined to be fatally successful.

At Moulins, in the October of the year 1548, Jeanne d'Albret was a second time married, to Antoine de Bourbon, duke de Vendôme. "No two characters" (says the authoress of some interesting volumes, recently published,* upon the life of our heroine) "could present a greater contrast than those of Duke Antoine and his consort ; the duchess, noble-minded, unselfish,

* Miss Freer, "Life of Jeanne d'Albret."

and acting always from principle, however great the pain of self-denial ; Antoine, gay, luxurious, ever ready to make compromise with conscience, unstable, and passionate. While the duke feasted royally with his boon companions, Jeanne, who inherited the literary tastes of her mother, laying aside the externals of her rank, devoted herself to the study of philosophy, theology, and history. The religious questions of the day—topics so hotly debated and assailed with scepticism so impious—occupied much of her leisure. Jeanne weighed and discussed these opinions with fearless independence ; her mind partook of the severe tone which distinguished that of her grandmother, Louise de Savoye, and at this period of her history, like that celebrated princess, it is to be feared that the duchess de Vendôme viewed the divisions agitating the Church, more as curious speculations for the student and politician, than as subjects of vital import, in the elucidation of which the well-being of all was involved. The duke's dissipated habits, and the familiarity to which he condescended, were very displeasing to his consort, and had the effect of increasing the dignified reserve of her manner. Yet Jeanne was tenderly attached to her husband, and had he possessed wisdom enough to be guided by her penetration, his career might have been as prosperous as it proved the reverse."

During the first five years of her union, Jeanne became the mother of two sons ; but they both perished

during infancy. The first, from the circumstance of his having been confided to the care of Jeanne's former governess, now become old and rheumatic, died from the effect of the stifling heat which she kept up in her apartments ; and the second from the carelessness of a nurse. In the latter case, the nurse and a gentleman of Henry of Navarre's household were playing with the infant prince, throwing him backwards and forwards from one to the other, when they carelessly permitted him to escape their grasp, and he fell on the marble steps, fracturing a rib, from which injury he died within a few days.

The father of the duchess, who had greeted the child with the greatest joy, as the future heir of his kingdom, reproached Jeanne so bitterly when this second misfortune took place, that the poor mother half forgot her grief, in horror at the blame he appeared to attach to her, as a neglectful protector of her children's lives. To pacify him, it was promised she should repair to Pau whenever another child was born, so that her father might remove the entire management of the infant, from its birth, from one he considered unfit to fulfil her maternal duties. Poor Jeanne submitted to his conditions, though she thought them unjust and unmerited : she parted with her father in grief and anger ; for Henry not only had thrown the entire blame of all upon herself, but declared his intention of marrying again, should a healthy grandson not soon make his appearance.

During some months, the duchess de Vendôme lived in camp with her husband; and she proved herself, upon several occasions, a worthy and clear-sighted adviser. At length, when again expecting to become a mother, she fulfilled her promise by journeying to Pau, and, quitting Picardy, arrived there a fortnight and four days after, travelling in a litter drawn by mules. The journey was a difficult one; but the solicitude and care of the king, her father, re-established her strength, and she was soon able to appear in public, charming thereby her future subjects, who were already warmly attached to her. We quote, from the same excellent authority as above, the following account of the somewhat peculiar circumstance attending the birth of the afterwards renowned Henri Quatre.

“ Meantime, Jeanne was not unmindful of the proceedings of her father’s ambitious mistress, and of the latter’s intrigues to bring forward her son. Jeanne often attempted to penetrate the secret of her father’s will, much to the amusement of the king, who seemed to take pleasure in increasing her curiosity and anxiety on the subject. One day, the duchess, being alone with her father in his cabinet, made some allusion to the subject which so greatly occupied her thoughts, expressing a desire to be informed what the king’s testamentary injunctions were respecting his son. Henry rose, and opening a coffer, took therefrom a small gold box, having a chain attached to suspend

it from the neck, and showing it to the duchess, he said, with a smile, ' Ma fille, you see this box : well, it shall be your own, with my last will, which it contains, provided that, when the pains of labour assail you, you will sing me a Gascon or a Béarnois song. I do not want a peevish girl or a drivelling boy ! ' The duchess laughed, but accepted the proposal. The king, thereupon, placed an old and faithful *valet-de-chambre*, named Cotin, in the princess's wardrobe-chamber, ordering him to bring instant intelligence of the first symptoms of indisposition felt by his daughter. Early on the morning of the 13th of December, between the hours of one and two o'clock, the duchess de Vendôme felt that her delivery was at hand. Faithful to her engagement, she ordered that Cotin might be informed, and sent with a summons to King Henry. The king rose in haste, and proceeded to visit his daughter. When Jeanne heard her father's step approach, she commenced in a firm and clear voice the Béarnoise chanson, ' *Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez-moi à cette heure.*' This ditty was popular throughout Béarn ; the Virgin invoked as ' *Notre Dame du bout du pont,*' being a miraculous image honoured as a *Lucina*, by the Béarnoise matrons, and whose chapel was built at the extremity of the bridge crossing the river Gave, in the town of Pau. Jeanne, it is recorded, bravely sang on, omitting not one of the numberless verses of the song. She had scarcely made an end, when her son was born—the

future hero of Coutras and d'Arques—Henry IV., of illustrious memory. . . . Transported with joy, King Henry received the babe," and when it was in his arms, "he approached the duchess, and, placing the gold box in her hand, exclaimed, 'There, that is thine own, daughter; but,' continued the king, pointing to the infant, 'this is mine !' It is stated, however, that Henry mischievously withheld from the duchess the key of the golden box; therefore, though she possessed the much-desired document, Jeanne, being still tantalized by her desire to peruse it, felt much disconcerted at the king's method of evading her curiosity."

The king of Navarre lived but two years after the birth of the infant he had so delightedly welcomed as his future heir. He died of an epidemic, whilst "organizing a military expedition," intended to attempt the recovery of his lost possessions, and Jeanne became queen of Navarre. The accession to her new dignity had no power to silence the voice of nature and affection in her heart, and deeply did she mourn his loss, who, next to her mother, had possessed the greater portion of its earnest devotion.

Very different was it with the consort of the new sovereign, Antoine, now, by Jeanne's desire, saluted as king of Navarre in the camp at Estrée-le-Pont. She foresaw the title only ushered in a legion of difficulties and dangers; already did her foresight anticipate the policy of her enemies, and provide

means of controverting them ; he, on the contrary, charmed with the glare of royalty, was as excited and busy as a child with a new toy. Jeanne had already discovered his deficiencies for the station he would fain have filled, and she very soon resolved nothing should induce her to sacrifice the rights committed to her care ; that she would reign singly, while her will should be unquestionable. Even on the threshold of her new dignity, she had a difficult task to preserve it : only her moderation and prudence could have arranged matters so that, in lieu of ceding their new sovereignty to the crown of France, as Antoine had nearly done, she was crowned with him in the hall of the castle of Pau, simply, and with no show or magnificence, but welcomed by her subjects with shouts of acclamation and attachment.

We have no space to enter upon the history of Jeanne's reign, marked as was her conduct by a mixture of address and generosity, which excites our fullest admiration and interest. Neither do we purpose discussing the subject of the Reformation, which progressed so favourably under the auspices of the queen. Suffice it to say that Antoine, who at first had, by his mistaken zeal and want of tact, done much disservice to the sect he professed to have joined, renounced ultimately, and actually persecuted its members ; while Jeanne, who had in the commencement questioned and doubted, refusing, with her distinguishing characteristic, to believe anything she had

not for herself examined, became a humble votary of that faith which alone could console her, under what certainly was anything but a life of ease or happiness. Disappointed to the utmost in her marriage (for the king of Navarre, weak, incompetent, and vacillating as he was, had yet graver faults with which to agonize the refined sensibility of his unhappy wife), she turned with redoubled fervour to the lessons of the Reformers, and at length determined publicly to avow the religious opinions she had long secretly nourished. At this period a marriage was proposed between Jeanne's little daughter Catherine, then four years old, and Henry, duke d'Anjou, the proposition coming from Catharine de Medici, his mother, whom Jeanne had long and justly distrusted. The king of Navarre had, since the death of the young king, Francis II., husband of Mary Stuart, divided with Catharine the regency of France. The latter had saved his life by timely warning, when the Guises had worked up the helpless young king to consent to and aid Antoine's murder, while paying him a visit of ceremony; but Jeanne saw through the wily queen-mother's policy, and trusted her not the more for doing a service, which also prevented her own ambitious views upon the government from being annihilated. It suited Catharine's projects at this time to invite the queen of Navarre to Paris. Her firmness of character was needed to supply her husband's utter want of principle; and this, Jeanne saw: the cause of the Reformed

faith, too, exacted her personal assistance: thus, though reluctantly, she proceeded to obey the queen-regent's behest, leaving her home in the early autumn of the year 1561. She little expected how many and terrible would be her regrets before she should again behold the tranquil scene of her own private studies, and enjoy the benefits she lavished upon those around her.

On arriving at Paris, Jeanne declined Queen Catharine's urgent invitation to accept of apartments in the Louvre, and took up her residence at the Hôtel de Condé. Nothing but distress awaited her, and very speedily her very heart was wrung by the conduct of her husband. She was branded as a heretic; a divorce was spoken of between them, and he even threatened to deprive her of her children, whilst his attentions to Mdlle. de Rouet formed the common subject of remark. Jeanne was represented to him "as the sole obstacle to his aggrandisement. When Catharine issued a command, requiring all the ladies of the court to attend mass, and to forbear from introducing theological discussions into their private converse, the king of Navarre, to demonstrate that he lived not under the dominion of his consort, insisted that Jeanne should likewise obey the same mandate. The volatile and inconsistent Antoine even ventured to try compulsion; and it is recorded, that one day, when Jeanne was about to step into her litter to attend the *prêche* of one of the ministers, Antoine

presented himself, and taking the queen by the hand, he led her back to her apartments, and commanded the litter to be dismissed. He next proceeded to signify his express commands that she should no more attend the services of the Calvinist ministers ; but outwardly conform in all things to the worship of the Roman Catholic church. Jeanne coldly replied, 'that it was not her purpose to barter her immortal soul for territorial aggrandisement, and that she would not be present at mass, or at any ceremony of the Romish church whatever.' "

Antoine followed up this attack by threatening her to sue for a divorce, if she refused obedience to his commands ; and his intention to despoil her of the inheritance of her ancestors ! After this discovery of the total worthlessness of her husband, Jeanne seems to have given up all hope of happiness with him ; and she urged, in passionate terms, her right to retire to Béarn, accompanied by her two children ; but this she was not permitted to do. The persecution and violence with which she was treated by Antoine, at length so aroused her hitherto gentle spirit, that we find her declining "to hold any communication with him on the subject of religion or politics, in which matters they so materially differed." When, at the same time, she was urged (by Catharine de Medici) to attend mass, as a means of not only reconciling herself with her husband, but of retaining the principality of Béarn for her son, "Madame," exclaimed

the queen of Navarre with passionate vehemence, "if I at this very moment held my son and all the kingdoms of the world together in my grasp, I would hurl them to the bottom of the sea, rather than peril the salvation of my soul."

Upon the departure of the court to Fontainebleau, whither the queen-mother had hurried the youthful Charles on the alarm of her own life being in danger, Jeanne again urged the anxious desire she experienced to be allowed to depart. Plots, however, of the direst nature were in progress against her. She was pointed out as a fair mark for the assassin's pistol-shot; and Antoine, when consulted relative to a plan for her imprisonment, "gave his full and voluntary consent to the scheme." Upon being informed of this proceeding, Jeanne displayed little grief and less surprise; "but," she writes mournfully some years after the event took place, "from that moment I closed my heart for ever against the affection which I still cherished for my husband, and devoted its every impulse to perform my duty."

To the prince of Condé, Antoine's brother, and ever a warm friend of Queen Jeanne, the latter confided the danger which menaced her. The result was that the Huguenots of the capital assembled about the hotel she occupied, and prepared with enthusiasm to protect her from evil. After this public mark of popularity, it was nearly hopeless to arrest Jeanne in Paris; she was therefore permitted to depart, the

design being to carry out the plan of capture at Vendôme, where she would stop on her journey. Before leaving Paris, the poor queen went to bid farewell to her son, who remained by his father's direction at St. Germain. Their parting was a melancholy one. Taking him in her arms, she besought him "never to forget her counsels, amidst the distractions of a court;" then, drying her tears, she "very earnestly and affectionately forbade him to attend mass; adding thereto a threat, that if the prince disobeyed her command, she would disinherit him, and refuse longer to own him for her son."

The following day Jeanne and Antoine parted, never to meet again.

Very narrowly did the deserted wife escape the intended arrest at Vendôme; and commands followed up the failure of that plan, from Antoine himself, to seize the queen, and bring her back to Paris, directing that on no account should she be suffered to cross the frontier into Béarn. On the journey she was taken ill, and had very nearly been made prisoner when lying on a sick-bed; but in spite of all the dangers that beset her, she effected her escape, and was at length again in safety within her own capital.

After this Jeanne did not for some time venture out of the sphere of her own territory. "Her life," says her biographer, "now took a new and higher development. From this period, her career of fame commences. The difficulties which she had to en-

counter were sufficient to daunt and paralyze a spirit undaunted even as her own. When she returned to assume the government of her hereditary principality, Jeanne possessed not a single friend from whom she could seek succour and counsel. Her husband had become her bitter persecutor, and she was deprived of her son. Catharine de Medici now treated her with disdain, and repeatedly sent word that if she wished to retain the favour of King Charles, she must conform to the religion recognised at court. The steady perseverance shown by Jeanne in the faith which she had deliberately accepted, became a tacit reproach to Catharine, for her own convenient latitude in religious matters. The queen-regent abhorred a character at once consistent and open; it was an anomaly she could not fathom, but which, nevertheless, she persecuted with rancour. Queen Jeanne's frankness of speech disconcerted the astute Catharine; and sentiments which the queen would, willingly, and intended to veil amid the flowery mazes of rhetoric, were frequently brought to a premature revelation by some apt comment or word from the lips of the queen of Navarre."

Jeanne's position was now a critical one. The pope threatened her kingdom with the horrors of an interdict, and the terrible Inquisition cited her to appear before it. The warring sentiments of her subjects, as to religion, rendered it a difficult matter

to legislate, so as to give satisfaction without compromising principle; while, to add to her griefs, the young Henry was attacked by violent small-pox, and she was unable to comply with his entreaties for his mother's presence, though she urged with all the arguments and eloquence of which she was mistress, that he should be given back to her care. Jeanne now published a patent, permitting the free exercise of the reformed faith throughout her dominions. She caused Béarn to be strongly fortified, and, despite the fear of her unworthy husband's anger, she commanded that his envoy, perfidiously sent to destroy her power and persecute herself, should be cast into prison. "By this act," said the queen, "I asserted the power that God has given me over my own subjects, but which I once ceded to my husband, in deference to the obedience which God commands wives to show towards their husbands. But when I perceived that, by this concession, the glory of God and the welfare of my people were outraged, I without hesitation exercised my royal rights." Shortly after, tidings were brought to Pau that its sovereign was released from this unnatural persecution and warfare with one who should have proved her truest friend and counsellor. Antoine de Bourbon was wounded at the siege of Rouen, and Jeanne more than guessed the fatal shot to have "proceeded from a hand which Antoine had recently grasped in friendship. From the very earliest days of her widowhood, the queen

protested that she would never more enter into the bonds of matrimony. Her life had been embittered by Antoine's neglect, her power as a sovereign princess curtailed, and her fine and noble spirit, so susceptible of God in its aspirations, had been wounded, and its womanly impulses deadened. Outraged and disappointed in her hopes of domestic happiness, Jeanne, concentrating those admirable talents with which nature had endowed her, became the dauntless and politic princess, against whose genius such a character as that of Antoine de Bourbon became helpless as a straw tossed on the waves of the ocean." *

At the time of her husband's death, Jeanne had reached her thirty-fourth year ; ten more, and she had ceased to exist. With the remainder of her life we have obviously little to do. Her career after this period became too political, she was too completely public property to have leisure for those silent fireside virtues which otherwise would have marked her entire history. That she still possessed them is proved by many little anecdotes, which creep out from the details of statesmanship and prowess of which her biography is composed ; but as she ever after remained (despite many attempts to induce her to ally herself in marriage with neighbouring powers) a widow, and was deprived of the custody of her son, her domestic tenderness had only scope to expend itself in the management of her only daughter's

* Miss Freer.

education, and in the excellent letters of advice to the young Henry, by which she seconded her courageous maintenance of his rights, in the heritage she trusted to bequeath to him. An active life was, indeed, forced upon her.

Jeanne's devotion to the cause of the Reformation was unwavering and consistent. She succeeded ultimately—after great personal suffering, and peril to her position as queen of a little principality dependent on the French king, its suzerain, with whom she was for many years at utter variance—in abolishing popery throughout her dominions. In this enterprise she set at defiance the power of the pope and the Inquisition, and, though treachery was busy near her, she managed to escape all plots to entrap herself and her children into the power of that fearful tribunal in Spain; as well as to avoid the mesh of unpopularity in which the nature of intestine discords, as well as foreign warfare, generally involves a ruler. Deeply was Jeanne enshrined in the hearts of her people; they knew her noble nature, and that her highest ambition was indeed “a mission of reconciliation and peace to all.” The aid and countenance of Elizabeth of England was a source of consolation to Jeanne d'Albret; the greatest cordiality subsisted between the two queens. Once it was agitated that the English sovereign should be united to the prince of Navarre; but Jeanne had, doubtless, too good sense to take part in this, or desire it in her heart, while Elizabeth

seems to have paid scarcely any attention to the proposition. One of Jeanne's most ardent desires was to see the New Testament circulated among her subjects ; and this, after having caused it to be translated into the Basque dialect, she had the happiness of accomplishing in the April of the year 1571.

An occurrence about this time, illustrating the union of feminine tenderness and firm endurance characterizing Jeanne, deserves to be commemorated. The valiant La Noue, the Huguenot general, was wounded in the arm at Sainte Gemme, and compelled to relinquish his command and retire to La Rochelle. Notwithstanding all care, the wound mortified, and it was found impossible to save his life without amputation of the injured limb. La Noue, the bravest soldier in the world, preferred death to an existence maimed and disabled. He refused to submit, and news was brought to the queen that, without her assistance, a general would perish, whose loss was as grievous to the army as personally distressing to herself. The queen, thus summoned, lost no time in seeking the sick-room of La Noue, feeling that every moment increased the peril he underwent. Trembling with emotion, Jeanne had yet presence of mind to exercise that extraordinary eloquence against which few persons could long remain proof. She urged so earnestly and yet so affectionately the necessity of the operation, that the sufferer, fearful of grieving her by a refusal, half agreed to submit to it. Profiting by

her momentary advantage, she hastily signalled her physicians to approach. Herself laying bare the arm, and sustaining it while the terrible ordeal was in progress, Jeanne addressed to La Noue words of such consolation and encouragement, that he never in after-life could recall them without tears of gratitude. The operation was a successful one. In allusion to the arm which Jeanne caused to be made, of metal, to supply the lost limb as far as possible, and enable La Noue to guide his horse, he was afterwards known by the name of "Bras de Fer."

Upon the occasion of Charles IX.'s marriage, Catharine de Medici, appearing to forget past dissensions, invited Jeanne of Navarre to court. This invitation was refused ; but, despite her determined opposition, the long-agitated union between her son and the daughter of Catharine, Marguerite de Valois, drew Jeanne there ultimately—a fatal visit—whence she never returned. Up to the very last she remained inflexible in her dislike to this marriage ; and it was only when she found her son join his entreaties for her consent, with those of her closest advisers, that she ceased to oppose it further, with the mournful words, "Hélas ! je compte peu d'amis." How repugnant this marriage must have been to her maternal heart, how deeply she must have foreseen its perils to her beloved child, in a religious as well as domestic point of view, the firmness of her opposition sufficiently proves. Marguerite de Valois, though the

loveliest princess of the age, was a rigid papist : she had been disappointed where her heart was given ; already her levity bordered closely upon profligacy, and such a nature, with also such a mother's training, struck terror into the heart of the high-minded and refined queen of Navarre.

In the hope of yet averting these dreaded nuptials, Jeanne delayed to send for her son for some time after the consent had been obtained, and she had reached Blois. Her mind was distracted by the anxieties she experienced, and when King Charles overruled by his mandate the conditions as to religion, &c., that Catharine de Medici had endeavoured to make, and the Papal bull (by many suspected to be a forgery) arrived, authorizing the marriage of Marguerite and Henry, she summoned the latter with a heavy heart ; thus abandoning every shade of hope for the future.

Preparations were making in Paris upon the most splendid scale for the marriage, when Jeanne d'Albret entered that city. She took up her residence at the Hôtel de Condé, where she had lived during her former visit to the French capital. Here, scarcely more than a week after, she was attacked by sudden illness, and took to her bed, never again to leave it.

It is believed that Jeanne, in closely attending upon her daughter, when attacked by severe inflammation of the lungs, which threatened her life, accelerated the same disease which had long slumbered within

herself. Violent pains in the chest and difficulty of breathing commenced the disorder, and from the first the symptoms seemed familiar to the sufferer, who expressed her assurance that she should never again be restored to health. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, and the discovery of an abscess on the lungs upon examination after her death, so well known was Catharine's hatred to the innocent Jeanne; so common were tragedies of the same nature in the then fearful state of the French metropolis, that many believed the queen of Navarre to have died from the effects of poison; and the instrument of destruction was declared to have been a pair of gloves, impregnated with some drug, so deadly as to immediately accomplish the desired catastrophe. She died in her forty-fourth year, at an age, in many instances, the very prime of life.

It is recorded that when Henry, himself a renegade from the Protestant faith, counselled the same apostasy to his sister, the latter, in declaring her inflexible adhesion to the religion of her youth, added, that it was in no slight degree owing to the "respect she entertained towards the memory of her mother, whose life and actions she held to be inimitable." That calmness in the hour of anticipated dissolution which well-grounded faith can alone impart, was never more exhibited than upon the death-bed of Jeanne d'Albret. Consoling her attendants, she spent her last hours in expressing her submission to God, and

in conjuring Madame de Thignouville solemnly to instil the same holy precepts into the mind of her daughter. During the intervals of pain, she devoted herself to prayer, and to earnest attention to portions of Scripture, especially the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St. John's Gospel, which, at her request, her chaplains read aloud. On the morning of 9th June, 1572, she was released without a struggle, and was buried in the cathedral of Vendôme, contrary to her express desire that she should repose in the cathedral of Lescar, near Pau, the burial-place of her father and family. It is somewhat remarkably observed, that the spectacle of the large concourse of Huguenot nobles assembled to do honour to her obsequies, suggested to the implacable Catharine the plot for the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," occurant in August of the same year, and which, foreboded by the religious vigilance of the deceased queen, seemed like the signal triumph of bigotry over the victims of truth, now that their protecting spirit had passed away.

Pocahontas.

“The white man landed ! Need the rest be told ?
The New World stretch’d its dusk hand to the Old :
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm’d to better sympathy.”

BYRON.

Pocahontas.

BORN 1594. DIED 1617.

AT the very Antipodes of scene, yet not of fortune, of education, yet not of birth, when viewed in relation to the character last described, comes now before the reader the striking and pathetic narrative of Pocahontas.

Deep in the Virginian forests, where the pine, the cypress, and the cedar excluded alike the sun's material rays, and the scarcely less vital warmth of civilization, was cradled one of Nature's truest hearts, whose instincts of humanity, as direct channels, were to induce and interchange influences, blessing, like the mercy to which they belonged, both giver and recipient, and that not individually, but nationally.

Powhatan, called by his tribe, Emperor of Attanoughkamouck, ruled over that tract of country

originally bestowed by Queen Elizabeth upon Sir Walter Raleigh, and named by him "Virginia," in compliment to the royal giver. The celebrated Indian chief was, about the year 1606, at the height of his power ; and it was at this time the intrepid English officer, Captain John Smith, was taken prisoner, and brought before him to be summarily punished for his efforts to found a British colony in this varied and beautiful province. Whilst exploring the James river, Captain Smith was surprised by a party of Indian warriors ; his intentions were well understood, and the natural fury of his captors excited to the utmost against him. No time was lost ; a council, immediately called, decided upon the death of the prisoner ; he was to be bound, his head placed upon a stone, and beaten to death : a horrible sentence they proceeded at once to execute. Yet, in the extremity of his danger, assistance was close at hand. Powhatan's favourite child, the Princess Matoaka, or Pocahontas, a girl of little more than twelve years old, had been present at the council, and heard, with indignation and grief, its result. At the moment when the club of her father was uplifted to strike, she flung herself upon the prostrate form of the victim, thus shielding him at the peril of her own life. One of those sudden revolutions of feelings ensued, to which untaught, as well as educated minds, are subject. The act of courage and pity saved the life of the Englishman. In a few moments he stood unfettered, though he was told he must remain

for the present an inmate of the Indian chief's wigwam, and give a solemn promise not to attempt escape.

Subsequent circumstances leave little doubt that the occurrence elicited the first scintillations of womanly tenderness, in the Indian maiden's heart. The slumbering fire of her age and country, burst into existence, and she grew to love the man she had protected, with all the wild devotion of a nature knowing nothing of deception or constraint. Whether its object perceived the character of the feeling he had inspired, is not known ; but it is probable it became evident to her father, since it is difficult otherwise to account for the short interval of time which elapsed, before Powhatan removed the Englishman from his daughter's sight, by restoring to him his liberty. We may imagine the pang with which the poor girl saw him quit the Indian camp. They were never likely to meet again.

Two years elapsed. Pocahontas continued the same simple and unsophisticated mode of life. She assisted in the household duties of her father's tent, and seems to have won the affection and regard of all subjected to her influence. She forms, at this period, a sweet and graceful picture ; for we agree with a clever living writer in thinking, "on earth there is nothing so combining loveliness with dignity, as woman when adorning with her native charms, the sphere of her appropriate duties. Even our corrupt age still reads with delight, the tales of simple and primitive manners ; how Sarah, the great sheikh and patriarch Abraham's

wife, made, with her own hands, cakes for the guests, and baked them on the hearth ; how the comely Rebecca, sister of the wealthy Laban, drew water for Eliezer's camels ; how the shepherdess Rachel, daughter of the same Laban, came with her father's sheep to the well, and there met her heaven-directed lover." Yet, however occupied with the womanly cares around her, Powhatan's daughter turned an anxious ear to all conversations connected with the nation to which he belonged, for whom she had dared her father's wrath, and endangered her own life. She watched, with untiring vigilance, the movements of the tribe, and kept herself fully informed upon every expedition likely to menace the English. At length reports came which fanned the latent jealousy of the Indians into fury. The influence of Captain Smith and his people appeared gaining ground with alarming celerity ; his exploits and progress threatened annihilation to the Indian rule, and no time was to be lost in opposing the plans of the intruders by commencing determined hostilities. The first step in the attainment of their object was to regain possession of the bold spirit who was at the head of the enterprise, and it was settled Smith should be entrapped into their hands.

Pocahontas heard the scheme and determined to frustrate it. She set out on foot through the tangled forest, a distance of more than nine miles, and arrived in the dead of the night at a spot where Smith had taken up his temporary abode, for the purpose of

meeting Powhatan, and negotiating with him for the supply of provisions. Full of gratitude and admiration, he endeavoured to press upon her acceptance some trinkets which, his acquaintance with Indian tastes led him to believe, would be gladly accepted. To his surprise she refused them. "She would at all events take some refreshment?"—and he hastened to spread before her the utmost his resources commanded.—"No! nothing." It was found useless to attempt to combat her resolve, and Pocahontas departed to retrace her painful and perilous way, full of anxiety, lest her father and his wives should have remarked her absence, and guessed the mission she had undertaken, was to warn their former captive, of the danger he ran of again falling into their hands.

Pocahontas was equal to more than a single effort in the cause she had embraced. Her attachment to the English gained ground daily; she watched their interests, untiringly, with a natural intelligence sharpened by affection; protected them in the numerous difficulties which beset them, and averted the effects of her father's enmity from them, by every means in her power. It is not to be supposed that her efforts should have passed unobserved by the tribe to which she belonged. Before long, they excited against her, unbounded wrath in the minds of all, not excluding her father, who, incensed at length beyond endurance, determined to deprive himself of his favourite daughter, and send her to a relative, the chief of Potomac,

some distance away. It is believed this step was almost necessitated on the part of Powhatan, who feared his warriors might be induced to punish Pocahontas summarily, for the attachment to the whites she evinced. She was now a handsome young woman of eighteen, raised by her innate intelligence above the prejudices of her education, and the savage customs of her country ; longing for instruction, and of a nature well qualified to receive the pure light of the Gospel. Her intercourse with the more civilized beings her care had protected, had already produced a moral and intellectual energy towards the truth ; and although the great grief of her life, probably, had passed over her, in the news, communicated about this period, of Captain Smith's death, her young and ardent spirit had been sublimated, rather than crushed by the shock. Captain Argall, who ascended the Potomac with a view to trading with the tribe, saw her, and formed a plan to establish peace through her instrumentality. He had in his possession a large copper kettle, the brightness of which had struck the fancy of the Indian chief with whom she had been placed. This kettle was the somewhat unworthy bait Argall used to gain his purpose : " If Jopazaws, the Indian chief, would give him Pocahontas, he should receive the kettle in her stead." We should be shocked to relate the offer was accepted, had not the circumstance exercised a favourable effect upon our heroine's fate. The copper kettle,—the largest

precious stone Jopazaws believed he had ever seen—was forthwith exchanged for Pocahontas ; Argall conceiving that, once in his power, her father Powhatan would consent to any terms proposed as her ransom. Having received her, Argall lost no time in communicating the fact to the Indian father. He had miscalculated, however. Powhatan offered five hundred bushels of corn as her ransom, but, the proposition being rejected, no second one was made.

Surrounded now by the English, Pocahontas rapidly imbibed the customs and opinions of the nation she was ultimately to adopt. A young officer, remarkable no less for his piety than courage, named Rolfe, undertook to teach her the English language. The constant opportunities thus afforded him of becoming acquainted with his pupil's graces, as well of mind as person, resulted as might have been expected, and Pocahontas received an offer of his hand.

It is probable that by this period the Indian chief, Powhatan, was becoming wearied of continual warfare. He appears to have received the proposal of Mr. Rolfe with pleasure, and raised no obstacle to his daughter's marriage. Though her heart doubtless still mourned its first passion, yet she accepted her lot, influenced by the reflection that her union would probably prevent further animosity against the colony on the part of the Indians, and such was indeed the case. Peace was established in consequence of it, and lasted for a considerable time.

Pocahontas was married in the presence of several of her relatives, and according to the ceremonies of the Church of England, whose tenets she had by this time embraced. The sight must have been an interesting one: the Indians, with their swarthy countenances and picturesque attire, clustering round the young bridal pair, their features expressive of curiosity. Could the page of the future have been unfolded to their gaze, the eyes of the spectators, from either hemisphere, would have rested upon the heroic and tender girl who stood on the threshold of wifehood, with yet graver observation. She was only destined to enjoy for a brief interval the treasures of instruction just opening upon her, or bask in the sunshine of a husband's love.

In 1616, about three years after her marriage, she set out upon a visit to England; and arriving in London, found herself the object of considerable attention, her story having preceded her. There she received a visit from Captain Smith, the account of whose death had been invented, for some purpose connected with the policy of her father, and his tribe. Her surprise at finding him still alive caused her excessive emotion: on his first appearance she was completely overcome, and, turning away, buried her tearful face in her hands. The deceit of her friends may have shaken her system; indeed, this sudden blow seems fully to account for the death of an apparently robust young woman such as Pocahontas. The cause, how-

ever mysterious, produced its sad result in the prime of life : she never lived to return to her own land.

Actuated not less by friendship and gratitude than by a feeling of patriotism, Captain Smith represented, in a memorial to the queen (Anne of Denmark), her services so forcibly as to secure the royal friendship. For a short period she enjoyed this recognition at the hand of one who herself was doomed to survive her but two years, and whose existence was marked by far less influence of character. It might form a fitting page in the tangled narrative of destiny, this interchange between royal stems, one of which was to die comparatively unimportant, and the other, of less high origin, accomplish efficient benefit both to herself, and to her country. By a not unusual combination also of events, when the work was done, the author died, young, and with years of future energy fraught with promise unfulfilled. In 1617, when just about to embark for her native land, she fell a victim either to one of those great plagues which periodically ravaged the country in the comparative darkness of medical science, or, as is not improbable, oppressed by those emotions which are sometimes incident to great moral changes in the individual. Adopting not less the habits than influenced by the affection of her husband, Pocahontas evinced her readiness to listen to those earnest lessons of revelation which he conscientiously endeavoured to instil. She, the first heathen of the Western World who became converted to Christianity by the English

settlers, realised the apostolical principle that con-nubial union should issue in the establishment of a common faith. Although we do not entirely adopt the language of Mrs. Hale, who says that "the religion of the Gospel seemed congenial with her nature," yet there is no doubt that this last possessed an eminent readiness, so far as human infirmity might permit, to the acceptance of Divine Truth. We may, moreover, fully concur in the testimony to her conduct, that "she was like a guardian angel to the white strangers who came to the land of the red men. By her the races were united ; thus proving the unity of the human family through the spiritual nature of the woman, ever, in its highest development, seeking the good, and at enmity with the evil ; the preserver, the inspirer, the exemplar of the noblest virtues in humanity."

Her physiognomy accorded to her disposition. Her face was finely formed ; her eyes lustrous with intelligence, and expressive of shrewdness and powerful perception, yet unsullied with cunning or weakness ; the benevolence of her whole nature constantly irradiating their expression. Her mouth developed mildness, and bore the type of firmness without obstinacy, and of self-control with the freedom of unstudied candour. Her whole *contour* bespoke a happy union of duty with inclination, nor could a beholder hesitate to admit that her face was the index of a mind devoted to the cause of universal love. Judging from her portrait, her complexion was a rich olive ;

and, although disfigured by the odious Spanish high-crowned hat, characteristic of one of the most fantastic periods of dress, whereby the head seems separated from the body by the strangling ruff, yet her redundant tresses, ever and anon escaping in careless richness, gave much witchery to the archness of her glance. Her person partook of the free elasticity of a denizen of Nature's most luxuriant and unrestrained scenes, tempered, yet not fettered, by the adoption of artistic costume and civilized regularity ; so that, in a word, the body was fitted to its proper office of becoming the agent, not the dictator, to the mind, and her physical exterior readily accorded to the dictates of an active intelligence and a prompt will.

As might be expected, such an individuality has constituted a favourite theme of fiction and of song ; but the simple truth of her story requires little addition from imaginative effort. Practically, we have reason to hope that, through her solitary descendant, her virtues have penetrated beyond the haunts of the savage, and brought back to the land of her own and her son's education, motives and records of national affinity, uniting England and the Far West. Her son, after being brought up in this country by his uncle, returned to Virginia, where he became wealthy ; and as we may fairly attribute to the co-operation of nature and science the influence he achieved, acting with no less benefit upon commerce than intelligence, so it is pleasant to record

that several families of Virginia not only boast their descent from, but exhibit the characteristic virtues of our heroine. The great pass away in their grandeur—a grandeur oftentimes achieved by suffering ; the mighty establish a fame, which, though it flatter egotism, is but a poor equivalent for national woe or social depravity ; but the memorial of what is truly good, and truly great, is that which establishes the truth, that the most unmixed excellence has always sacrificed self to the call of duty, at the shrine of public good, and this glory it is which invests with an imperishable halo the name of Pocahontas.

Lucy Hutchinson.

“There is a comfort in the strength of love,
“Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.”

WORDSWORTH.

Lucy Hutchinson.

BORN 1620. DIED —.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the umbrageous solitudes of Richmond were made the theatre of a little romance, the record of which resembles in character the creations of fiction, rather than reality ; yet is, in effect, strictly true. A young man, of good birth and fortune, whose heart had hitherto resisted all the blandishments of the fair sex, went thither to breathe a purer air than that of the metropolis, then tainted with the advent of the plague, and was warned by his friends that so many attractions were to be found there, in consequence of the vicinity of the court, that no disengaged person ever visited that beautiful environ of London, and returned heart-whole. In spite of this hint, John Hutchinson went, and established himself in a house belonging to a musical professor, Mr. Coleman, who had given him lessons

when in town. He soon became acquainted with many young persons of both sexes, the house in which he lodged being the scene of musical *soirées*, very popular in the neighbourhood, and his society becoming sought after by invitations pouring in on all sides ; for Hutchinson was singularly favoured by Nature, handsome and of elegant exterior, and possessing mental qualifications of correspondent value.

He was of middle height, well and gracefully proportioned : his complexion fair ; his eyes grey and expressive ; his mouth characterized by sweetness, mingled with considerable dignity ; hair of a soft brown, curling in loose rings, fell around his countenance in the fashion of the day. He had been educated at Cambridge, and, at first, destined for the law, was entered a member of Lincoln's Inn. His university career had strengthened and improved his intellectual qualities, while the succeeding sojourn in London had been diligently spent in the acquisition of accomplishments. It may be supposed this interesting specimen of humanity attracted general observation, and among the numerous handsome and lively girls who now "set their caps at him," it was matter for occasional serious complaint, that he should remain so completely insensible to attacks, covert, as well as declared. The young hero's heart was not, however, composed of such impenetrable matter as they imagined ; and he, who had hitherto set the sex at defiance, was destined to become the slave of an idea,—an idea, moreover,

of which the reality, strange to say, was to rivet his chains ; a rare, almost impossible, concatenation of circumstances, as the reader will admit.

An inmate of the same house with himself, where she was located for the purpose of learning the lute, during the temporary absence of her family, was a little girl, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late lieutenant of the Tower, who had a residence within a short distance of that occupied by Mr. Coleman. Young Hutchinson contracted a great liking for this engaging child, and often sat near while she practised, or chatted pleasantly with her, when her task was accomplished. One day his young favourite proposed a walk to her mother's house, of which she had the keys, and the visit proved so agreeable that he often accompanied her thither, amusing himself with examining the house and grounds, while she, possibly, was superintending little household directions left to be carried out in her mother's absence. The excellent manner in which this lady had brought up her family, is proved by the circumstance of a child twelve years old, being intrusted with this kind of authority. It is also more than probable that she was aware of the result of Lady Apsley's protracted sojourn in Wiltshire. Be this as it may, the young man, allowed, one day, access to a little cabinet filled with books, discovered there some Latin and other volumes, which so excited his interest, that he made inquiries to whom they belonged, and received for answer that

the owner of them was the elder Miss Apsley, a young lady of seventeen, who was gone with her mother to pay a visit to her maternal relations, the St. Johns of Liddiard Tregooze ; and further, that it was very likely "dear Lucy" would contract a marriage there, with a gentleman much approved by them. The younger sister's innocent and *naïve* remarks increased Mr. Hutchinson's curiosity, and before he had heard much more, he began to feel the strongest desire to meet the young lady, who had, according to all accounts, received as much attention from the other sex, as hers had lavished upon himself ; the suitors in either case meeting with but scant return. He possessed himself of minute particulars relative to her appearance and pursuits, and was almost pleased to find other ladies considered her too reserved and studious, to be an agreeable companion. This, to his tone of mind, was far from being a reproach, and the similarity of their circumstances, as well as a certain resemblance in tastes and modes of thought, which he imagined in the fair unknown, fanned the interest he had first experienced into something he was at a loss to comprehend. Henceforth, the young bachelor eagerly seized every opportunity of hearing Miss Apsley mentioned, and at length, growing emboldened, was able to discuss a question become most interesting to him, that of her probable marriage, which afforded great food for conversation in the neighbourhood.

A concert just at this time took place at Mr. Coleman's house, and among the songs selected for performance was one which suggested an argument among the company, and provoked the disclosure that an answer had been written to the words, which, after some hesitation, was produced and read. This answer must have had some merit, for the gentleman who had written the original song, declared his conviction that only two women of his acquaintance could have composed it, and, of these, Miss Apsley was one. The other supposed authoress having at once disclaimed the production, public opinion immediately set Hutchinson's innamorata down as the writer. He, on his part, discovered in the lines even more merit than others did; and getting into conversation with the eulogist of Miss Apsley, he expressed his anxiety to become acquainted with her, in no measured terms.

"Do not build upon the idea," replied his companion; "Miss Apsley is of so reserved a nature, that she opposes all introductions to new friends, especially of our sex."

This only increased Mr. Hutchinson's interest. "I will bet you what you please, I become intimate with her, before a month is over our heads."

"Well, it will profit you but little, if you have designs that way," was the rejoinder; "for Mistress Lucy will bear the name of Apsley no longer when she returns, you may be sure. It is all settled."

An innate conviction to the contrary had taken possession of Hutchinson's mind ; he was, in fact, already deeply in love, without ever having seen the object of his attachment, and a report which reached the neighbourhood shortly after, that the marriage had actually taken place, produced such a violent effect upon him, that he became very ill, and was obliged to take refuge in his own chamber. When alone, he endeavoured to recall himself to reason, and to "wonder why he should be so concerned in an unknown person. He then remembered the story that was told him when he came down, and he began to believe there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses ; but it boded him not to be angry at himself, nor to set Wisdom in her reproving-chair, nor Reason in her throne of council ; the sick heart could not be chid, or advised into health." Let this excessive emotion be the result of imagination or reality, Hutchinson was happily restored, by tidings which caused instant revulsion of feeling, a few days after. Miss Apsley, his little favourite, was suddenly sent for to receive her mother and sister upon their return home ; the story of the marriage was all false ; and so well did our hero manage, that he was invited to escort the little girl home, and make acquaintance with her relatives, a suggestion, we may imagine, he hesitated not to comply with. Now took place the first meeting between the *amant imaginaire*, and the object

of his reveries. He found her, if not exactly as he had pictured, still so completely in consonance with his ideas of womanly perfection, that he lost no time in improving the acquaintance, and placing himself in a position to commence his suit. Pique may have had something to do with this extraordinary and sudden attachment, fancy even more, yet we must allow it was strange ; and still more so, that Lucy Apsley, from the first moment she looked upon him, reciprocated the feeling of interest she had unwittingly inspired. Not that an idea of love seems to have entered a mind innocent as a child's, until some considerable period after ; yet she felt herself drawn towards him, confessed that the dislike to the other sex she formerly entertained had passed away, and that the question of marriage, which, to please her mother, she had done her best to become reconciled to, in Wiltshire, and from which a presentiment seemed to warn her at that time, despite all her endeavours, existed no longer when she became the object of Mr. Hutchinson's regard. They appear to have been excellently suited to one another in taste and sentiment ; their courtship, she herself remarked afterwards, would have furnished matter for a better romance than many extant ; and if the devotion of a lifetime upon the part of each to the other affords corroboration to their early love-passages, we may be satisfied it was sincere, and far from overcoloured by the magic pencil —though one not always true to nature—of youth

That Mr. Hutchinson loved Lucy Apsley for herself, is proved by an incident which merits relation. By a strange coincidence, she was taken ill upon the very day chosen to conclude preliminaries for the wedding, her disorder being the small-pox. For some days her life was in danger, and her lover suffered agonies of suspense ; at length, the disease abated ; but he was informed her beauty was greatly diminished, if not absolutely at an end. These tidings produced upon him no visible effect,—he was only anxious for one thing, to make her his wife, the moment she was able to quit her chamber. When the priest and all around were “affrighted to look on her,” so disfigured was the bride by her late sickness, she became Mrs. Hutchinson ; and it is pleasant to learn his constancy was rewarded, though not till a considerable time afterwards, by her entire restoration to the charms she had originally possessed.

When the young pair were united, it was the summer-time of 1638, and Lucy Hutchinson had just attained her eighteenth year. The flame of civil war had not, as yet, been kindled in our country, but there were many indications of the coming strife, and neither she nor her husband was of a temper to ignore the principles they held, for the sake of selfish ease, or even the indulgence of their domestic happiness. Mrs. Hutchinson belonged to a stanch royalist family, but Ireton was a relative and near neighbour of her husband, and spared

no endeavours to render them confirmed supporters of the parliamentary cause. We have not space here to enter upon the question which so deeply agitated the minds of many good and thinking men at this crisis. Mrs. Hutchinson, though convinced of the king's inefficiency for government, seems to have done full justice to his personal virtues. It is lamentable that, in her husband's case, as in many others, party feeling, which had originally its rise in the seeking after religious light, should have reached lengths unwarranted by either the laws of justice or Christianity, and ended in affixing the stain of regicide upon his name.

The peaceful life the young couple had led at Enfield and Owthorpe was too soon at an end. Hutchinson became a colonel in the parliamentary ranks, and his wife, conceiving it her duty to be near him whenever it was practicable, qualified herself, by her constant participation in all his trials and dangers, for the task of his biographer, one which she afterwards, at considerable length, accomplished. Her sympathy in everything interesting to him, is consistently developed in her character; she loses, indeed, all thoughts of self, in following his train of feeling as well as action. It is impossible to imagine a wife more devoted, nor can we doubt, had circumstances demanded it, that she would have readily accompanied him to a scaffold, in compliance with the principles he professed, and which she, for his sake, so completely participated.

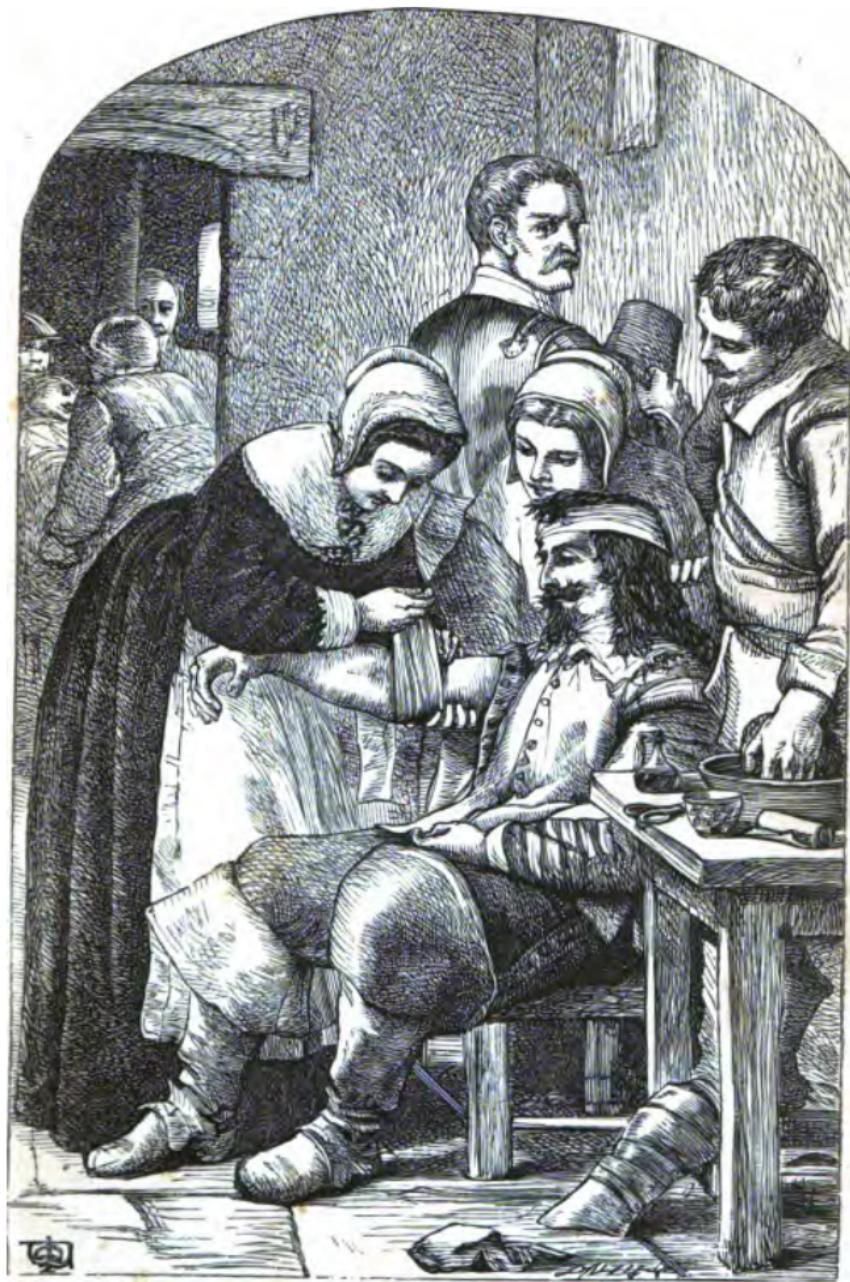
But Hutchinson, becoming a marked man, was obliged to leave his wife, and resort to concealment. After some perils, the departure of the royalist forces restored him to his family, and for a brief period all were again happy at Owthorpe. Soon after, upon receiving his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, he removed with his troop to Nottingham, where Mrs. Hutchinson and her family joined him by night, for greater safety than they could enjoy at home. Nottingham was, in those times, a place of considerable importance, as commanding the passage to the North ; and upon the withdrawal of the army on both sides, Colonel Hutchinson received the appointment of governor of the castle, a place then extremely ill-fortified, and as badly provided with requisites for sustaining a siege. Under the new administration, the ruinous and forlorn structure was made capable of lodging four hundred men in ease and comfort. Colonel Hutchinson was thus prepared, in a measure, when, a few months after, the earl of Newcastle attacked the fortress of Nottingham, and, when demanding its surrender, received for answer from the intrepid governor, "that if his lordship would have that poor castle, he must wade to it in blood." There was but trifling prospect of the castle being able to hold out for any length of time, and little doubt may be entertained that Colonel Hutchinson used his endeavours to persuade his wife to take refuge in flight before more danger ensued. She resisted, and remained, without

hesitation, to share his perils. The earl's menace turned out, however, innocuous; he drew off his troops to Hull, where Fairfax then was, and Nottingham was left in comparative security. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the mean time, rendered herself an able coadjutor to her husband. They supplied funds from their own property to the needy, she dispensing food and medicines to the destitute or wounded soldiers, and acting to them the part of a tender friend and nurse. Still greater usefulness was in her power to contribute, for the inhabitants of Nottingham were many of them disaffected to the parliamentary cause, and treacherously admitted into the town a troop of six hundred strong, who immediately laid siege to the castle, in which the governor was shut up with only a garrison of eighty men, many of his soldiers who lodged in the town having been already taken prisoners. While thus surrounded, Mrs. Hutchinson took upon her the duties of a surgeon, there being none in the fortress. Her mother, Lady Apsley, had acquired some knowledge of medicine from Sir Walter Raleigh, whose experiments she had often witnessed when he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, of which Sir Allen Apsley was governor. She attended the wounded, and it is recorded that only one person was lost, who "bled to death before he could be conveyed to the governor's lady." After five days, succour arrived, and now we find Mrs. Hutchinson not only ministering to her own people's

wants, but relieving and assuaging the sufferings of the royalists who had been captured. She bound up and dressed their wounds with her own hands, an act of charity which raised her up many enemies among more narrow-minded and less humane persons.

When Cromwell became Protector, Colonel Hutchinson, sharing, with many others, the disappointment his conduct elicited, withdrew himself, and again resumed the life of peaceful happiness he had been forced to abandon temporarily. The family returned to Owthorpe, which was rebuilt and improved, it having been plundered and partially destroyed by the Royalists. Here Mrs. Hutchinson's charities had even wider scope than at Nottingham. She relieved, but not indiscriminately ; and whereas the neighbourhood had been hitherto infested with thieves and beggars, there "was suddenly not one left in the country." Her wise and intelligent rule seems to have worked wonders, and her name was long and deservedly respected as the author of changes, momentous to the cause of morality and industry.

An anecdote illustrative of Mrs. Hutchinson's courage may be inserted here. An *émeute* had taken place in Nottingham, and the soldiers were mustering against the citizens, when she happened to drive into the town. Seeing the state of affairs, she decided without hesitation upon undertaking the office of mediatrix. She appealed first to the soldiery, then addressed herself to the townspeople, and actually suc-



Lucy Hutchinson Binding up the Wounds of a Royalist. P. 164.

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ceeded in restoring tranquillity. The citizens showed their appreciation of her courage and address, by electing Colonel Hutchinson their member, though he had previously refused, partly on account of ill-health, to represent the county.

Time went on, and Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers. We may imagine how anxious a crisis this was, for so devoted a wife as Lucy Hutchinson. She left no means untried to ensure her husband's safety; and thinking she detected on his part, an inclination to render himself up a public sacrifice, she resolved to prevent his intention by every act in her power. After some difficulty, she succeeded in prevailing on him to remain in concealment, declaring she would not live to see him made a prisoner. She forced him to abandon her to the custody of a friend, and then set about the work of soliciting all her acquaintance for his safety. The list of those persons excluded from pardon, did not happily contain the name of Colonel Hutchinson, and she became comparatively reassured; but yet she could not bring herself, for a long time, to consent to his surrender, upon the proclamation of the sovereign, which declared that all of the late king's judges, who did not yield themselves in fourteen days, should receive no pardon.

Accused by her friends of obstinacy, she thought of a means by which she imagined the safety of her beloved husband might be secured. She wrote to the

Commons, in his name, saying that, "by reason of some inconveniency it might be to him, he desired not to come into custody, and yet should be ready to appear at their call ; and if they intended any mercy to him, begging that they would begin it, by permitting him his liberty upon his parole, until they should finally determine of it." This effort at temporizing, whether well imagined or the reverse, turned out so far satisfactory, that her endeavours, and those of her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, are believed to have produced the result she desired. Not that Colonel Hutchinson could ever be persuaded to profess repentance ; he was, notwithstanding, permitted to remain at large, and to return once more, peaceably, to his Owthorpe retirement.

The health of the ex-governor required all her care. Mrs. Hutchinson was yet obliged to leave him, and travel to London, to prevent the passing of a bill which would have saddled their estate with a considerable debt. During this absence, she obtained intelligence that the king had spoken in no favourable terms of her husband. "He believed a man had been saved who would do the same thing for him, that he had done for his father, since he was still unchanged in his principles, and readier to protect, than accuse any of his associates." Such was the opinion of Charles II., as repeated to Mrs. Hutchinson, and she was furthermore assured that the pardon she hoped for, would never be confirmed by the royal signature.

Her informant, who was a relative, employed all his address to induce her to reveal certain circumstances of which she was cognizant, and took the surest method of gaining his end, that of promising her the future safety of her husband, in return for betrayal of the secrets committed to her keeping. Mrs. Hutchinson came nobly out of the ordeal. Though a woman, she "resisted the bewitching vanity of showing the confidence that had been reposed in her, by betraying it." She made him believe she was ignorant, though she could have enlightened him in the very thing he sought for, and finding her secrecy inviolable, he advised her, if she wished to save her husband from ending his days in captivity, to persuade him to leave England without loss of time. Upon her urging, in reply, that the act of oblivion protected him from further danger, he told her, in confidence, that if the slightest pretence could be found, the intention was to imprison Colonel Hutchinson, and never again to set him at liberty.

Upon hearing these unpleasant tidings, the anxious wife immediately commenced her persuasions to her husband to depart for the continent; but the colonel would not be convinced, and only answered that this was the place where the Almighty will had set him, and it would evince distrust on his part to forsake his country. The information she had received, proved only too accurate. An excuse was speedily found, and Colonel Hutchinson, accused of suspicious practices, was committed to the Tower, where his wife could

only see him in the presence of a witness, while their house was searched, and boxes and cabinets ransacked, but without finding any treasonable papers. From this moment, Mrs. Hutchinson's exertions were unremitting to procure his release, or, at all events, a mitigation of the very stringent orders connected with his imprisonment. All were unavailing. At length he was removed to Sandown Castle, and her application to be permitted to inhabit the same apartments with him, being refused, she took lodgings in Deal, and walked daily with her daughter to see him. The condition of the unfortunate prisoner must, indeed, have been galling in the extreme, to a man of refinement, accustomed to a life of comfort. "He had to get his chamber glazed, which was a thoroughfare room, having five doors in it, one of which opened upon a platform that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea; whilst every tide washed the foot of the castle walls." So unwholesome and damp was the place, that every package and, almost, article of furniture became, in the course of the night, and even in the summer, covered with mould. The colonel bore all without complaint, nay, even cheerfully. Deprived of every other recreation, he amused himself with sorting shells, which his wife and daughter brought to him. We may imagine but scarcely realize, the frightful existence which the captive wore out in this way, the monotony of each day only broken by the visit of his beloved ones, who were obliged to leave him at a given hour to all the melan-

choly visions of the night. What Mrs. Hutchinson endured is still less to be conceived : her unvarying devotion to him, the grand idea of her life, must have rendered the continual sight of his suffering almost a greater trial than humanity could bear.

Colonel Hutchinson was not destined to wear out a long life in captivity. Death, more merciful than man, interfered, and released him, exactly eleven months from the period of his first arrest. Mrs. Hutchinson taking notice of one of those extraordinary coincidences that occur continually in life, though they are not always observed, remarks, " that at the same hour, and the same day of the month, and the same day of the week, that the wicked soldiers fetched him out of his own rest and quiet condition at home, eleven months before, the Lord of Hosts sent his Holy angels to fetch him out of their cruel hands up to his everlasting and blessed rest above ; this being the Lord's day, about seven o'clock at night, the eleventh day of September, 1664 ; the same day and hour, the eleventh of October, 1663."

His end was in consonance with the life he had led ; the physicians in attendance, though strangers to him, were moved to tears, and averred that no death-bed scene could be more affecting or consolatory. His faithful companion in so many scenes of trial, was not permitted to behold the conclusion ; she was gone on important business to Owthorpe, but she was told her name had been the last upon his lips. " Let her," he

had said shortly before, “as she is above all women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women.” This message seems to have formed the guiding rule of conduct for Mrs. Hutchinson’s after-life. The recollection of her husband and of her happiness with him, was henceforward her chief consolation, and by dwelling upon the long enjoyment of her blessing, rather than bemoaning its loss, and bringing himself and his actions continually before her own and her children’s minds, she, in idea, prolonged his existence. She compiled an elaborate memoir of him, for the purpose of giving her children a true notion of the events of the period ; at the same time she left them a record of their father’s virtues. Her narrative is considered more satisfactory than many histories of the period ; and it is matter for admiration in no slight degree, that whilst it proves her to have “added to the erudition of the scholar, the research of the philosopher, the politician, and the divine, the zeal and magnanimity of a patriot; yet she descended from all these elevations, to perform, in the most exemplary manner, the functions of a wife, a mother, and mistress of a family.”

The Lady Rachel Russell.

“Oh! not when hopes are brightest
Is all Love’s sweet enchantment known ;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest
Is all fond woman’s fervour shown :
But like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom’s home it brightens
When all beside is chill below.”

PRINGLE.

The Lady Rachel Russell.

BORN 1636. DIED 1723.

THE distinguishing excellence of conjugal love consists in its being totally opposed to that selfishness to which our fallen nature is liable. The mutual devotion of two persons is, where the union is happily cemented according to God's law, all-pervading and entire. Even animals participate in this emotion, and the most fierce and untamed creature will frequently sacrifice its own wants to supply those of its mate. Wedded love has something inexpressibly holy about it, and the very afflictions of life, so shared, are but the dews which waken up flowers of virtuous loveliness, from this their genial soil.

The object of our present notice has ever been regarded as one of the brightest examples of that unobtrusive feminine constancy, which softens greatness by the better qualification of goodness. Lady

Rachel Russell was never greater than in her sorrow, because therein she proved herself a truly religious woman. Adversity, indeed, like the rude touch which tramples down beds of violets and wild thyme, only drew forth the fragrant sweets of a character, whose influence was felt soothingly, by all who came within the circle of her virtues.

Born about the year 1636, she was the younger of the two only daughters of Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, a zealous adherent to the fallen fortunes of the unhappy Charles I. Early in her infancy, the little Rachel had the misfortune to lose her mother. That circumstance, combined with the disturbed state of the kingdom, prevented her from receiving a complete education ; but this evil she remedied by her own exertions in after-life. Upon the murder of King Charles, her father shut himself in retirement, from which he only emerged upon the restoration of Charles II. to the throne.

Marriages at that period were very differently conducted to those of our own time. As Lady Rachel herself remarked, "acceptance was then all that was necessary upon young people's part." She was scarcely seventeen, when her father and the earl of Carberry arranged an union between their respective children, and she became the wife of Francis Lord Vaughan, who, however, died a few years after.

It was while sharing with her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, the seclusion of their patrimonial inheritance at

Tichfield, in Hampshire, that she first became acquainted with Lord William Russell, the then younger son of a noble house. Her first husband had been her father's choice, the second was her own. Gifted and attractive, deservedly popular with the world, and possessed of many tastes and qualifications in accordance with those she herself evinced, it would, perhaps, be impossible to imagine a more complete affection than sprang up between these young persons. After two years' engagement they were married, and she departed with her husband, to enter upon that public life which both were so eminently calculated to adorn.

And now the excellent endowments of the Lady Rachel's character began fairly to show themselves. Taking a strong interest in political affairs, which engaged her husband's attention, her judgment was so clear, her opinions so diffidently yet so correctly formed, that her assistance became of infinite value to him, and he consulted her upon every question of importance. Many of his actions were dictated by herself, nor does her influence ever appear to have been exerted for an unworthy purpose.

Happy in the entire affection of her husband, and blessed with two daughters and a son, who bid fair to inherit their parents' excellences, our heroine seems at this period to have been in the enjoyment of a lot as near perfection as is ever permitted

to the travellers through this uncertain world. Several of her letters have been preserved to us, and prove how grateful a heart she possessed : in one of them, written about the year of her son's birth, she says :—

“ It is my great care so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other.”

The intensity, alas ! of her appreciation of this sunny period of her existence, had no power to put off that evil day, when dark clouds should lour around her, and one by one, the cherished objects of her attachment be removed from her sight, to await her coming in another world, leaving her bereft of all temporal aid, and unprotected from the storms of fate, in this.

Whether justly or unjustly, Lord William Russell was accused of treasonable intentions against the Government. His stanch adherence to the Protestant faith, and the independence of his principles, had created for him a host of implacable enemies ; and we are told, that “ the laws against treason were strained to produce his conviction ;” while, though fully cognizant of the purity of his own intentions, he had “ too high a spirit to disavow having been concerned in the conspiracy.”

Several others were involved in the same accusation : Lord William was the first to be apprehended. He was found quietly reading in his study, neither concealing himself, nor making preparations to elude the pursuit he foresaw. He gave up all hopes of his life, upon being taken into custody ; knowing how bitterly his firm religious opinions had offended those then unhappily in power. There must have been something especially endearing about the character of this high-souled man, from the evidences of regard many of his friends gave him. Lord Essex, who was then at his country house, whence he could very easily have made his escape, when urged to do so, at the same time as he was informed of the capture of his beloved companion, replied "that his own life was not worth saving, if, by drawing suspicion upon Lord Russell, it would bring that of the latter into danger." Lord Cavendish also planned an escape for one he had long and intimately loved, by proposing to exchange clothes with him in prison, and submitting to all the consequences of remaining in his stead ; and the duke of Monmouth sent messengers to him, declaring the joy with which he would surrender his own person, if by so doing he could ensure the precious life of his friend. Russell was of course too generous to hear of either of these proposals : he replied to them all, that he "had foreseen, and was fully prepared to meet his fate."

From the moment, however, when her husband had been arrested, the Lady Rachel, instead of giving way

to useless regrets, had seriously set about affording him all the assistance, as well as consolation, he needed, in his great danger and distress. She arranged the papers for his defence, hurried to such witnesses as were likely to attest his innocence from the grave offences that were imputed to him ; and when the request, first for the delay of a day, to give time for these to appear, and then for that of a few poor hours, was refused, prepared herself to stand at his side, his support in the hour of peril.

The dreaded time drew near. The court of the Old Bailey was crowded with people. Eight judges were appointed, and three witnesses came forth to accuse the prisoner. Calm and dignified he stood, unprovided with any legal adviser, and requested to be permitted to make use of another person's pen to write such notes as he might require.

The Chief Justice made answer—

“ Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please.”

“ My wife is here to do it,” replied the noble prisoner ; and at the same moment the Lady Rachel rose from beside him, and stood awaiting with melancholy, yet hopeful eagerness, the desired permission.

Her beauty and firmness struck the whole court. The spectacle was as novel as it was impressive ; and when the Chief Justice spoke again, it was with more mildness and respect.

"If my lady will give herself that trouble," he said, assentingly.

During the whole trial did this interesting and devoted creature, seated beside her husband, follow out the devious windings of the forced accusations against him ; and when at length no further assistance could avail, and a sentence was pronounced, which "was considered by all who had any sense of shame left, as the most crying injustice ever known in England," still her heroic fortitude did not give way, but alone she sought the presence of her sovereign, and flinging herself at his feet, used every entreaty which affection and despair could prompt ; urging, in the most pathetic terms, her father's services to the "martyr king," as a claim to the clemency and justice of his son.

From the time of his condemnation she made almost superhuman efforts to save him. Unceasingly occupied in the endeavour to preserve a life so inexpressibly dear to her, yet, to her undying praise be it spoken, she never urged that renunciation of principles, which would have placed him in immediate safety. His honour was too precious to her to be, for any earthly consideration, sacrificed.

Lord William's melancholy prognostications were but too fatally founded. All attempts failed, every entreaty met with the same refusal, his doom was sealed, nor was he permitted the respite of many days,

before, in the full flush of youthful bloom, he was to fall beneath the headsman's sword.

Early on the morning before his execution, he was permitted the sad satisfaction of seeing his children for the last time, and giving them his blessing. The still more terrible parting with his wife, did not take place till eleven o'clock that evening. During the day he spoke much of this devoted and beloved one, and his eyes, at mention of her, filled with tears of love and regret. His parting with her, he said, was the hardest thing he had to do. Yet when the dreaded time came, and she was to look her last upon those features, the memory of whose endearing lines was never to be obliterated by another image ; so unselfish, so heroic, could this soft feminine heart become, in the furnace of her fiery trial, that she forbore even a word of regret, an exclamation of complaint, but, lest she should unnerve him for his approaching fate, or augment, by a pang, his suffering, parted from him without a single sob.

We may faintly imagine what a storm of anguish shook her soul when the heavy prison-door closed after her, shutting her husband for ever from her sight. For him, to use his own words, "the bitterness of death was past ! " She herself looked back, in after-time, with wonder, to the fortitude with which she supported her misfortune. "There was something," she said, "so glorious in the object of

my greatest sorrow, I believe, that, in some degree, kept me from being then overwhelmed." An eye-witness writes of her in the following terms:—"As to Lady Russell, she bore the shock with the same magnanimity which she had shown at his trial, when, in open court, attending at her lord's side, she took notes, and made observations on all that passed, in his behalf. When prostrated at the king's feet, and pleading with his majesty, in remembrance of her dead father's services, to save her husband, she was an object of the most lively compassion; but now (when, without a sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of him) of the highest admiration."

Report says, that with a refinement of cruelty scarcely to be credited, the cold-hearted duke of York had commanded the execution of the unhappy Russell to take place before the windows of his own house in Bloomsbury Square. Had this intention been carried out, we shudder to imagine the distracted mistress of the mourning household there, beholding with unshrinking firmness, the odious paraphernalia of death, and looking her last at her lord, even upon the scaffold. It was, however, overruled, and Lincoln's-Inn Fields chosen as the scene of the sad catastrophe. Lord Russell met his fate with the firmness which characterized him. On winding up his watch for the last time, he remarked, with a calm smile, "I have done with time; now comes eternity!" Without a moment's hesitation, he laid his head upon

the block ; as he did so, the closest observer could detect no change of countenance. At two strokes it was severed from his body.

Now, indeed, we may look for the resignation of which Lady Russell's previous conduct had given such ample promise. Fate had done its worst ; there was no more excitement, no more hope ; she was alone with her grief !

Nor did she disappoint the expectations of those who knew her. Nobly did the spirit of the Christian support the violence of the tempest. Resigned, she bowed to taste the bitter cup. No vain repinings issued from her lips,—no complainings against the hand that had given, to take away again so soon her greatest earthly blessing,—no malignity launched at his enemies, who had been permitted to shed the innocent blood. Let us never forget the example she has afforded us, and strive to imitate conduct whose true heroism can never be surpassed.

Lady Russell had duties still to perform. Not only did her own children demand her care, but others, deprived of maternal tenderness, claimed a guardianship which she readily and faithfully afforded. Lady Elizabeth Noel, that dear sister whose interests had ever been her own, the “delicious friend” (as she was accustomed to term her) of her heart, died, leaving her family a legacy of trust to their aunt's affection. We see, indeed, in every relation of life, this rare quality of self-devotion pre-eminent, whether

the object was the education of her daughters, who never had any other instructress, or consolation and advice were needed by a companion, or aid by a dependent. The vacant place in her heart was never again filled. Many years after the great calamity of her life, she thus writes :—"There are three days I like to give up to reflection ; the day in which my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world." It has been said she wept herself blind ; whether this is true or not, it is certain she suffered great agony from failing eyesight, and was obliged to submit to a painful operation in consequence, which she bore with her usual courage.

A little circumstance, related by herself, will show that this last-named characteristic lost nothing of its power in advancing years.

"As I was reading," she says, "in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candle-stick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief ; then sat in the dark to consider whence this event could come. I knew my door and windows were fast, and there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney ; and that something should come down there and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, the

servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given me a mould-candle with a gunpowder-squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day.

“Her ladyship bid him not be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it than that of not finding out the cause.”

Another instance of the readiness of her resolution, though not to be commended, as a species of deceit, was afforded in her visit to the duchess of Devonshire, her eldest daughter, who was lying ill at the time when her mother had just quitted the corpse of her sister. The duchess, inquiring earnestly after the latter’s health, her mother, desirous of concealing the fatal event, replied equivocally, “I have seen your sister this day out of bed.” She did not explain that she had seen her in her coffin.

At Lady Russell’s decease, which took place in her eighty-seventh year, October 5th, 1723, at Southampton House, she was buried beside her husband, at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire ; an anticipation which, we imagine, had formed no slight consolation to her declining years. She had fulfilled more than woman’s usual mission of tenderness and tears, and, like a sun in its setting, had expired in the lustre of those virtues which had illuminated the zenith of her day. At home, a tender mother, the clinging associate, the almost timid dependent upon her lord’s love, she awoke

to be transformed, in the hour of trial, into the fearless though sorrowing advocate, the untiring follower, the heroine of self-control. In some instances, great deeds are bruited about by men through generations, in others, they are to be sought for in the quiet nooks of history, yet it is the fragrance of the unobtrusive flower which delights the sense, and not the gaudy glare of scentless blossoms. The virtues of Lady Russell were of the former order :—

“Consecrate unto sorrow and to love ;
Thy truth, thy tenderness be all thy fame !”



Grizel Cochrane.

“The Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The Rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And Love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.”

SCOTT.

Grizel Cochrane.

If Heroism be admirable when, brandishing a falchion like Joan d'Arc, it rushes on at the head of armies, to deeds which shall immortalize its name, how much more highly should we estimate it when, without any of the excitement derivable from numbers, with no incentive furnished by the hope of creating for itself a reputation and a glory, it engages single-handed in the cause of love, and that love the purest and the most unselfish peculiar to our being, the love of the child to the parent !

Filial affection ought to be spontaneous, instinctive, though it is not less enjoined by the law of God, than by that of nature and of man. Some cases, it is true, exist, where the impulse can scarcely flourish in all its fulness and intensity, on account of unworthiness in its object. This is a sad sight ; but sadder still is the truth, that characters there are in which this species

of affection appears to have been an ingredient altogether omitted, and whence no amount of care, or devotion, is capable of eliciting its development. Indeed, while the absence of the principle is productive of one of the most repellent phases of moral perversion, its exemplification is so evidently marked as a direct emanation from the Divine hand, that no picture can be more inexpressibly beautiful than one (which, after all, represents the performance of a simple duty), the elastic form of youth, sacrificing its own pleasures, denying its own impulses, and bending to sustain the steps of that age whose prime has been devoted, for the sake of the once tender offspring, to a far more anxious task.

The action which raised the fair young Scottish maiden, who is the object of the present sketch, from obscurity, to place her a bright beacon in the starry sky of female devotedness, was dictated by the same beautiful and tender emotion of filial regard, which illustrated sweet Margaret Roper, in her successful enterprise at London Bridge. Miss Cochrane was a young and delicate woman, nurtured in luxury and ease ; her manners appear to have been unobtrusive, her diffidence considerable ; indeed, the character of the Scottish damsels was peculiarly retiring and quiet ; yet she hesitated not to assume the garments of the other sex, to sustain the fear of loaded fire-arms, unprotected, and to encounter, with her fragile strength, the fearful odds of combat with a powerful and irritated man.

While she was yet a child, the father of our heroine, Sir John Cochrane, second son of the first earl of Dundonald, had become deeply involved in the insurrections which shook Scotland to the centre ; and by the time she had attained her sixteenth year, his deliberations upon the unhappy prospects of his native land, had resulted in a determination to fly the scene of disaster and oppression, and seek an adopted country, which would at least permit the free exercise of conscientious faith, denied him by his own. To America the steps of the prospective exile tended, and in the year 1683, Sir John found himself in the streets of London, whither he had gone to arrange the preliminaries of a voyage to South Carolina, where the formation of a colony had been planned by himself and some companions, to be immediately carried into execution.

But the intentions of the patriotic emigrant were destined to be frustrated. In London he met with many dear friends : Algernon Sidney, the son of the earl of Leicester, Lord William Russell, the heir-apparent to the earldom of Bedford, John Hampden, grandson of the patriot, and others as eminent. With these stanch advocates of religious liberty the Scottish baronet lingered, until he found himself forgetful of the distant home he had sighed for, on the American shore, and again deeply interested in questions, whose importance indeed could scarcely be over-estimated, or their results too ardently discussed.

The reign of Charles II. was drawing to a close ; his health was menaced by more than one form of disease ; dissipation and excess had done their work, and the approach of death could at intervals be discerned even by the light-hearted monarch, whose moments of reflection were fewer than any prince—perhaps we may say than any man—ever experienced. But a great change was observable in the king's conduct at this period. Formerly he had possessed as large a share of the regard of his subjects, as is consistent with the entire want of respect. If not beloved, he had been at least liked ; but now his temper became soured, his gaiety forsook him, he treated even his favourites with moroseness, and substituted rigour and cruelty for the careless leniency which had hitherto attracted many, by whom it had been yet reprehended.

Grave doubts were entertained by the Protestant party in England and Scotland, that the king nourished, in secret, decidedly papistical opinions. It was treated with severity instead of tolerance ; “ the wife was persecuted for concealing her husband, the father for harbouring his own son.” Torture, and forfeiture, if not of life, of all those means which make life tolerable, threatened those who were suspected, and were dealt not only to the accused, but occasionally to the very witnesses employed in their conviction. If all this mischief was the result of the influence only of the duke of York, the king's brother, it was easy

to imagine what would ensue upon his assuming the sceptre, whenever the death of Charles should occur. A general insurrection, with a view to the exclusion of the duke from the succession, upon the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, was set on foot, and Sir John Cochrane was the person selected to aid the duke of Argyle, in raising a body of the disaffected in Scotland.

The melancholy history of this design, has been already touched upon in the foregoing life of Lady Rachel Russell. Her hapless husband, together with Sydney, became the victims of treachery and cowardice : the one had entered the ranks of the conspirators solely from the dread of the restoration of popery, by the duke of York ; the other had embraced their cause, because it opposed itself to a despotism which was now fast becoming unbearable ; illegality was resorted to, when substantial accusation failed, and both yielded up their lives upon the scaffold. But Sir John, his companion and countryman Sir Patrick Hume, and several others, were fortunate enough to escape a similar fate, and fled to Holland, where the prince of Orange, who had married the daughter of the duke of York, and even at that period foresaw his probable investiture with the crown of England in her right, received them with kindness. Under his protection they remained until the death of the king; upon which event the slumbering flame of discord was again aroused, by reports that the new sovereign had gone

publicly to mass, the very Sunday after his brother's burial, and openly avowed that he possessed the names of 20,000 conspirators in the recent plot, adding a significant implication that he would not readily forget one of those who had voted for his exclusion.

The dukes of Monmouth and Argyle had both taken up their quarters at the Hague. To the former the intelligence of the king's demise carried most interest, nor could he hear of the apparently unopposed succession of his uncle, without still more poignant emotions of grief and disappointment. His was likely to be a perpetual banishment ; and instead of being raised to the throne of his father, which he had fondly imagined might have been secured to him, he found himself almost without the necessary funds to meet expenses no longer borne by his cousin, the princess of Orange, who dreaded her father's displeasure if she continued to harbour him at her court. To the duke of Argyle also, who entertained principles of violent religious opposition, the present was a most important crisis ; and after very slight deliberation, the two noblemen agreed, despite many private differences, to embark heart and hand in a fresh insurrection, which should commence in the simultaneous attack upon England and Scotland. Monmouth was to head the latter, Argyle possessing the nominal control in his native country, though placed completely under the supervision of a council of war, without consulting whom he could do nothing.

To this latter detachment the gallant Sir John Cochrane belonged ; but whether on account of jealousy, as Macaulay supposes, or from justifiable disapprobation of Argyle's measures, a quarrel speedily broke out between himself and the earl, which threatened to ruin the enterprise at the very outset. The disputed point was the division of the little army placed at their disposal. Cochrane and Hume were for proceeding to Ayrshire ; their commander, for establishing his authority, in the first place, over his own dependencies, by taking possession of the old domain of his forefathers at Inverary ; in which case he hoped to have raised a large reinforcement of men, and successfully bid defiance to the rest of Scotland. The question was at length settled. " Against the earl's better judgment," he consented to divide his forces. Cochrane, who had said he would go to Ayrshire, " even if alone, and armed with nothing but a pitchfork," sailed, accompanied by Sir Patrick Hume, to invade the Lowlands, whilst Argyle remained with an English officer, named Rumbold, in the Highlands.

Success attended neither division. The leaders met again in the Isle of Bute, and so useless had been the lesson hitherto furnished by their misfortune, upon the necessity of unanimity in their councils, that here again they were betrayed into dissensions, though at the same moment the king's ships were advancing to strike terror and despondency, into the hearts of the insurgents. In disguise, the earl attempted to escape,

whilst his companions endeavoured to provide for their safety by flying in different directions. Accompanied by Major Fullarton, whose guide he assumed to be, the unfortunate earl set forth, and traversed, without detection, the whole of Renfrewshire as far as Inchinnan. Here their further progress was arrested; a stream had to be passed, and a guard of the king's soldiers kept watch over the only ford. Despite the endeavours of Fullarton to lull suspicion, the earl's identity was discovered. Overpowered when actually in the water, struck down, and unable to defend himself, for his pistols, his only weapons, had been wetted and rendered useless, the wretched Argyle found himself again a prisoner, bareheaded, and with his hands tied behind him, on his way to the same cell he had occupied in the castle prison of Edinburgh. If Argyle had been weak, formerly, the admirable constancy he showed in the hour of peril and death, amply atoned for all. He refused to purchase the most trifling advantage by the betrayal of any of his coadjutors, in the scheme which so signally failed, and died calmly and manfully, as indeed did his associates Rumbold and Ayloffe, the former of whom was executed a few hours before, and the other shortly after himself.

While the flight of the earl had thus terminated so fatally, Sir John Cochrane, at the head of a mere handful of men, was engaged in mortal combat with a detachment of the royalist forces. Called upon to surrender, they intrenched themselves in the nearest

available camp, a peaceful sheepfold, and so bravely resisted the violence of their assailants, that victory for the moment appeared to crown their arms. News, however, speedily reached them, that a reinforcement was marching to the aid of their opponents, and Sir John, finding it useless to contend further, led his troops to the shelter of a neighbouring morass, where he parted from them, urging upon his brave followers the necessity to provide at once for their own safety.

In the vicinity of the place where this skirmish had occurred, Cochrane knew his uncle, Mr. Gavin Cochrane, resided. His house, he imagined, would form a safe refuge; and here, bruised and wounded, the gallant soldier repaired, to find, alas! treachery prepared for his approach. The lady of the mansion of Craigmuir had unfortunately a brother, Captain Clellan, among the royalists, who had been killed in the late engagement, and revenge prompted her to violate every principle of hospitality and give up the refugee, who was borne to Edinburgh, and incarcerated in the Tolbooth, previous to being arraigned under the heavy accusation of a traitor.

Slowly passed the hours until the day of trial arrived! The earl of Dundonald, father of the prisoner, and a man of influence at court, on account of his stanch adherence to the family who had conferred upon him the honours he bore, spared no exertion, left no means untried, to obtain the favourable consideration of King James.

In his prison, unvisited by friends, for none were permitted to approach him, pondering the fate of his comrades, and calculating the faint chances of his escape from condemnation, the captive, wearily anxious even for the knowledge of that something worse, which would probably end this terrible suspense, lay silent and despairing. Coldly the day dawned, doubt was too surely dispelled by the fatal certainty, and Cochrane, led from his prison to meet the voices of his accusers, and to listen to the enumeration of deeds, his heart forbade him to regret, returned to it a condemned man. He was sentenced to die!

The first thought of the unhappy prisoner, upon learning his fate, had been to avert mischief from his sons, who, he well knew, were anxiously awaiting the opportunity of visiting him, an opportunity now accorded to the condemned, but one of which he was anxious they should not avail themselves, until the final interview before his execution, lest by any means they might appear implicated in his crime. But this restriction did not extend to his daughter. Possibly Sir John, in the first grief of prospective parting with those he had hoped to behold patriots and soldiers like himself,—the sons in whose glory and renown he thought to “live his youth again,”—forgot that he had a daughter. Certain it is, his surprise was only equalled by his joy when, in the dim light of his prison, he beheld a strange figure gliding towards him, and felt two loving arms clasped around his

neck, whilst a wet cheek clung passionately to his own.

Griselda was young and hopeful. After the first burst of emotion, her presence seemed as a ray of sunshine penetrating that gloomy dungeon. She brought news of exertion in the highest quarters to preserve her father's life ; told how her grandfather, the old lord, had despatched urgent messengers to the king, as well as to the all-powerful Father Petre, his majesty's spiritual adviser ; and endeavoured to raise the drooping spirits of the prisoner, by prognostications of success, which he was only too grateful to hear were even entertained.

" But the time, my child ? " said Sir John, when, carried away by her sanguine affection, the young girl would have persuaded herself and her auditor, that his pardon was eventually certain. " Alas ! Griselda, should it indeed please Heaven to sway the king's heart for my release, so short a period intervenes, that it is too probable the bearer of the reprieve may arrive too late ; it may be no longer in his majesty's power to save."

" We must gain time, my father ! Fear not ! Affection will inspire me with some invention to procure the necessary delay."

" Alas, my darling, what can you do ? "

" I ?—much ! Remember the fable," she replied, with an attempt at playfulness ; " remember the fable of the lion and—"

"The doors must be closed!" interrupted the jailor, breaking in upon their conference; "your time is up, and the young lady must depart."

After this evening, not a day passed without bringing poor Grizel to share her father's imprisonment, and pour comfort and hope into his heart. But at times she would sit vaguely gazing on the straw-littered floor of the cell, and be unmindful of his conversation, though ever so pitiable or tender. The words, "we must gain time," seemed to ring in her ears, and scheme after scheme rose in her brain, to give place to still another and another, less difficult of execution.

While his devoted daughter meditated the means of setting Sir John free, the hours flew rapidly by; flew, for they always fly the faster, when we would retain and keep them by us; and the day for the execution drew near, to the horror of both parent and child. The fearful fate before him, indeed, far from growing familiar, seemed to acquire greater intensity the nearer it approached, and he became silent and dejected, inflicting such inexpressible distress upon Grizel, who was driven almost to frenzy by his sufferings, that it was a relief to her when she parted with him one evening, announcing, at the same time, that she should be absent a few days, and urging him to prevent his spirits from flagging until her return.

Cochrane doubtless guessed the object that was to

take his daughter, his consoling angel, from his side. He gave her many tender injunctions, and inquired anxiously into the purport of her movements, but she was resolved, and would mention nothing of her plan, lest she should be prevented carrying it out, now the only hope for her father's life.

In the time of James II. travelling was a very different thing to what it is in the present day. There were no inventions to prevent fatigue, there were no telegraph wires to convey messages and commands. Fortunate was it for Grizel that it was so. The letters were borne by men on horseback from town to town, and it took more than an entire week to get a letter from London into the hands of those for whom it was destined in Scotland.

Grizel calculated, and found that the mail would come in before long, bearing with it, she entertained no doubt, the warrant for the execution of her beloved father. This must be got rid of; the man must be waylaid, and his despatches taken from him, which would procure the respite of another week, and give a chance for the letter, she sanguinely anticipated of pardon, to reach the condemned. This task, of which its very nature would have deterred most girls from even dreaming of, Grizel determined should be accomplished by no one but herself. No other should run the risk of failure, should put life and limb in peril; and only too happy did she feel at being able to demonstrate, by the performance of so unex-

amped a feat, the adoration she entertained for her parent.

Attired in the usual habiliments of her sex, the anxious daughter set out on horseback from Edinburgh ; but although her steed was the same she usually rode, its appearance was so far disguised by want of the usual careful dressing and equipment, that there was as little to excite attention in the animal, as in her own simple habiliments, which had been selected from those worn by the lower classes in Scotland. Her petticoat was of the coarsest material, her hood to correspond, and in front of her saddle she carried a small parcel tied up in the form of a bundle, and containing the few necessaries she required. Yet one more preparation ; for the first time in her life, though by no means the first upon which she had essayed their use, Grizel carried a pair of pistols ; nor could she control a shudder when she placed them, carefully loaded, within the folds of her vest ; for her heart misgave her, lest any disagreeable encounter on the journey, or opposition in effecting the object of it, might force her reluctant hands to call in their aid.

Before it was light, she commenced her journey, and passing through the sleeping city, took the southern road, and proceeded rapidly onward for several miles, without seeing a creature, or encountering a single observation. At mid-day she stopped to rest her horse ; but, going off the more frequented road, sought for what she wanted at a little farmhouse, where few

questions were likely to be asked. On again as soon as practicable, and stopping in the same manner to give her horse and herself shelter for the night. If she pursued this pace, and with equal success, she would reach the border in a shorter period, than her most sanguine hopes had anticipated.

Near the town of Berwick, and a mile or two within the territories of England, there lived, at this period, a woman who had nursed some of the members of Sir John Cochrane's family. She had retired to her own home, and there residing quietly with her children, heard but little of the fortunes of her patron and his house, for whom, however, she retained the strongest feeling of attachment.

As this woman was sitting at work in her little dwelling, the second day after that on which Miss Cochrane had left the Scottish capital, she was startled by the entrance of a young female, whose appearance bespoke her a domestic in some second-rate household, and who had dismounted from a tired and travel-stained horse, which, before pushing open the door, she had tied to the porch in advance of it.

Not until Grizel declared her identity, cautioning at the same time her faithful nurse to be secret, and threw off the enveloping hood, disclosing her well-remembered and beloved features, did the poor woman recognise the child she had brought up, and still loved tenderly. Then, with little difficulty, she comprehended the object of her young lady's mission, though

she trembled when the task was fully explained to her, which that delicate girl, unaided, proposed to accomplish. She turned pale with affright, as Grizel declared her intention of resorting to force, if stratagem were unavailing ; and her eyes filled with tears, upon hearing her solemnly vow, that she would obtain the fatal letter, if with the sacrifice of life itself. But the honest creature never thought of refusing, when told to bring some of her own son's clothes, but between tears and adjurations, equipped her young mistress, who, in the garments of her foster-brother, and when additionally furnished with the horseman's cloak she had concealed in her bundle, appeared, a handsome stripling, very unlike the fragile and elegant maiden who had won many an admiring glance from her father's guests and comrades.

And now bidding her nurse adieu, having ascertained from her lips all details that could assist her in her undertaking, Grizel again set forward towards the small country town of Belford, where she intended to waylay the messenger who bore the postbags from Durham, and who usually halted at a hostelry just outside the place, to take a few hours' repose before continuing his journey northwards. She knew accurately the time at which the man usually arrived, and so well arranged her own, that she reached the little inn just as the postman, after refreshing himself and his horse, had gone to take his usual nap in a corner, boarded off to admit of the convenience of a

sleeping-chamber ; the only room for the accommodation of travellers that the cabin—for it was scarcely more—half house, half hovel, possessed.

Entering the stable, and fastening her horse there,—for no boy or man appeared to perform the duty, Grizel examined with a feeling of interest the steed of the postman, which, disengaged of its saddle, was standing with head bent down and eyes closed, in the further corner. She noted, with pleasure, that the animal seemed tired, and was otherwise in no way remarkable in appearance for fleetness or strength. Turning complacently to her own, she left the stable somewhat reassured, and entered the house.

The grey shades of morning scarcely illuminated the dark and dirty apartment in which the delicately nurtured Miss Cochrane now found herself. It was partially illuminated by the light of a glowing fire kindled on the hearth, and near this was a table, bearing the remains of a repast, whose uninviting details filled her with disgust. It was no time, however, for fastidiousness, and without hesitation, she seated herself, while the woman of the house was busied in setting before her what her little pantry possessed, in addition to what was already on the table. Contenting herself with pushing aside the pewter jack which had contained the beverage of the last comer, she asked for a cup of water.

A moment's reflection had enabled her to decide upon the best course for her to pursue. After casting

a rapid glance around the apartment, and taking a mental review of its circumstances, she observed that the door of the little partition was open, whence issued the postman's heavy breathing, and that a pair of pistols, evidently his property, lay upon the settle beside her, half concealed by the cloak he had thrown off. The faint hope flashed across her mind, that he might have deposited the letter-bag here also, and as the woman left the house to procure the draught she had requested, Grizel shook the garment with trembling eagerness; but no post-bag was there. The next moment the woman put her head in at the door.

"I say, my boy," she growled sulkily, "mind you don't be playing with them pistols whilst I'm gone. The well 's a muckle step away, and I wad'na be pleased to find ye laying dead upon the floor when I come back, with the contents on 'em in your giddy pate."

Poor Grizel ! how her heart beat as, the woman fairly gone, she flew on tiptoe to the door of the box, where the postman lay audibly enjoying his repose. She was so far fortunate, that there was no other occupant of the house but herself and the sleeper; yet the very idea that she was within a few inches of the terrible document whose possession she so passionately coveted, threw her into a paroxysm of tremor. She had now gained a full view of the man, who lay in a dead slumber within the inclosure; but

the mail-bag was nowhere to be seen, and it was only from observing, as she did when her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that a strap, partially revealed, fell down the side of the bedstead, that she could conjecture he had, for security, placed the mail-bags underneath his pillow, whence it was impossible to abstract them.

Alas for poor humanity! we might commiserate the anxious Griselda, if a fearful thought passed through her brain, when her hopes were thus foiled by the total hopelessness of securing the paper, without its guardian being aroused. We may pity, if not sympathize with her in the momentary thought, “I have the means of this man’s destruction at my disposal; a movement of my hand, one single pistol-shot—he is incapable of offering me opposition—and my father safe! My horse is fleet; long before I can be pursued, I shall be secure with my prize, miles away on the road to Edinburgh!” Only a moment, a single moment, could such a thought find shelter in that gentle mind; it had only to arise, to be repelled with horror. “No, not violence; a shadow, though of the faintest hope, remained! She must try other means, and then——”

To the quick hand of the brave girl it was an easy matter to withdraw the charge from the two loaded pistols she had seen upon the settle. For this contingency she had practised, and was prepared. By the time the hostess entered, the pretended youth,

seated in the same position as before, beside the now harmless weapons, was carelessly breaking and demolishing a piece of the untempting-looking bread, which had been set before him.

“Your guest there makes noise enough for a dozen,” she said, with an attempt, which proved more successful than she dared to hope, to disguise her woman’s voice. “A pretty time to be sleeping and snoring like that, when all honest folks are going about their work.”

The woman was somewhat mollified as Grizel, after taking the draught of water, threw down a fair, though not large, sum to pay for her morning’s refreshment, and answered, civilly enough, that the slumberer was the postman, and had ample need of the repose he gained, having travelled a considerable distance, and during the most solitary hours of the night.

“Maybe he takes a long spell, now he’s in for it, though,” said Grizel slyly; “he won’t be after starting again until he has had his sleep out, I warrant.”

“No; he has to reach Berwick by — o’clock,” returned the woman, indicating the hour. “ ‘Tis only young callants, such as you, that want your sleep twelve hours round. He’ll be off shortly, though I’ll have to wake him myself, sure enough.”

The questioner had now ascertained all she desired to learn. She bade the hostess, therefore, good-day, and remounting her palfrey, she put him into a trot,

and soon arrived at a secluded part of the high-road towards Berwick, where she determined to await the appearance of her adversary, and, by stratagem or force, obtain the fulfilment of her wishes.

Let us place ourselves for a moment in Grizel Cochrane's position, and try to realize the dread and agitation with which her woman's nature waited the coming trial. Her casual glance at the head and shoulders of the sleeping postman, appearing above the bed coverlid, had assured her that she would have to contend with no stripling, but a powerful and courageous man. She shrank from the very idea of a struggle ; her delicate wrists might have been crushed by one grasp of his iron hand ; nay, though she had withdrawn the charge of the pistols, might he not employ one of them to stun her as she sat in the saddle—a minute's work ? What, too, if he discovered the trick that she had played him, examined his arms, and reloaded them,—no unlikely circumstance ! Alas ! how many conflicting doubts passed through her mind, and it required all her resolution to keep in view the end she purposed—her father's life—to restore her flagging spirits, worn with fatigue and anxiety, to composure.

The sound of a horse's hoofs at length reached the ear of the expectant. To many minds, the presence of what is dreaded, the arrival of the moment of action, brings with it an accession of strength wholly unattainable when the evil is only beheld from a distance. The very

sight of the man, steadied the hand of Grizel, and stilled the passionate throbings of her breast. On he came, until he reached her side, at a heavy jog-trot, greeting her with a half-acknowledgment as she urged her horse to keep pace with his, as if desiring to travel in company.

For a short time the pair proceeded amicably enough ; at last, perceiving that they were entering a thick wood, very favourable for her purpose, Grizel looked around her mysteriously, giving, at the same time, a shrill whistle, a proceeding which, she noticed with pleasure, appeared to afford much speculation to her companion. After a minute or two she repeated her apparent signal, and this time the man inquired with some surprise, the motive of her extraordinary action.

Grizel now changed her tone altogether, and instead of still appearing the quiet country boy, assumed an air of resolute though swaggering defiance. In a few forcible words, she informed him that she was one of a gang secreted in the forest, and that the whistle he had noticed, was intended to bring them to her assistance.

“ You think, I suppose,” said she, “ that I am too much of a lad to put my determination into practice ; but you will find there are a score or two of others ready to second every blow I give. We are determined to have the mail-bags, my friend, and, dead or alive, you’ll have, before many minutes are over your head, to resign the care of them into my hands.”



Grizel Cochrane stopping the Postman.

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As the pretended boy thus spoke, he drew one of his pistols from his bosom, and presented it with unflinching hand at the breast of the thunderstruck postman. The action was met by a corresponding gesture. With an oath the man took aim at his boyish assailant, who calmly awaited the shot, feeling at the moment a blissful certainty that the pistol had not been meddled with, since he last saw it at the inn. The event justified his hopes : a momentary flash, and a tiny curl of smoke, were the only results of the discharge, and joyfully she beheld him fling the harmless weapon violently to the ground, and try its companion, with the same success.

"See," she said, with a provoking smile, "the measures of our band were better taken than you dreamt of. We have made free with your pistols, my fine fellow ; not a particle of charge in either. Now, take my advice," she added, more seriously ; "don't be such a simpleton as to throw away your life, when I and my companions, who detest bloodshed when we can help it, only want to rid you of those mail-bags there, and look them over, honestly intending to return them to you, in an hour or two."

The postman deigned no reply. He was enraged to the last possible limit of patience. The taunting words and wicked smile of his assailant, mastered the sole remains of prudence he possessed, and hastily leaping from his horse, he sprang across the road to lay hold of Griselda's bridle. Not so fast ! Seizing

her opportunity—no better could have been afforded—Grizel, with one rapid movement, sent her obedient steed, swift as an arrow from the bow, several feet ahead, and seizing with wonderful dexterity the reins of the other horse, dashed forward at a tremendous pace, with both animals under her hand.

In twenty minutes more she had stopped beneath the thickest shade of the wood, far off the spot where she had left her astounded opponent. No violence had been done; not a hair of the man's head was hurt; her fingers had not been soiled by the smallest attempt at an encounter, and her father's death-warrant was in her possession!

Ripping up the strong leather fastenings with a sharp knife she carried about her, Grizel had not only the warrant for Sir John's execution before her, but those of many others, whom she was surprised to find even in danger. She tore all into fragments, and cast them to the winds, which speedily separated the atoms, never to be reunited; and then tying the mail-bags again to the saddle, and fastening the postman's horse to a tree, she hastened back to the house of her nurse, who awaited her in an agony of expectation.

Here Grizel cast aside the male garments she had assumed, and destroyed by fire any remaining evidence—as seals or stamps—of her exploit. She dressed herself again in the same simple domestic habiliments she had arrived in, and was once more, to all appearance, the poor serving-girl going back

upon a borrowed horse, after seeing her friends in the country, to her "place" in Edinburgh.

Who shall describe the gratitude and wonder of the anxious prisoner, Sir John, when his daughter, flinging herself upon his bosom, whispered to him the secret of her bold project, and assured him of his safety until the next eight days' post could bring a fresh order for an execution, which probably, by that time, would be stayed altogether? With an April mixture of tears and smiles, Grizel told her story, and received the reward of blessing and acknowledgment she had so fully merited.

It pleased Heaven to prosper her dutiful effort. The delay in the fulfilment of the sentence, gave old Lord Dundonald the opportunity of effectually working upon King James, through the priests of his household, whom he bribed with five thousand pounds, which turned the scale in favour of his son's life. In due course of time, a pardon arrived for the prisoner, and, whilst others fell around him like toppling towers in a fearful earthquake, he alone was safe. Years after, when the intrepid daughter became a happy wife and mother, when the stern clarion of strife no longer sounded in the land, when persecution and tyranny were replaced by mild and tolerant rule; and it was no longer treason to whisper the name of "James" in accents of indignant reproof, the story was told by the father to his attentive auditory, of that fair matron's heroism and devotion, and blessings

but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise, or motion of a leaf, put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church. The first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery. My mother sent for the minister next day, and, upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting. The only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner, into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's head ; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap. When her brother Sandy (afterwards Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will you look at Grizel ; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head !' This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father, at night, was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share in the next."

Lady Murray also tells us how Sir Patrick was concealed beneath his own castle, in a low room, and how Grizel, with wonderful perseverance and labour, herself excavated a place for the bed he was to occupy, by "scratching up the earth with her nails, till she

left not a nail upon her fingers" (to use the exact words), "carrying it into the garden, at night, in bags."

A little picture of the necessities of the age, may be seen in one more extract from the same narrative:—

"All the time they were in Holland (where they afterwards fled), there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights, to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground (which, it seems, is the way with good managers there), dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and, in short, did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord for little money; but it was a Rucar" (the Erard of that day, we suppose), "now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sang well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge, and many jokes used to pass between the sisters, about their different occupations."

Sir Patrick afterwards became an earl, and Chancellor of Scotland. It will be seen from the foregoing quotation, that the devotion of Grizel was a charac-

teristic of the family. Filial love was hereditary, and speaks as plainly in the pride displayed in every line of Lady Murray's narrative of her mother, and her mother's doings, as in the more energetic and daring feats of Miss Cochrane, and her namesake and contemporary, Grizel Hume. Heroism was rife in those days, and family attachment equally strong.

Daughters of England, let circumstances arise to warrant them, who shall say that you would be backward in emulating this bright example?

Ulfred, Countess of Rithsdale.

“ Make the doors upon a woman’s wit, and it will
Out at the casement : shut that, and ‘twill out
At the keyhole : stop that, ‘twill fly with the
Smoke out at the chimney.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale.

BORN 1690. DIED 1749.

THE 9th of January, in the year 1716, the day of the opening of Parliament, was one of fearful import to seven wretched men, who awaited within the Tower prisons, a judicial decision relative to their future fate. They had been dragged from the North in company with many others; made to submit to numerous indignities; and had entered London, their arms tied behind their backs, like common highway-men, while the yells and scoffings of the multitude mercilessly assailed them. These men were the unfortunate adherents of the "Pretender," James Francis, half-brother of Queen Anne, at whose death, two years before, they had attempted to place that prince upon the throne of England. Upon the very day the Houses met, articles of impeachment were presented against Lords Derwentwater, Nairn, and Wid-

drington, the earls of Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Winton, and Viscount Kenmure, for high treason. Scarcely a voice was raised to avert "the doom of these incompetent revolutionists," though there were many then present who covertly supported the same cause. Their impeachment was rapidly followed by a species of trial. Before the House of Lords, assembled in the form of a court of justice in Westminster Hall, the prisoners, with one exception, Lord Winton, kneeling, confessed their guilt, and commended themselves to the lenity of the king. Alas! King George, though "a prince neither unmerciful nor cruel, was far from possessing either a tender heart, or a lively imagination." Lord Stanhope, "who *was* a man of feeling," interposed, and succeeded in rescuing Lord Nairn, who had been his schoolfellow, from the fate which impended, but upon the rest, sentence of death was pronounced.

It is not to be supposed but that the friends of the condemned made the most strenuous efforts for a commutation of their punishment. Many members of the Upper House were among these, and when bribes—sixty thousand pounds was offered for the single pardon of Lord Derwentwater—failed, personal solicitation was resorted to, with such urgency, that Lord Nottingham and others forfeited thereby their places in the cabinet. Respite, however, was accorded, as some respect "due to the opinion and feeling of the House of Lords," to the earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdrington, but the three

other noblemen were left for execution ; and to render further efforts in their behalf impossible, orders were given to use all speed, and have the block and headsman in readiness at an hour's notice.

Deliverance, however, was at hand for one of these, though for one only. When every other means had failed ; when the most energetic and resolute men had ceased further endeavour, in despair ; when between life and the prisoner, hope was scarcely as the drifting plank to the drowning mariner, it was reserved for the hand of a woman to snatch the man she loved from the horrors of death, aggravated, inasmuch as it was to be a violent one, and that of a "traitor."

The young countess of Derwentwater, with pleadings full of a wife's wildest agony, had implored the life of her husband, at the hands of the king ; the duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton had exerted every argument and entreaty, feminine invention could devise. Lady Nithsdale also essayed the eloquence of words and tears, but was destined to meet with no better success. Let us review her history, upon hearing of the imprisonment of her husband, up to the night preceding the execution.

It was the depth of winter when news was brought to Winifred Herbert, in Scotland, of the impeachment, and probably impending fate of Lord Nithsdale. Though snow was deep upon the ground, she hesitated not a moment to join him in London, being informed that her presence was anxiously anticipated by him,

and proposing to share with him his captivity. "In so great haste," she says in one of her letters, "had my lord sent for me, that I had no time to settle anything before leaving Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers ; I dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning ; consequently, they were far from being secure there. In this distress, I had the precaution to bury them under-ground, and nobody but the gardener and myself knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved that I had acted prudently. After my departure, they searched the house, and God knows what might have transpired from these papers."

The dearest possession of all to a mother's heart Lady Nithsdale had also left behind ; and for his safety and concealment she had endeavoured yet more earnestly to provide. She had confided her only son to the keeping of some friends in the neighbourhood, as it was utterly impossible she could be burthened with a child during her hurried journey to the English metropolis.

The distracted wife must have left home with no very enviable emotions. Doubtful of the safety of the boy she was leaving, during her enforced absence, tremblingly anticipative of the worst intelligence as to the future of the husband she was going to rejoin, her troubles were augmented by the inclemency of the season. Arriving at York, she was

obliged to give up the conveyance in which she had hitherto travelled, for the roads were impassable to wheels. It was necessary to pursue her journey upon horseback ; but, notwithstanding all obstacles, she succeeded in accomplishing it, and reached the Tower in safety, where she demanded access to her husband, and, after some difficulty, obtained permission to see him daily, until the period for his execution arrived.

At first, Lady Nithsdale, like Lady Derwentwater and others, made earnest efforts to obtain the pardon by means of an interview with the king, and the presentation of various petitions to both Houses of Parliament. She has herself recorded the ill success with which she sought George I., and described herself dressed mournfully in black, waylaying his majesty on his way to the drawing-room, and hanging to the skirts of his coat, from which abject position she was more energetically than politely removed. These endeavours occupied many days, and when it became evident that further applications were utterly fruitless, the devoted wife had only twenty-four hours for the execution of a scheme she had long pondered, the only hope that now remained to set him at liberty.

She who aids her husband in escaping from the penalties of high treason, becomes amenable to similar punishment. Upon hearing the scheme of his beloved Winifred, the earl of Nithsdale was horror-

struck at the idea of compromising her safety, but her eloquence and sanguine energy prevailed, and at last he was persuaded to consent to the project she had in view, though it doubtless appeared to him wild, if not impracticable. As the countess has detailed, in a letter to her sister, the circumstances of this extraordinary enterprise, we cannot do better than give it in her own words :—

“ As the motion had passed generally that the petition should be read in the Lords, I thought I would draw thence some advantage to my design. Accordingly, I left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoner. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling ; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they would suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good-humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness ; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord’s escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned ; and this was the last night before the

execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time, I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whom I immediately communicated my resolution. She was of a very tall and slender make ; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences.

“On our arriving at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan ; for I was only allowed to take one in at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me,—that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do who was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the

eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick ; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers, to disguise them ; I also brought an artificial head-dress, of the same coloured hair as hers, and painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been ; and the more so as, from what I had told them the day before, they were persuaded that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber ; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, I said, with all the concern imaginable, ' My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid ; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is ; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Every person in the room, chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the

sentinel officially opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady, who came in crying and afflicted, and the more so, because he had the same dress on which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in nearly all my petticoats, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set out. I went out, leading him by the hand ; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans (the domestic), who had ruined me by her delay. 'Then,' said I, 'my dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging ; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his gait ; but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the steps I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him."

It will be seen from Lady Nithsdale's recital, that

she adopted the plan not of remaining in her husband's stead, but the yet more perilous undertaking of leaving the prison herself after his escape was achieved. And this, which appears at first sight utterly impracticable, she positively accomplished. When she returned alone to her husband's cell, after escorting the pretended lady down stairs, four persons had left the prison, while only three had originally entered it. It is astonishing that this circumstance should have passed unobserved. For his lordship, he found Mr. Mills, the husband of one of his lady visitors, in attendance, and was speedily placed in safety, as far as that could be done ; but his courageous wife's liberty was not yet effected. We again take up her account of the affair.

" In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late ; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room I talked to him as if he had been really present ; and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off too."

We may faintly picture the anxious countenance of this fair tactician as she now opened the door, and

stood for a moment, apparently wishing his lordship farewell for the night. How her heart must have throbbed as she endeavoured to steady her voice, and said "that some extraordinary circumstance must have occurred to render Evans remiss in obeying her mistress's instructions ; that there was no resource but to go in person, but that, if possible, he might expect her again before the Tower gates were closed ; if not, the first thing on the ensuing morning, when she trusted she should be the bearer of favourable news. Before shutting the door, Lady Nithsdale pulled the string through which held up the latch, so that it could not be opened from the outside. She appears to have forgotten nothing. Then passing on, she desired the servant, who was ignorant of the whole plot, not to carry in lights until his master summoned him, as his lordship had not finished his devotions. Boldly now she passed down stairs, called a coach, and drove home to her lodgings, "where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the hands of his enemies, but where I knew not."

With admirable presence of mind had the Countess of Nithsdale taken her measures ; nor after success was realised did she relax in maintaining all necessary precautions. For two days the earl remained hidden ; and then putting on livery was conveyed, with the Venetian ambassador's suite, to Dover, where he em

barked without meeting any hinderance whatever, and reached Calais, after so favourable a voyage that the captain remarked, being in perfect ignorance whom he had on board, that “ if his passengers were flying for their lives, the boat could not have gone quicker.” The remaining two prisoners, Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater, suffered the terrible fate which their companion had escaped so narrowly, the following morning. The second, gallant, courteous, and young, was “ perhaps the most interesting victim of this attempted revolution.”

Though she had thus happily compassed her husband’s deliverance, the task of our heroine was not yet finished ; and she hastened to carry out the remainder of her schemes of domestic happiness, which involved both the restoration of her son to the arms of his parents, and the recovery of the family papers. These last, as we have seen, were consigned to the care of the gardener, who had buried them in a spot known only to his mistress. Lady Nithsdale lost no time in travelling homewards ; and though her only escort consisted of her own female attendants, and a reward was set upon her detention, she managed to reach the family estate. Upon arriving, this energetic woman found news had travelled with less despatch ; and she was enabled, by appearing to have Government sanction for so doing, to obtain admission to the house, for the purpose of arranging matters there. A few hours sufficed to dispose of the important papers,

and prepare her child for his journey. The next morning she set out on her return to England, just as suspicions were becoming general as to the actual possession of any permission but that of her own free will for her presence in Scotland.

It may be readily imagined that the king waxed wroth at the continued defiance at which his fair subject set him. George I. had been informed of her journey to Scotland, and as he had expressly declared that she must be answerable with her life, if found in his dominions, the greatest caution was necessary, to avoid discovery during the remainder of her stay. Yet, despite all, this brave woman, who, according to the royal declaration, "had given him more anxiety and trouble than any other in Europe," remained "perdue" for nearly a fortnight in London, at the end of which time, pursuit having cooled, she embarked with her son for France, whither she arrived in safety. Here she had the happiness of rejoining the man, for whose life she had so energetically and successfully battled ; nor is it on record that they were ever again divided. Italy offered a secure retreat to the proscribed pair, and they continued to reside there until the death of Lady Nithsdale, which preceded that of her husband by a few years only. From the lively narrative she has left us of this most exciting event of her life, we can imagine that her reminiscences of that "hair-breadth 'scape," her felicitations on the success of her stratagems, and gratitude to the Providence

which had sustained her, must have been mingled with many a bit of feminine merriment at the king's signal defeat. Her adroitness and ingenuity took by force, what he refused to her earnest prayers. Nor can we believe that, in after-life, she regretted the occasion which had furnished her with a means of proving the intensity of her love, and the pertinacity of her determination. The oft-quoted line,—

“If she will, she will, you may depend on’t,”

would, indeed, have made an excellent motto for the Countess of Nithsdale.

She breathed her last in Rome, a city whose brightest annals of antiquity, her heroic and devoted nature would not have dishonoured.

Helen Walker.

“Accustom your children to a strict attention to Truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them: you do not know where deviations from Truth will end.”—JOHNSON.

Helen Walker.

(THE JEANIE DEANS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

BORN 1710. DIED 1791.

AMONG the Waverley series, there is scarcely any novel so remarkable for pathos and interest as the "Heart of Mid Lothian," certainly none which commands more general admiration. This is as much owing to the simple and striking tale, forming its groundwork, as to the powers of the novelist; and the pleasure afforded by its perusal is enhanced by the circumstance—now pretty generally known—that the heroine is no fictitious personage, nor the recital which has immortalized her name, other than a far from highly coloured narrative of the facts, as they actually occurred.

The main features of the story first came under the notice of a lady, wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries, some years after it had occurred.

They excited her interest so greatly, that she sought and obtained ampler particulars, which many years afterwards she was led to communicate to Sir Walter Scott. Within a few months of their correspondence, the "Heart of Mid Lothian" appeared, and she had the pleasure of learning from its pages, to which the whole interesting incidents had been transferred, how fully her appreciation and enthusiasm had been shared. The facts were briefly as follows.

In the early part of the last century, there lived in the hamlet of Irongray, near Dumfries, the widow of a small farmer, named Walker. This poor woman was, from ill health or some other unexplained cause, mainly dependent for subsistence upon the elder of her two daughters, Helen, whose unremitting exertions, so long as her mother lived, supported the little family in respectability and comfort. Mrs. Walker however, soon followed her husband to the grave. She died, bequeathing her younger child to the care of the elder; and Helen, on her part, made a solemn vow to take care of and educate the little Isabel, a duty she faithfully performed. The girl grew up, beautiful and affectionate; but a terrible blow was in store for her affectionate protectress. Helen Walker had fondly imagined herself the depositary of every confidence, almost of every thought, of this young sister: what must have been her horror when the delusion was rudely dispelled, and she beheld the being whom she had regarded as no less innocent than confiding,

accused of the most frightful crime of which woman is capable, the murder of her own child ! Poor Helen ! one fatal morning the officers of justice surrounded her humble abode. The evidence was too conclusive ; no doubt of Isabel's guilt appeared reasonable, and our heroine had the fearful trial of seeing her beloved sister dragged away to prison.

Nor was this all. The heart-stricken orphan had scarcely recovered from the effect of the first agonizing shock, than another was added. She was informed that her evidence would be required, that she would be called as the principal witness, and unless she would consent to speak an untruth, that evidence would be the most conclusive in condemning her sister to the scaffold. The counsel for the prisoner stated to her the circumstances upon which the law acts, and gave her to understand that one means existed by which the unhappy girl might escape. "If," said he, "you can declare that Isabel made the slightest preparation for her expected babe, or that she informed you, by the merest chance word, of the circumstances in which she was placed, such a statement will *save your sister's life!*" "I cannot," she replied, "not even to save her, will I swear a falsehood ; whatever may be the consequence, I must give my oath according to my conscience."

It was to no purpose that the unfortunate Isabel used every entreaty to shake her sister's resolution. Though sorely moved, Helen continued

inflexible. The interval before the trial came on, must have been harrowing in the extreme ; it elapsed. Isabel was tried for her life, found guilty, and condemned to die. Coming away from the court, she accosted her sister, in terms of reproachful despair. "Oh ! Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death." "Alas !" was the melancholy response, "ye ken I but speak the truth."

And now all was decided, and hope seemed banished from her Isabel, the child of her adoption, as well as her beloved sister. Poor Helen forthwith put in practice a scheme which she had formed, scarcely daring to trust it might be successful in accomplishing the deliverance of the one so dear to her, from a death of agony and shame. Without a moment's delay she drew up a petition, setting forth the harrowing circumstances of the case ; and finding six weeks must elapse before the sentence could be carried into effect, she left Dumfries that same night, having borrowed from some friendly hand the sum necessary to defray her expenses on the road to London. Barefooted she commenced her long and solitary journey, and entered London, exhausted but not dispirited, in the shortest possible time she could have walked thither, without introduction or recommendation of any kind, utterly friendless, and—as to human aid—alone !

Advice of some kind she must, however, have possessed, for the result proved she took the best

possible means of attaining the object she had in view, the liberation of her unfortunate sister. Upon arriving in London, she went at once to the house of the duke of Argyle, her countryman; and, though provided with no letters or influential documents, managed to obtain an interview with him. She entered, wrapped in her Highland plaid, faint with fatigue, and carrying a statement of Isabel's unhappy case in her hand. She afterwards referred gratefully to the strength with which God endues those who trust in Him. If she had lost heart at this critical moment, and abandoned her purpose, the only chance for the preservation of her sister's life would have been forfeited. As it was, the untaught Scottish girl advanced the simple arguments her heart suggested, with such convincing energy, that the nobleman whose interest she came to supplicate, embraced her cause with all the warmth of a generous nature. His representations were favourably received, to Helen's inexpressible joy the pardon was consigned to her care, and she was enabled to return to Dumfries, still on foot, in time to save her sister's life.

It is pleasing to find the unfortunate girl, whose sin had so nearly been expiated on the scaffold, retained to the end of her days a deep gratitude for Helen's heroic efforts, as well as a full sense of the high principle she had evinced in refusing to declare a falsehood, even to save a life as dear to her as her own. Isabel married the father of her child, and lived in

plenty at Whitehaven, whence presents often found their way to the secluded nook in which her elder sister dwelt. It may be interesting to take a peep at the latter in after-years, still labouring for her own subsistence, which, to her independent and lofty spirit, was, thus attained, far preferable to living on the bread of charity. Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady," whose wit, and power of remarking and judging character, still survive in the memory of her friends, furnished Sir Walter Scott with the following facts:—

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found, perhaps, homely and poor enough. Mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over, and some through, the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a level with the cottage, but on coming to the end of the lane, it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters

of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping
Nith,

‘ Whose distant roaring swells the fa’s.’

As my kitchen and parlour were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age ; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland : her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings ; that is, knit feet to country people’s stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoemaking, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified ; she likewise taught a few children to read ; and in summer she ‘whiles reared a wheen chickens.’

“ I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this, and said, ‘ I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think sae ? ’ I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said, ‘ Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi a gude husband, and a fine family o’ bairns, and plenty

o' everything? For me, I am the puirest of a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a' the wee bit o' ways I hae tell't ye.' After some further conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's plain common sense, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather colouring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. — said, 'There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker; and he gave the history which has already been related here.'

The writer continues:—"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it until my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c. 'Na,' the old woman said, 'Helen was a wiley body, and whene'er any o' the neebors asked anything about

it, she aye turned the conversation.' In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

The same lady endeavoured to discover elsewhere particulars of Helen's early career, but without success. An old woman, distantly related to the sisters, and who was accustomed to do harvest work with them, was interrogated, but affirmed that she never dared ask for any information connected with either the trial of the younger, or the elder's exertions in her behalf. "Helen was a lofty body," she said, "and used a high style of language." It was evident her relation was a little afraid of her; indeed, so great was the natural dignity of character she exemplified, as well as bitter her sense of the degradation her family, formerly so respectable and upright, had sustained, that she shrank from discussing the tale with a delicacy very rarely met with in the rank of life to which she belonged; though, it must be confessed, when we remember that Scotland is the soil that nurtured this sensitive spirit, our feeling of astonishment at the description of pride she evinced becomes less extreme. Not the least interesting trait in her character was the childlike faith in the God she unostentatiously worshipped. "A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations

permitted her time ; and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field."

Obviously the benefits arising from the consideration of a character, are not single but multiform. The same person seen in different aspects, presents, like a prism, various hues ; and excellence depends upon the number and beauteous harmony of these. Moreover, contrasts powerfully enhance the aspects of virtue ; and so, when we think of Helen Walker, poor, yet strong in Truth, the very quality which poverty most assails, morally courageous, though femininely weak, we acknowledge each phase of her life abounds with a practical lesson, the most striking of all being, that God upholdeth the righteous.

Twenty-six years elapsed between Mrs. Goldie's first interview with Helen Walker, near the ruined abbey of Lincluden, and her communicating them to Sir Walter Scott. During that interval, this true heroine of domestic life had quitted the existence the real value of which she had so correctly estimated. She was buried in the churchyard of Trongray ; and the monument Mrs. Goldie once intended to raise over her remains was eventually placed there by the same hand which had immortalized her name and history. As the composition of the great novelist, the inscription which records the fact is worth inserting here.

This stone was erected
by the Author of "Waverley,"
to the memory of

HELEN WALKER,

who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.

This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS,
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her-sister ;
she, nevertheless, showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her
from the severity of the law,
at the expense of personal exertions,
which the time rendered as difficult
as the motive was laudable.

Respect the grave of Poverty,
when combined with the love of Truth
and dear Affection !

We may add, that it has been remarked : "Jeanie Deans is recompensed by her biographer, for the trials through which he leads her, with a full measure of earthly comfort ; for few novelists dare venture to make virtue its own reward ; yet the following reflection shows him to have felt how little the ordinary course of Providence is in accordance with man's natural wishes, and his expectations of a splendid

temporal reward of goodness :—‘That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue, lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant in the sight of Heaven are our principal objects of ambition upon earth.’ ”

It might have been added that the divine care is manifested as often by denials as by gifts, and that as that weather would be the worst which the farmer sometimes ungratefully dares to dictate, so the storms of a man’s trials would be overwhelming if wafted upon the gales of his wishes. We should limit our desires to the simple one of doing good, and then, at the close of life, the gratitude of the young for our counsel, and of the poor and bereaved for our sympathy, would be a nobler monument and more durable than Parian or Italian marble. This virtuous fame it was Helen Walker’s principle to seek, and she attained it.

Flora Macdonald.

“ — “Tis such as thou,
Who from affection serve, and freeborn zeal
To guard whate'er is dear and sacred to them,
That are a king's best honour and defence.”

MALLETT.

flora Macdonald.

BORN 1720. DIED 1790.

At the extremity of Loch Shiel, in the secluded valley of Glenfinnan, the traveller's attention will be drawn to a pillar erected in commemoration of the landing of Charles Edward, generally called the "Young Pretender," upon the native shores of the Stuarts. This memento was placed there by a member of the same family, which had the honour of enumerating amongst its scions, the well-known and heart-stirring name of Flora Macdonald. Hither, where Charles elevated his first standard, came many a true heart and bold hand.

The entire clan of Macdonald was secretly favourable to the pretensions of the prince, but only a portion openly espoused his cause. The brother of our young heroine, Macdonald of Milton, and her step-father, also bearing the same name—Flora had lost her own father when a child—were among those who deemed

the present enterprise, if not rash and premature, at least ill-organized, and certainly more than doubtful of success. They refrained, therefore, though anxiously interested in every detail of the coming contest, from any direct partisanship ; but the feelings of regard entertained by them for the Stuart cause, were generally understood.

The history of Charles Edward up to the battle of Culloden is too fully known to need recapitulation. After that fatal encounter, the prince, escaping with difficulty from the scene of his defeat, withdrew to the house of Lord Lovat, where his arrival is thus recorded by Sir Walter Scott :—“ A lady who, when a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat’s family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild, desolate vale on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons. The tower on which he had depended, had fallen to crush him, and he only met the Chevalier to exchange mutual condolences.”

Not long did Charles linger at Castle Dounie, but, departing as soon as the darkness permitted, travelled across the mountains to Invergarie, the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, which had been set in flames by a body of Highlanders the day previous to the battle. Here the last hopes of the young aspirant were crushed, if not the lingering spark of that ambitious flame which had animated him, extinguished. One by one his followers dropped off; those who had for the last few months perilled life and limb to restore him to the crown of his fathers, came silently to bid him adieu, or slunk stealthily away, until the fugitive was left with his two friends only, O'Sullivan and O'Neil; the three being attended by a single servant, named Burke, who, knowing the country well, was to assist them also in the capacity of guide.

From Invergarie to Lochaber, and thence to Glenboisdale, the little party stole, ensconcing themselves, when danger approached, in caves, afforded by the rocks, and among trees or brushwood. While leading this wandering and perilous life, the poor prince had full leisure to observe the calamities which, through his instrumentality, overwhelmed the unfortunate Highlanders. Parties of soldiers scoured the country in every direction, ravaging the domains of all suspected persons, and indulging in all the ferocious license of triumphant cruelty. In many places the flying clans were hunted down like wild beasts, smothered in the holes where they endeavoured to conceal themselves,

or dislodged only to fall upon the bayonets of their southern foes. The duke of Cumberland, one of whose adherent volunteers has recorded his chieftain's and his own opinion, that "the Highlands, with their black mountains, and streams of water rolling down them, were a sight sufficient to give a well-bred dog the vapours," was anxious to leave this wild and uncongenial country ; to finish his work, and exterminate every supposed partisan of his unfortunate cousin. He had declared that "every man wearing the tartan in those parts, was a rebel and a traitor, whose body, soul, and goods were forfeited." The soldiers plundered, killed, and swept the country completely bare of everything, so that the wretched inhabitants who escaped the sword, perished of hunger ; and it was no uncommon spectacle to see men, women, and children, following the robbers who had invaded their homesteads, "imploring for the offal of their own black cattle," slaughtered for the use of the duke's army.

When, in addition to this rigour, it is remembered that the English government had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon the Pretender's head, his chances of escape will be considered proportionately small.

The object the young prince had in view was, if possible, to procure the aid of a French vessel, which should convey him back to his friends in that country ; but it was no easy matter even to make such inquiries as should lead to such timely succour. In disguise,

and without further escort than his two faithful friends and the servant Burke, Charles at length obtained, by the help of Macdonald of Borradale, an open eight-oared boat, in which he embarked one evening, about ten days from the date of Culloden, for Long Island, where it was hoped a French vessel might be found.

Long Island is the term employed to designate the isles of North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, belonging to the group called the Hebrides. These larger ones are connected by small islets, giving the appearance of continuous land from end to end. Of the Hebrides, or Western Isles, Lewis is the largest, and lies to the north of the others. Opposite South Uist, in an easterly direction, lies also another of the most conspicuous of the group,—Skye, famed of late years for its breed of ugly little dogs.

Nothing could be more wildly picturesque than the appearance of these islands : rocks, mountains, desolate heaths, and dark morasses, the very sight of which chilled the warm life within the traveller's breast, were only occasionally varied by an ill-kept farm or rudely-built village. The inhabitants were hopelessly poor and illiterate, scarcely capable of supporting their wretched families upon the scanty profits of cattle bred upon a pasture so stunted and rare, that it was a wonder they existed at all ; but one grand qualification these simple people possessed. Their attachment to their chief was unbounded, their reliance a species of

infallible belief, and their obedience to his will, blind, unquestioning, and to the death.

Upon this wild spot, and among the peasant population, Charles Edward was now thrown, to pass, as it turned out, many months of doubt, suspense, and danger. Scarcely had the fugitives set forth in their humble boat, before a tremendous storm arose. The night was pitch dark, the wind burst in gales, which threatened at every moment to engulf them. At length, more dead than alive, they gained the island, whose rocky shore was even as perilous as the open sea itself, and landed at Benbecula, a desolate place, wholly devoid of any means of sustaining life.

Fortunately, the boat contained a supply of oatmeal, and this, with the water of a neighbouring brook, formed their entire support during the two days they remained at Benbecula. On the third, the tempest having in a measure subsided, they again put off to sea ; but here their ill-fortune still pursued them, and a fresh gale drove the vessel into the little island of Glas. This second haven was not so inhospitable as the first had been. An inhabitant, half-fisherman, half-farmer, received and lent them a boat to proceed to Lewis, where he informed them a fishing-vessel at the time was to be found ; and notice was sent to Charles by the scouts he dispatched to ascertain the fact, that the captain was willing that his craft should be hired to convey the party away. To the prince's consternation, however, he found, on reaching Lewis,

that his identity had been either discovered or guessed at, and the captain refused to carry out his agreement. Again putting to sea, and doubtful in which direction to proceed, they perceived two men-of-war, believed to be English vessels, in the offing, and, fearful of being captured, they hastened into the nearest island, which happened to be Iasurt. Here they remained until the suspicious ships (which, unfortunately, turned out afterwards to be the very ones sent to the prince's assistance by France, and containing money and arms for his use) were out of sight. Their troubles were, therefore, not nearly at an end. Another peril assailed them. An English sloop of war was actually lying near the coast, and would have captured them, had they not hastily pulled out of sight and concealed themselves in a creek of North Uist, where, finding a hut, they remained several days, with difficulty supporting themselves upon some dried fish which was providentially thrown in their way.

During this terrible interval, the health of Charles nearly failed. Misfortune and hardship had completely prostrated spirits usually buoyant ; and when, about the middle of May, the wretched little party reached the island of South Uist, it required all the hospitable care of the Macdonald of Clanronald, who resided on that island, at a place called Ormaclade, to recruit and restore his visitors. But danger would have environed not only the fugitive, but his kind entertainers also, if he had remained in the house of this faithful adherent.

To a hut, therefore, situated in a desolate spot among the neighbouring mountains, the royal adventurer repaired, and awaited, under the friendly care, not only of the island's proprietor, but of every member of his chieftaincy, the means of escaping to the continent.

When Charles made his appearance at the house of Clanronald, he was in tattered clothing, and almost barefoot. Supplied with every necessary, though condemned to the shelter of a miserable shed, and fearing to stir beyond the vicinity of his humble abode, he yet recovered, in a degree, his energies, and was comparatively strengthened to bear the intelligence, when it arrived, that, so far from a prospect of escape to France, his pursuers had gained tidings of his place of refuge, and commissioned General Campbell, afterwards duke of Argyle, to institute a rigorous search throughout the island. In less time than he could realize the approaching danger, Charles beheld himself completely hemmed in by sea and land. Several ships of war guarded the coast, and Campbell himself, with a host of soldiers, scoured every probable retreat where the object of his search could be concealed.

In this strait, the noble islanders, untutored and primitive as they were, vied with each other in giving every assistance to the efforts of their chieftain, to preserve his guest's life. Although his retreat was perfectly well known to nearly every inhabitant of the island, neither man, woman, nor child ever divulged

the secret : all were called into requisition, and each in his turn readily responded.

It chanced, at this time, that Flora, sister to the Macdonald of Milton, also resident in the island, was upon a visit to her brother, and here became cognizant of the perilous condition of the royal fugitive. Having occasion to visit her relatives at Ormaclade, this young lady, then in her twenty-fifth year, and possessed of a spirit as heroic as the person enshrining it was youthful and attractive, became much interested in the visits of O'Neil to procure necessaries for the Chevalier, and, before long, earnestly expressed her desire to be introduced to him, and, if possible, to contribute to his escape. It seems that O'Neil had previously met Flora, and, from the estimate he had formed of her capacity, led Charles's mind to dwell greatly upon engaging her assistance, to rescue him from the impending danger.

The stepfather of Miss Macdonald was, at the time, employed as commander of the very body of soldiers engaged in the pursuit. He was obliged to act so, in obedience to the chief of his clan, the laird of Sleat, which is the southern part of the island of Skye; but he secretly endeavoured to assist the fugitive, and was only too happy to afford his tacit consent to any plan which might be originated for his deliverance.

It was a beautiful June evening when Flora's desire to see the prince was carried into execution. O'Neil joined her at the house of one of her brother's re-

tainers in Benbecula, leaving his companion concealed, until he should have engaged Flora to consent to the plan he had in view. He proposed that she should disguise Charles as a female servant ; and, under pretext of travelling with her maid, conduct him in safety from Uist to the Isle of Skye ; whence further measures could be taken to effect his complete escape.

This was a proposition that Flora's maidenly delicacy, as well as innate prudence, shrank from entertaining. She hesitated, and changed colour, avowing her distrust in the wildness of the scheme, and her fear of compromising her friends, Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by taking the fugitive into their neighbourhood. O'Neil, with characteristic Irish tact, however, so worked upon the young lady's feelings, by the production of his hapless prince just at the proper moment, that poor Flora's resolutions melted away before the sight of a figure so attenuated, and a countenance so impressed by grief and despair, as those now presented to her sympathetic gaze. She consented, after a brief interval, to extend the required aid, and henceforth entered heart and soul into the spirit of the enterprise.

It may be well in this place to give a slight sketch of the physical characteristics of Charles Edward, at a period so critical to his life and fortunes.

Born in the year 1720, the prince was now exactly twenty-five, and appears to have been, if not a model

of manly elegance, at least striking in appearance and demeanour. He was tall and well made, though not robust ; his countenance was handsome, and its expression remarkably agreeable and winning. He had regular features, lively and intelligent eyes, and a peculiarity of contour, which made him say of himself, “ that he had so odd a face, that no man ever saw him once without knowing him again,” yet one of anything but an unpleasing character, if we may judge from the almost universal admiration he at this time excited. A Highland officer, himself a Macdonald, thus describes his appearance, in a journal preserved among the Lockhart papers :—“ About half an hour after the return of Clanronald, there entered the tent a pale youth, of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain blue coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end tied to one of his coat buttons ; he had black silk stockings, and brass buckles in his shees. At his first appearance I found my heart swell.” Another authority says, he was “ tall, handsome, of a fair complexion, and wore the Highland dress, with a star of St. Andrew at his breast. The Jacobites compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, as they thought, in figure and in fortune.” That his exterior was prepossessing, indeed, cannot be doubted ; even the Whigs allowed he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion ; though neither

they, nor many others, gave him credit for being a hero. How impulsive he was, might have been seen from the first glance at his countenance ; but he was, as might be expected, rash also. As to the question of bravery, authorities vary ; but whatever his shortcomings were in that point of view, there is no reason to doubt that they proceeded less from anything in the shape of cowardice, than from his entire want of the capacity and experience essential to a general.

It unfortunately happened that the education of the young prince had been singularly defective ; so that, mentally, he was considerably inferior to the expectations his appearance was calculated to excite. Those who beheld him enter the court-yard of Holyrood mounted on horseback, a position which showed off his graceful figure and bearing to the greatest advantage ; the noble dames, who "trod a measure" with him in the palace ball-room that same evening, were somewhat disenchanted upon discovering that their would-be sovereign was perfectly ignorant of some of the commonest elements of knowledge, and found a difficulty in writing an ordinary letter, either in French, Italian, or English, without committing gross errors in orthography.

The ill success of his attempt upon the crown of Britain might have been argued from the prince's bearing upon this very occasion. It was observed, that even in the triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his counte-

nance was languid and melancholy. To succeed, we must be ourselves confident, self-reliant. The defeat that begins in the heart, is one to which circumstances offer no retrieval. As well might the mesmeric neophyte, whose will is not under his own control, attempt to sway the actions, and regulate the volition, of others.

When Flora Macdonald first saw poor Charles Edward, the brilliant prestige of his first arrival had passed away, together with the attractive charm of personal exterior. Weeks of harass and anxiety had taken the colour from his cheek and the fire from his eye ; privation, even actual want, had rendered him emaciated : he was no longer the bold aspirant for the throne of the Stuarts ; he was the defeated, the hunted scion of the ex-royal family, struggling to sustain life only, and with a price upon his head !

In consequence of the stringent orders of government respecting the Pretender's capture, no person was permitted to leave the place without a pass from the commander, to be produced, if required, to the guards encircling the island. Spies, indeed, were placed on sea and shore, for the purpose of watching every boat which appeared. Upon leaving the prince, Miss Macdonald and her servant were seized by a band of militia ~~as~~ they were crossing over from Benbecula to South Uist ; but the difficulty which might have ensued, was happily obviated by our heroine's discovery that it was commanded by her step-father.

With little trouble she engaged his assistance, and obtained from him a pass back to the island of Skye, her mother's residence, accompanied by her man-servant, Neil Mackechan. Mention was also made in the passport, of a third person, an Irish domestic, named "Betty Burke," who was especially recommended by Captain Macdonald to his wife, as an "excellent spinner of flax, and a faithful servant." This document obtained, Flora's next care was to secure a boat, with a crew of six men, a supply of provisions, and last, but most important of all, the disguise intended to transform the elegant Prince Charles, into a rough Irish maid-of-all-work, and which consisted of a printed linen gown, a white apron, and head-gear.

The morning of the 27th of June was chosen for their departure, and, accompanied by Lady Clanronald, Miss Macdonald set out towards the sea-shore to meet the object of her solicitude. They found the prince "roasting the liver of a sheep for his dinner," a sight which brought the reverses of fortune forcibly to their minds, and moved one of his gentle visitors "to tears." That night an alarm, which drew the ladies back to the house, prevented the boat from starting; but the next evening, all being in readiness, the prince assumed his feminine apparel, and, exchanging his sword for a good-sized walking-stick, embarked with his fair ally, her servant Mackechan, and the six boatmen, for Skye.

It was not one of pleasure, this voyage, to a

young and delicate woman, considering the number of vessels lying all around, and whose shots it would be probably difficult to avoid, if suspicion were excited ; the distance to be accomplished, thirty or forty miles, and the time, night. Soon rain began to fall ; the skies and sea faded into one leaden expanse ; the boatmen, wet and sulky, relapsed into perfect silence. The voice of the young prince alone broke the stillness ; and he, with a mixture of boyish vivacity and manly tact, told story after story, and sang snatches of songs, until he succeeded in dispelling the cloud of anxiety which oppressed his fair companion, less fearful for her own than for his safety. At length, overpowered by fatigue, Flora insensibly abandoned herself to the influence of the hour, and slept. Charles continued a long while singing, in the hope of lulling her to perfect repose ; and when, some time after, she awoke, she found him watching her with the greatest solicitude, endeavouring to screen her from the spray, and to protect her from contact with the sails and cordage. To her refreshment only, would he permit a small quantity of wine, provided by Lady Clanronald, to be appropriated. In after-years, she recalled these circumstances with pleasure, and adduced them in proof of the chivalric nature of him she had risked so much to assist.

It must have been an unspeakable relief to the occupants of that little boat, when the first dim lines of light in the distant horizon announced the approach

of morning. When clear enough to distinguish objects, they discovered that they were alone upon the ocean,—no land in sight ; but this gave little anxiety to the sailors, and after a short interval, during which the wind favoured their passage, and propelled them swiftly along, the rocky coast of the mountainous island of Skye appeared. As they were passing a headland called Vaternish, a party of the Macleod militia espied them, and several shots were fired. Happily, however, the tide was out, and before a boat could be got into deep water, pursuit was hopeless.

“Don’t mind the villains, but pull for your lives,” cried out the Prince, and the boatmen, animated by his address and courage, replied cheerily that they would soon distance their assailants ; adding, that if they cared at all, it was only for him.

“Oh, there’s no fear of me !” was the response, while the prince busied himself in taking care of Flora, whom he had persuaded to take shelter in the bottom of the boat, a retreat which, to satisfy her fears, he himself adopted shortly after.

A few miles further, the boat was put into a creek, for the purpose of affording a little repose to the rowers, by this time greatly fatigued. They were soon, however, obliged to put off again, in consequence of being watched from the shore and, proceeding about twelve miles from Vaternish, they reached in safety, Mugstat, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald, formerly a stanch Jacobite, though now

in actual attendance upon the duke of Cumberland at Fort Augustus.

Lady Margaret Macdonald had been in correspondence with the prince when he was lying hid in South Uist, and she had learned, from Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, that his arrival in the island of Skye might be expected.

“ When the boat containing the fugitive had landed, Flora, attended by Mackechan, proceeded to the house, leaving Charles, in his female dress, sitting on her trunk on the beach. On ariving at the dwelling, she desired a servant to inform Lady Margaret that she had called on her way home from Uist. She was immediately introduced to the family apartment, where she found, besides Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, a Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of a band of militia stationed near, three or four of whom were also in the house. There were also present, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as chamberlain, or factor, to Sir Alexander, and who was, she knew, a sound Jacobite. Flora entered easily into conversation with the officer, who asked her a number of questions, as where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth ; all of which she answered without manifesting the least trace of that confusion which might have been expected from a young lady under such anxious circumstances. The same man had been in the custom of examining every boat

which landed from the Long Island ; that, for instance, in which Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost arrived had been so examined, and we can only account for his allowing that of Miss Flora to pass, by the circumstance of his meeting her under the imposing courtesies of the drawing-room of a lady of rank. Miss Macdonald, with the same self-possession, dined in Lieutenant Macleod's company. Seizing a proper opportunity, she apprised Kingsburgh of the circumstances of the prince, and he immediately proceeded to another room, and sent for Lady Margaret, that he might break the intelligence to her, in private. Notwithstanding the previous warning, she was much alarmed at the idea of the wanderer being so near her house, and immediately sent for a certain Donald Roy Macdonald, to consult as to what should be done. Donald had been wounded in the prince's army at Culloden, and was as obnoxious to the government as he could be. He came and joined the lady and her friends in the garden, when it was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the prince along with him to his own house, some miles distant, and thence pass him through the island to Portree, where Donald Roy should take him up, and provide for his further safety."

No time was now lost in dispatching Kingsburgh to communicate these arrangements to the prince, who was, no doubt, in an agony of suspense the while, and to carry him some refreshment. The poor refugee,

seeing some one approaching him, started up, and discovering the heavy stick he carried, put himself in an attitude of defiance.

"I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your highness," said the good old man ; and he proceeded to explain how this might be effected.

While these two set off towards Kingsburgh, Miss Macdonald, quietly seated with Lady Margaret and the officer before named, endeavoured to secure to them a good start upon their journey. Presently she bade farewell to her hostess, who pretended to be extremely averse to parting with her so soon, and invited her warmly to remain ; reminding her that she had promised to pay her a lengthened visit. Flora excused herself, upon the plea that her mother was ill, and needed her presence at home. After dinner, therefore, she departed, leaving young Macleod quite unsuspecting of the real nature of her visit to Mugstat. In after-years, Flora often rallied this gentleman upon having so completely deceived him.

Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, her servants, and Mackechan, accompanied Flora, whose object was to come up with the pedestrians, and, joining them, to proceed altogether to Kingsburgh. They soon appeared in sight ; but as the servants of her companion were unacquainted with the secret, it was necessary to put them off the scent by passing the travellers, as if unknown to them, at a trot. Charles is represented as being very awkward in his feminine attire : Kings-

burgh laughed and said to him, "Your enemies call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst at the trade I ever saw." He held up his petticoats in a very undignified manner; and when remonstrated with, improved upon matters by permitting the skirt of his dress to draggle in the water, when a brook again had to be passed. His height was so remarkable, and his strides so immense, that the maid-servant at Flora's side exclaimed to her, "That must be an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes; see what steps the creature takes!" Flora replied that she was doubtless an Irishwoman. Shortly after they parted company, and Flora rejoined the travellers, who had been somewhat annoyed on their side by the inquiries and remarks of the persons they met, all having reference to the uncommon height of the pretended Betty Burke. About eleven o'clock at night, the little party arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House, where Mrs. Macdonald, or Lady Kingsburgh, as she was generally called, received them with every mark of kindness.

Supper followed, Charles, still in gown and coif, presiding, with his hostess on his left hand, and Flora in the place of honour. While the two gentlemen enjoyed a glass of punch together, the ladies withdrew to discuss past perils, and future plans.

"And what," said Lady Kingsburgh, "has been done with the boatmen who brought you to the island?"

"They have been sent back to South Uist," replied the young lady.

"That was an oversight. These men ought to have been detained a short time. I fear that if they meet with government officers, they may uncautiously, or from mercenary motives, betray our poor wanderer's retreat."

Lady Kingsburgh's surmise, which had even at that early period proved correct, seemed so alarming, that Flora decided upon persuading the prince to assume, as soon as possible, the habiliments of his own sex.

The hunted prince had now been several days without taking off his clothes, or enjoying the luxury of a bed ; he was only too happy to retire to the one provided for him, as it was now far into the night. He slept until late the following morning, so late, indeed, that Miss Macdonald went into Kingsburgh's room, and urged him to rouse the prince, and depart with him, lest a party of militia should arrive, and render it impossible to leave the house.

Kingsburgh, however, would by no means consent to disturb the weary outcast he had so generously sheltered. "Let the poor boy repose after his fatigues," he said. "As for me, I care little if they take off this old grey head, ten or eleven years sooner than I should die, in the course of nature." Saying these words, he turned again to his pillow, and was asleep in a moment.

Towards the afternoon, the party again set for-

ward, but previously, Kingsburgh had provided the prince with a new pair of shoes, his own being completely worn out. "Look," said this enthusiastic Jacobite, holding up the old ones, "I shall faithfully keep these shoes until you are comfortably settled at St. James. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, and thus put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under this roof." "Be as good as your word, my friend," replied the prince ; "whenever that time arrives, I shall expect to see you."

The promise never arrived at redemption, but Kingsburgh, as long as he lived, kept the relic of his prince ; after his death, a stanch supporter of the Stuart cause, bought them for the sum of twenty guineas. As for Lady Kingsburgh, she is said to have preserved the linen used upon Charles's bed, and directed that when she died, a portion should form her winding-sheet ; and it is further added, that a part of one sheet was given to Flora Macdonald, accompanied her in all her wanderings, and was finally appropriated to the same use, as in the case of her mother-in-law. The truth of this assertion is not known.

One thing is certain, that a lock of the pretended Betty's hair was severed from her head, and divided between Flora and her hostess. It was judged better, as the former lady arrived with a female servant, that she should take one of the same sex away with her ; so Charles waited to alter his dress until they

reached a little wood upon the road to Portree, when he again assumed his male attire, exchanging his troublesome appendages of petticoat and apron, for a tartan coat and waistcoat, a philibeg and short hose, plaid and bonnet. Kingsburgh here bade adieu to the prince, who, with Mackechan, was to walk a distance of fourteen miles to Portree, while Flora proceeded thither by some other road, that no suspicion might ensue.

Previous to their arrival at Portree, Donald Roy had been despatched to the laird of Rosay with directions to convey Charles to the place where the cottier's father, who had fought for the prince at Falkirk and Culloden, lay hid. Donald, in company with some of his friends, received the weary traveller upon his arrival, and at a poor public-house by the road-side, he took a hasty meal of the coarsest materials, drinking from an old broken bowl used to bale water out of the boat, which was all they had to offer for the purpose. Flora now made her appearance, pale and tired, but still strong in devotion to his interest. Finding the boat, conveyed by the exertions of two gallant brothers, the Macleods, across a mile of Highland bog and precipice, in readiness, Flora detained him no longer than to bid him an earnest, though agitated farewell. Charles thanked her, in the most animated terms, for all the heroism she had shown in his cause. "Ah ! madam,"

he said, with emotion, "for all that has happened, I hope we shall meet in St. James's yet."

This was the last time Charles ever saw his generous protectress. They hurried him away to the vessel, while Flora, with a heavy heart, turned her steps towards the house of her mother at Sleat. She had effected all in her power, she had used her best exertions to secure the safety of this, the last unfortunate scion of the old Stuart line, and to Heaven she commended, tremblingly, the rest. What vicissitudes the wretched Charles encountered, how he lay, pinched with hunger, and failing in health, in cow-sheds, in caves, and among bushes and underwood, until, three months after, he was able to embark from Lochnanuagh, the very spot where he had landed, and to effect his escape to France, is in history well known. It is probable that, after the part she had taken, after the dangers she had boldly confronted in the endeavour to secure his escape, Flora Macdonald's thoughts were with the fugitive constantly; nor is it to be supposed she ever enjoyed a moment of actual peace of mind, until the news of his safe arrival in Brittany reached her.

Before we finally dismiss the object of this young lady's generous interest, it may, perhaps, be well to sketch his career, in advancing life, in a few words. Charles scarcely showed himself worthy of the noble girl's assistance, in after-years. What good there had



Flora Macdonald taking leave of the Pretender. P. 274.

been about him, was clouded and distorted, the evil had grown by contact with misfortune. When his brother, Henry Stuart, afterwards Cardinal York, heard of the defeat at Culloden, he took holy orders. Charles is said to have been infinitely disgusted thereat: for himself, he had no fixed principles either of religion, or morality. As a sovereign, he would have probably become a despot; as an individual, he is described as haughty, self-willed, and, worse than these, ungrateful to his best friends, whose troubles or perils scarcely excited in him, an indolent compassion. He married the Princess Louisa Maximiliana of Stolberg Godern, a woman many years younger than himself, and used her so shamefully that she took refuge from him in a convent. He appears, indeed, to have been completely brutalized, and though the conduct of his wife was scarcely irreproachable, to have conducted himself towards her and others, in a fashion incredible in the elegant and refined gentleman, whose brilliancy attracted so much admiration and devotion, in the Highlands. Charles Edward lived to be sixty-eight years old: he left to a daughter, the duchess of Albany, he assumed the title, subsequently, of Count of Albany, some considerable property he possessed in the French funds, and died at Rome in 1788. As to his widow, she married a second time, Alfieri, the poet, and is reported, after his death, to have formed a third union with Fabre, an historical painter. She died

in 1824. Henry Stuart, who seems to have been more amiable, though, probably, weaker-minded than his brother, received from George III. a pension of £4,000 per annum.

Flora Macdonald, after quitting the prince, proceeded to the house of her mother. Upon her arrival, she checked the confidence which she would otherwise have gladly made, relative to her late employment, fearing to involve others in the danger she herself had incurred. She considered it better, if inquiries were made, that they should be able to declare nothing had been known to them, of the prince's escape. That such inquiries would arise, Flora felt assured; and the result proved how correct was her anticipation. Only a day or two intervened, before it transpired that the boatmen, on again reaching the island whence they had conveyed the fugitives, had been intimidated into revealing the place where they had left her. A Captain Ferguson, a rabid Government emissary, obtaining the description of "Betty Burke's" appearance, sailed at once for Skye, and finding no "tall female" had been seen there with Miss Macdonald, followed upon the latter's track to Kingsburgh, where he soon discovered from the servants, that the supposed Irish domestic had reappeared, and been accommodated with the best bedchamber in the house. The good old Kingsburgh refusing to give further information, was laid in durance, and threatened with no punishment short

of death ; while the attendance of Miss Macdonald was commanded without loss of time. In opposition to the advice of her family, Flora wisely determined to obey the summons. On her way, she met her step-father, but was almost immediately after seized by a party of soldiers, and taken to the vessel of Ferguson. Meeting on board General Campbell, she frankly confessed to him the truth of the statement made by her boatmen, and quietly resigned herself prisoner.

It will be remembered that Charles's friend and ardent admirer—his only follower, indeed, at that time—was Captain O'Niel, the same who had first, from some slight acquaintance with Flora, suggested the idea of engaging her aid, and, happily for the prince, succeeded in so doing by the force of the arguments he employed. On board the ship to which, after twenty-two days, Flora was sent, she found, also a prisoner, this generous and lively young Irishman, and going straight up to him, she tapped his face gently with her hand, and said, laughingly, "To that black countenance, it seems, I am to owe all my misfortunes." He replied, earnestly, "Ah ! do not regard as a misfortune what is the brightest honour ; only go on as you have begun ; act up to the character you have obtained, neither repent nor be ashamed of what will yet redound to your greatest praise and advantage." This exhortation must have been needless to one of our heroine's temperament.

Owing to the courtesy of those in authority, Flora

experienced, as well in the ship of Commodore Smith, as on board the *Bridgewater*, her next prison, the greatest kindness and indulgence. She was permitted to land and bid her mother farewell, to engage a Scotch attendant, the only girl who could be induced to accompany her, and to secure a portion of her wardrobe, she having been sometime deprived of a change of habiliments. On arriving at Leith, she remained nearly two months in harbour, and was allowed to receive visits on board, though it was here interdicted to her to leave the ship. The simple-minded country maiden suddenly discovered that she had been transformed into a heroine : the fame of her courage and loyalty had gone far and wide ; everybody was anxious to see her. Many brought presents, and one a Bible and Prayer-book, together with sewing materials, which she received joyfully. It is related that Lady Mary Cochrane paid her a visit, and upon the wind freshening a little, pretended fear of returning to shore, in order that she might, as she said, "have it in her power to say she had slept in the same bed, or berth we suppose, with Miss Flora Macdonald." One morning Flora was discovered in tears. "Alas !" she exclaimed ; "I fear that all I have endeavoured to do is in vain ; the prince is taken prisoner." She refused to be comforted until news arrived that the report had been a false one. "Some," says one of her visitors, the episcopal minister of Leith, "some that went on board to pay their respects to her, used to take a dance

in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion ; but with all their importunity they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of the prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands ; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Erse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well ; and no lady Edinburgh bred can acquit herself better at the tea table than she did when in Leith Road. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

Arrived in London, Miss Macdonald was placed in the house of a gentleman, where she could scarcely be said to be put under restraint of any disagreeable nature. Here she remained for several months, and upon the passing of the act of indemnity in the July

of the year 1747, was set at liberty without the ceremony of a trial. Public opinion was wholly in her favour, and many in power, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., among the number, made no secret of their approbation of her conduct under the affecting circumstances, in which the unhappy Charles Edward had sought her aid. Immediately upon her liberation, Flora went to the house of Lady Primrose ; and here so many persons crowded to see the “ Pretender’s Deliverer,” as she was called, that the streets had the same appearance they present, on the occasion of a royal levee. Nor was the admiration thus expressed, all : a tangible proof of the appreciation in which her name was held, was afforded by a subscription, amounting, says Lord Mahon, to £1,500. It may be supposed the fair young Scotswoman lost no time in returning to her family. Lady Primrose (says Boswell) provided a post-chaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired she would choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose the gallant Malcolm Macleod, who had been also incarcerated, but set at liberty for want of sufficient evidence, for the prominent part he had taken in forwarding Charles’s escape. “ So,” said he, with a triumphant air, “ I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald.”

It is probable that even before the commencement of her striking connection with the fortunes of the pretender, Miss Macdonald had responded to the at-

tachment of, if not formed an engagement with, her kinsman, young Macdonald, the son of the generous Kingsburgh. Shortly after her return home, upon November 6th, 1750, she was married to him, and became the mother of five sons, more or less remarkable for the courage and intrepidity ennobling their ancestry on both sides. An anecdote of Macdonald himself, is worthy to be recorded, in proof of the fine sense of honour which inspired him, in as high a degree as the above-named qualities.

“Macdonald was brought a prisoner, heavily ironed, from Skye to Fort Augustus. The excellent President Forbes represented to the duke of Cumberland, that to execute so popular a man as Kingsburgh, would excite renewed rebellion. But he was so deeply involved in the escape of Charles Edward, that his death seemed to be certain. At Fort Augustus, whilst he was a prisoner, an order came to the officer on guard, for the release of some prisoners. Amongst others, the officer called the name of ‘Alexander Macdonald,’ asking Kingsburgh if that were not his. He answered, ‘That is my name, but I suspect there must be some mistake.’ The officer said, ‘What mistake, is not your name Alexander Macdonald?’ Kingsburgh said that it was, but repeated his warning twice or thrice. At last he went out, and met a friend, who advised him instantly to quit the fort, Kingsburgh said, ‘No, I must wait at the opposite alehouse, till I see whether the officer gets into a

scrape.' He waited. In two hours an officer came with a body of soldiers, and made the subaltern on guard, prisoner, for having set at large so dangerous a rebel. Kingsburgh immediately ran across the street, and saying to the officer, 'I told you there was a mistake,' surrendered himself. However, the President Forbes saved his life."

When Dr. Johnson went with Boswell to the Hebrides, in the year 1773, he was warmly received by the husband of Flora, then himself possessor of the family mansion in which Charles Edward had been successfully hidden. "Kingsburgh," says Boswell, in his account of the great moralist's tour, "is completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks, which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had jet black hair, which was tied behind, and was a large, stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance." Flora herself he describes, as a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence. She was, at this time, fifty-three years old. Lady Kingsburgh spelled her name, not "Flora," but "Flory," Macdonald.

The year following this visit of the doctor, the Kingsburghs emigrated to North Carolina, in the hope of effecting a comfortable settlement in America. Their journey was not a fortunate one. The husband of Flora who appears to have been as brave as ever, in the cause he embraced, joining the 84th Royal

Highland Emigrant Regiment, was imprisoned by the provincial force ; but he was soon set at liberty, and he then joined the North Carolina Highlanders, serving in Canada. Upon the conclusion of the war, he returned to Scotland on half-pay, probably wearied of the incessant harass he had experienced in the New World, and yearning for a sight of the mountains of his native land. During their homeward voyage, the ship was attacked by a French privateer. It would scarcely be in character to suppose our heroine a silent or impassive spectator of the combat. While standing on deck near her husband, and boldly animating the sailors by spirited words and gestures, which even in her old age, seemed to have lost nothing of their power, she was thrown down with such violence that the shock broke her arm. In allusion to this accident and the circumstances of it, she is said to have remarked, with, great coolness, that "she had now suffered a little, for both the houses of Stuart and Hanover !"

After her return to Skye, Flora never again left it. She lived to be quite an old woman, and was followed to the grave by about three thousand persons, friends and retainers, amongst whom many had been recipients of her bounty, and most were capable of estimating the fine qualities of heart and mind, which rendered her loss a public one. Besides her sons, all of them officers in the army or navy, Flora Macdonald had two daughters, who were married to gentlemen holding the same profession as their brothers. One of the

sons, anxious to perpetuate the remembrance of the spot where was interred so much heroism and devotion, sent a marble tablet, commemorative of his mother, to be placed upon her tomb in the churchyard of Kilmuir ; but, having been broken by accident, tourists took the opportunity to carry off pieces, and, at the present time, the grave of Flora Macdonald "remains undistinguished, within the rude inclosure that holds the dust of so many of the brave Kingsburgh family."

Louise Schepler.

“True goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.”—
ANON.

Louise Scheppler.

BORN 1763. DIED 1837.

NARRATIVES of self-devotion too often derive their interest from loud and restless excitement; the most unobtrusive, on the contrary, is generally the most sterling virtue. The subject of the present memoir presents a singular example of fortitude unstimulated by fame, and of self-denial, at an age when commendation possesses a peculiar attraction. We have a young woman discarding, not only the frivolities but even the natural recreations of her girlhood, immuring herself in a voluntary seclusion, and dedicating her existence to the service of an aged pastor, whose cares she alleviated with the tenderness of a daughter, and whose labours she extended by unrelaxing fidelity and zeal. If therefore we wish to recommend a pattern of noiseless piety, and of that true religion which is warmed by a holy fire within, and not by the sun of

worldly favour ; if we would speak of earnestness without fanaticism, of affection untainted by selfishness, and of charity free from ostentation, we naturally turn to Louise Schepler, the housekeeper of Oberlin.

The good pastor of the Ban de la Roche, or " Valley of Stone," as it is sometimes called, is a personage familiar to even the children of the present generation. Upon the death of Madame Oberlin, an event deeply mourned by the inhabitants of the district she had for years laboured with her husband to evangelize, the void was in a measure supplied, not only to the bereaved family, but to the poor generally, by an orphan, who had already lived eight years in Madame Oberlin's service, and now undertook the management of her household, and the care of her children. Louise Schepler was at this time twenty-three years of age. Her appearance was attractive, her address engaging ; while within her there dwelt a spirit of fervent piety, which had already led her to considerable self-sacrifice in the path of usefulness. To explain this entirely, we must go back a little in our narration.

When Oberlin entered on his charge in the year 1767, he commenced improvements alike in the agricultural, domestic, and educational condition of his flock, and carried them into practice by devoting his own limited means, and applying to some benevolent friends at a distance, in aid of the necessary expenses. Among the first benefits of his cure, was the erection of a new school-house, in place of the hut formerly

devoted to that purpose, and in the course of a few years a similar one was built in each of the other four villages appertaining to his jurisdiction. He had "observed with concern the disadvantages to which the younger children were subjected while their elder brothers and sisters were at school, and their parents busily engaged in their daily avocations, and he laid down a plan for the introduction of *infant schools* also, probably the very first ever established, and the model of those subsequently opened at Paris, and still more recently in this country. Observation had convinced him, that even from the very cradle, children are capable of being taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and of being trained to habits of subordination and industry, and in conjunction with his wife, he formed *conductrices* for each commune, engaged large rooms for them, and salaried them at his own expense. Two women were employed, the one to direct the handicraft, the other to instruct and entertain the children. While those of two or three years old were made at intervals to sit quietly by, those of five or six were taught to knit, spin, and sew, and when they were beginning to be weary of this occupation, their *conductrice* showed them coloured pictures relating to Scripture subjects, or natural history, making them recite after her, the explanations she gave. She also explained geographical maps of France, Europe, or the *Ban de la Roche*, and its immediate environs, engraved

in wood, for the purpose, by Oberlin's direction, and mentioned the names of the different places marked upon them ; in addition to this, she taught them to sing moral songs and hymns. Thus she varied their employments as much as possible, taking care to keep them continually occupied, and never permitting them to speak a word of *patois*, by which means correct French was introduced generally into the Ban de la Roche."* It will be seen that these *conductrices* were far above the condition of ordinary peasants in point of education. Louise Schepler, therefore, who had filled the office of one of them for some years before the death of Madame Oberlin, must not be considered in the light of a common servant. She had been a sort of helper in the village of Waldbach, and her long and occasionally difficult walks from cottage to cottage, and to and from the school-houses, had resulted in detrimental influence upon her health from the severe colds, exposure to the snows entailed.

From the moment this girl became housekeeper to "le cher papa," as Oberlin was affectionately and generally termed, she determined to refuse every offer of marriage, and to devote herself entirely to the service of her Heavenly Master, and His earthly minister. She would accept nothing more than was actually necessary to subsistence, refusing money altogether, even when Oberlin attempted to do away with her reluctance by sending her small sums

* "Memoirs of Oberlin." London, 1852.

through indirect channels. A note written at the time by Louise to the pastor upon this subject, will illustrate the simple attachment of his orphan dependent.

“WALDBACH, *First of the New Year, 1793.*

“DEAR AND BELOVED PAPA,—Permit me, at the commencement of the new year, to request a favour which I have long desired. As I am now really independent, that is to say, as I have now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, dear papa, not to refuse me the favour of making me your adopted daughter; do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages, for as you treat me like your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body; my shoes and stockings and *sabots* will cost something, but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father. Oh! I entreat you, dear papa, grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter,

“LOUISE SCHEPLER.”

Who could refuse such an appeal? Louise was henceforth considered an actual member of the pastor's family, and allowed the privilege of sharing with his children, in occupations, all, more or less, illustrative of the enlightened faith he professed. The excellence of the schools where she and they taught, speedily became so renowned, that girls of the middle ranks began to be sent for education to this secluded district

from a distance, and the title of a scholar of Pastor Oberlin, came to be regarded as a complete testimonial of piety, intelligence, and gentle bearing.

Louise seems to have been generally chosen to assist her master in the judicious distribution of the various useful articles, and sums of money, collected for the poor, at a time when Oberlin himself had voluntarily sacrificed his own power of extending charity, by resigning the salary always paid by them to their pastor, in seasons of less pressure. He could not, however, long endure the withdrawal of any means of doing good, and as a mode of gaining funds, with which to carry out his schemes of benevolence, he decided upon receiving ten or twelve pupils, whose education devolved principally upon himself, in addition to that of his own family of six, the youngest of whom was now ten years old. Louise's cares were thus doubled.

In the year 1808, Henrietta Oberlin removed into Russia, as the wife of Mr. Graff, a missionary on the banks of the Volga. One of Oberlin's sons also went to reside as private tutor in the family of a nobleman near Riga. The health of the good pastor had never been so strong since an illness he sustained during the period of the Revolution in 1794, supposed to have been brought on by over-exertion. The continual care and watchfulness of his housekeeper were necessary, and though she was no longer pained by seeing him delirious, and listening to his agonized suppli-

cations to her, to bring him enormous sums of money for the furtherance of his plans, yet his condition of health was so critical, as to decide Mrs. Graff to return with her husband before a long time had elapsed, and take up her abode in the paternal mansion, in order to assist in the care of him, and relieve him of some portion of his labours. Henry Oberlin writes of Louise about this period : "Our good and excellent Louise Schepler is still alive, and always in conjunction with my dear father, observing the same fidelity and self-devotion in the performance of her duties." Four more of Oberlin's children married during the next few years, but in the winter of 1817, their brother, the writer of the above testimony to Louise's worth, was removed to another world ; he closed his eyes in the arms of that faithful friend, who had for some weeks ministered to the fleeting spirit with unremitting tenderness.

After this event, which was deeply felt by all who had the privilege of knowing a son worthy in every way of the idolized pastor, life resumed its usual routine at the parsonage of Waldbach. The next mention of Louise is made in the letter of a lady who visited it about the year 1820, and is as follows :—

" We set off for Mr. Oberlin's, a mile and a half further (a romantic walk through the valley), accompanied by Mr. Legrand. On the way we met this most venerable and striking man—the perfect picture of what an old man and minister should be. He re-

ceived us cordially, and we soon felt quite at ease with him. We all proceeded together towards his house, which stands on the top of a hill, surrounded by trees and cottages ; if we live to return, you shall see my sketch of it. Owing to the fatigue of our journey, I felt quite overdone on our first arrival. I could see nothing like a mistress in the house ; but an old woman, called Louise, dressed in a long woollen jacket and black cotton cap, came to welcome us, and we afterwards found that she is an important person at the Ban de la Roche ; she is mistress, housekeeper, intimate friend, *maid-of-all-work*, schoolmistress, entertainer of guests, and, I should think, assistant minister, though we have not yet heard her in this capacity. Besides Louise, the son-in-law and daughter, and their six children, live here two young girls, *protégées*, and two more maids out of the parish. Mr. Graff, the son-in-law, is a minister, and a very excellent man. There is much religion and simplicity both in him and his wife, but the latter is so devoted to the children that we seldom see her." This circumstance accounts for what at first sight seems strange, that Madame Graff should not have presided over her father's house. Her maternal duties occupied her entire time ; and indeed she was only too happy to give up to one whom she considered almost in the light of a second mother, the management of domestic and other affairs. "The luxury of a common English cottage," writes the same lady, "is not known in the Ban de la

Roche ; we all sit down to the same table, maids and all, one great dish of pottage or boiled spinach, and a quantity of salad and potatoes, upon which they chiefly live, being placed in the middle. Everything is in the most primitive style. I never met with such a disinterested people. It is almost impossible to pay them for any service they do for you. One seldom meets with such shining characters. Mr. Oberlin told us the other day he did not know how to pay Louise, for nothing hurt her so much as offering her money. No one could be more devoted to his service, and that in the most disinterested manner. Her character has impressed me very much."

Two years later, the following paragraph occurs in a letter from Mrs. Rauscher, Oberlin's youngest daughter, to the Paris Bible Society :—" I will just mention as a single instance, among many others, of the transforming power of religion, that one young woman refused to marry, that she might devote her time, her talents, and her strength to works of benevolence ; and allowing herself only the bare necessities of life, she presented the fruits of her assiduous and unremitting industry to the excellent and pious institutions of the present day ; she also sold all that she thought she could do without, and gave the produce to such objects as she believed calculated, to advance the kingdom of our adorable Lord and Saviour." If this sketch is not intended for Louise, which appears more than probable, it is evident her virtues must

have raised up imitators. Little doubt, indeed, exists that not the least salutary among the good man's lessons were drawn from observation of his own life and that of his housekeeper, for who can dispute that—

“Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey ?”

And when we read that “all our venerable patriarch receives and possesses is only employed for the advancement of the kingdom of His Divine Master ; that he has again remitted one hundred francs, desiring them to be forwarded to the Bible Society, while his Louise has added to it ten francs for the same purpose, and ten for the Missionary Society, the amount of rent of the single field she possesses,” can we doubt that Almighty God would indeed put a peculiar blessing upon it, or that “the centre of Christian benevolence being once moved, circle after circle will succeed,” and that a ripple is stirred, “gyrating on and on, until it shall have moved across, and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life, and the fountains at which His angels drink ?”

Oberlin was seized with his last illness about four years after the date of Mrs. Rauscher's letter. He did not linger many days, but gradually declined, resigning his last breath placidly and trustingly, as he had lived. Schooled in self-denial, Louise was throughout the moments of pain, and intervals of ease,

at the side of that revered form. How constantly he thought of her, is proved by a letter, the seal of which was broken a few days after his decease, and which relates entirely to his dispositions for her maintenance and comfort, after he could no longer make them his own care. It illustrates her character so completely that we give it entire.

“ **MY VERY DEAR CHILDREN**,—In leaving you, I commend to your care the faithful nurse who has brought you up—the indefatigable Louise. The services which she performed for our family are innumerable. Your dear mother took her under her care before she had attained the age of fifteen; but even at that early period, she rendered herself useful by her talents, her activity, and her industry. On the premature decease of your beloved parent, she became at once your faithful nurse, your careful instructress, and your adopted mother. Her zeal for doing good extended beyond the confines of our own family. Like a devoted servant of the Lord, she went into all the surrounding villages, where I sent her to assemble the children together, to instruct them in God’s holy will, to teach them to sing hymns, to direct their attention to the wonderful works of nature, to pray with them, and to communicate to them all the knowledge that she had herself derived from me and your mamma. This was not the labour of a moment; and the innumerable difficulties which

opposed themselves to her benevolent employments, would have discouraged a thousand others ; for, whilst on the one hand she had to contend with the wild and froward character of the children, she had, on the other, to correct their *patois*, and consequently, after having spoken to them in that dialect which was necessary to make herself understood, to translate all she had said into French. The bad roads and the inclement weather, so frequent on these mountains, presented another difficulty ; but neither sleet nor rain, nor wind nor hail, nor deep snows underfoot, nor snow falling from above, detained her from her purpose ; and when she returned in the evening, though exhausted, wet, and weary, and chilled with excessive cold, she would set herself to attend to my children, and to our household affairs. In this manner she devoted not only her time and abilities, but also her health, and all her bodily powers, to my service, and to the service of God. For many years past, indeed, her lungs have been injured, and her constitution absolutely ruined, by over-fatigue, and by sudden transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat ; having often, when warm with walking, crossed the snows, and sank into them to such a depth as to be scarcely able to get out. She received a sufficient recompense, you will perhaps say, in the ample salary that I allowed her. No, dear children, no ; since the death of your dear mother, I have never been able to prevail on her to accept the least reward for

her services. She employed her own little property in doing good, and in the purchase of her scanty wardrobe ; and it was always as a favour that she received from me some slight articles of dress and provisions, which I owed, notwithstanding, to her economy and good management. Judge, dear children, judge of the debt you have contracted, from her services to me, and how far you will ever be from repaying it.

“ In times of sickness and affliction, how kindly has she watched over both you and me—how tenderly has she sought to mitigate our pains, and to assuage our griefs ! Once more I commend her to you. You will evince, by the care that you take of her, how much attention you pay to the last wish of a father, who has always endeavoured to inspire you with feelings of gratitude and benevolence ; but, yes, yes ; you will fulfil my wishes. You will be in your turn, both individually and collectively, all that she has been to you, as far as your means, situation, and opportunity permit.

“ Adieu, my very dear Children, your Papa,

“ J. F. OBERLIN.”

The family of Oberlin were only too ready to carry out the desire of their father ; but, as might be expected, the object of his anxious forethought continued true to her principles, by refusing the equal share of their father’s small property, pressed upon

her acceptance by his children. "Whilst a descendant of the name remains," said they, "Louise shall want for nothing; at least, until they themselves are destitute." But this devoted woman declined to receive any favour beyond that of remaining an inmate of the family, the beloved appellation of which, she asked and obtained permission to add to her own.

Let it not be supposed that, bereft of the guide who had so long sustained and directed her footsteps, Louise sank down disheartened, losing alike the stimulus and reward of her labours. Natures less single-hearted and devoted, might have waxed "weary in well doing." Not so our unpretending heroine. The qualities for which she had been remarkable during the life of Oberlin, shone yet more transcendently after his demise. So she went on, unostentatiously fulfilling the maxims she had drawn from her beloved master, until at length popular admiration, long since excited in her favour, could not be satisfied without endowing her with some tangible testimony of approval. In the year 1829, she was surprised to find herself named as the recipient of one of the *Prix de Vertu*, annually conferred by the Académie Française, and the gift of what was to her an enormous sum, was gratefully accepted, as a means of promoting more fully the welfare of others, and of disseminating the principles she professed. Let us see how Louise received this unexpected ovation to her virtues,— "that excellent woman who, for half a century, was

the *confidante* and comforter of the poor people of the Ban de la Roche,—the individual in whose bosom they had reposed their wants, their cares, their trials,—she who united wisdom with her benevolence, and was ever actuated, in all her efforts, by a simple desire to please her Heavenly Father,” let her own words speak for themselves :—

“ I take up my pen in order to have the honour of replying to the letter which you were so good as to write to me on the 18th of August last. Yes, dear madam,—yes,—I am astonished at the merciful hand of God, so graciously extended towards me. Never,—no, never,—was I anxious to possess wealth for its own sake, or for the gratification of my own desires ; but often,—oh, how often !—have I longed for it, that I might be enabled to relieve and succour those who are weighed down by poverty and distress. This bountiful supply will enable me to assist many who are in need. I will mention a few cases which more particularly occur to me.” (Here follows a list of persons needing help, with the detail of their feelings and sayings, and some of her own sensible and judicious responses.) “ Our dear deceased pastor used to inquire into all these wants, going from cottage to cottage, secretly supplying them from his own resources : how shall I rejoice to do the same ! After being for so many years the help-meet and the almoner of our venerable père, I am not become insensible to the wants of my fellow-creatures, but am, on the contrary,

truly thankful that my dear Saviour should have reserved for me, towards the close of my life, the joy of being able to help them. Oh, *chère dame, 5000 francs!* * c'est beaucoup,—oui, c'est beaucoup ; mais vous voyez que je pourrais en employer encore autant. I have also nephews and nieces, who are all poor, and who, having large families of young children, naturally look for some assistance from their last and only aunt. May I therefore beg you, dear madam, to have the proposed donation paid into a banking-house at Nancy, which M. Legrand will have the goodness to name to you, and where I may draw for a little at a time, as I require it. Oh, blessed be the Lord, a thousand and a thousand times, who is the centre and the source of every perfect gift. Blessed be the noble and generous donor" (M. de Monthyon), "who already reaps the fruits of his benevolence in a happy eternity! And may the Lord abundantly bless all my dear friends, and grant to His unworthy servant, wisdom and prudence rightly to occupy the talent thus intrusted to her care.—Amen, amen."

The announcement of Louise Schepler's good fortune was coupled in one of the public journals with the following notice :—"The honour of the idea of instituting *conductrices* and infant-schools—an idea attended with such great results, and which will soon be universally adopted—is entirely due to Louise Schepler, the poor peasant-woman of Bellefosse. To its realization she has

* About £200.

devoted not only all she possessed, but likewise her youth and her health." When the paper containing these lines was shown to her, Louise hastily wrote a few lines, and attached them to the journal, knowing that it would be circulated in the neighbourhood.

"WALDBACH, Sept. 10, 1829.

"I beg the readers of this article to take into consideration that the late Mrs. Oberlin looked kindly upon me, and received me into her service; that her example and exhortations inspired me with the love of the beautiful and the good, with reverence for virtue, and with devotedness to my divine Saviour; that our worthy and respected pastor and papa Oberlin, long held the idea of promoting *conductrices* for the instruction of youth; and that when, at length, he was enabled to carry that idea into execution, I was not even one of the first intrusted with this important and useful office. Therefore, honour and glory to the Lord our God, the author and the source of every virtue; gratitude and love to our late dear and venerated pastor and papa, and to his virtuous wife. But to me, confusion.

"LOUISE SCHEPLER,

"*Conductrice.*"

While she repudiated the honour of the nomination, she assumed, and maintained, to the last hour of her existence, the onerous duties of the office. As, also, disinterestedness and self-abasement characterized her every act, so fidelity to Oberlin's family never ceased

to animate her. After his death, she resided with his son-in-law and daughter; and with reverential care protected her master's study from any change which might break upon the associations of her attached memory. After a threatening illness during the spring and summer, she was removed, by a brief disorder, July 25th, 1837, preserving her faculties to the last, and using her fainting accents to implore blessings upon the house of Oberlin, and express her only hope of acceptance, to consist in her Redeemer. With the principle which animates all true Christians, she was anxious to benefit her survivors by wholesome counsel when her lips had ceased to speak, and desired that her will should be read from the pulpit, on the day of her funeral. In it she mentions that she had selected for her funeral text "the words of our dear Saviour" (St. Luke xvii. 10), and implores the "pastor to keep to his text, and not say one word of eulogy in reference to her." Giving God glory for His grace and care, she blesses all her benefactors, relatives, and neighbours, entreats them to seek life in Christ Jesus, and comforts all with the assurance that she leaves them in body only. The Rev. Mr. Rauscher, jun., grandson of Oberlin, made an appropriate address upon her tomb, especially commemorating her self-abnegation, her trust in Christ, her pure and holy life, and holding her up as an affectionate example.

Nor was the record of her virtues without, we

trust, permanent benefit. The best sermon is the life, and the best school of divinity the poor man's cottage. It is in this last especially, that we see humanity shorn of its greatness, brought face to face with death, the contemplation of which, except to the faithful Christian, is rendered more appalling by a withdrawal of those means and appliances for distraction, or, indeed, repose, which so often drive thought from the bedside of the rich, and serve as opiates to conscience, as well as to pain. In Louise Schepler we find a plain, unsophisticated nature, learning the lesson of eternal life direct from Heaven itself, and indoctrinating others with it, by the irresistible influence of daily example. Her life was one great discharge of duty, which she bore with pleasure, yet surrendered without pain. We hear of other species of duty, but the fame of renowned conquerors, the triumph of crowned kings, the festive pageants of wealth, the sublunary grandeur of majesty, fade away before the mind which contemplates the undimmed and undying spiritual lustre, which rests on the memory of this true servant of God !

Emilie de Labalette.

“The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind ;
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief ! ”

BYRON.

Emilie de Lavalette.

BORN 1780. DIED 1820.

REVOLUTIONS, like earthquakes, produce startling combinations and phenomena, which defy all human expectancy. The convulsion of France demonstrated this truth, hurling long-seated power from its high estate ; enthroning beggars, with precarious occupancy, to sway the destiny of long-descended sovereigns ; entangling old friendships in the meshes of distrust ; subverting order, and instituting affinity between the most heterogeneous social elements ! It is obvious that whole histories might still be written, as many have already been, upon the various phases of the wild phantasmagoria which troubled the world with a nightmare of terror, and pressed out of individual hearts, genius and goodness from some, and hideous crime and blasphemy from others. Suffering then, as it always does, made many heroines ; and the rapid

change of circumstances raised singular rulers, for the hour, upon the thrones of genius as well as of more material dynasties. We will, for the present, choose one from the crowd of competitors, in whose conjugal devotion the truest elements of heroism were concentrated ; nor do we think our selection will be impugned, by any impartial reader of the life of Madame de Lavalette.

In the early part of the year 1815, the emperor Napoleon escaped from Elba, and speedily arriving at Paris, expelled Louis XVIII. from the kingdom. The victor of Marengo and Austerlitz was received by numerous friends with the liveliest joy, though that joy was clouded by the threatening aspect of the future. Among them, one of his truest as well as most confidential advisers, was the Count de Lavalette, formerly an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and connected with his imperial master, by the ties of marriage. Lavalette had originally been intended for the priesthood, but while studying for this purpose, the commencement of the revolution transformed him into an officer of the National Guard. He subsequently volunteered during the Italian campaign, and rapidly rose to promotion ; his admiring devotion to the interests of Napoleon being so conspicuous, as to win the affection of his chief, who appeared to rely not less upon the coolness of his judgment, than upon the disinterested fervency of his attachment. In consequence of this, Lavalette speedily became one of the emperor's trusted agents,

in matters not only of warfare, but diplomacy : he was made a count of the empire, and, later on, nominated a peer. When Napoleon was again made prisoner and sent to the island of St. Helena, Lavalette was among the first to be arrested under the new régime ; he was tried for conspiring against the royal authority, and condemned to die.

The count had been married some years before this period, to a member of the family of Beauharnais, the niece of Josephine, empress of France. "She was," says Napoleon, "a very fine woman. Louis, my brother, fell in love with, and wanted to marry her ; to prevent which, I caused her to espouse Lavalette, to whom she was attached." This was not the only occasion on which the love-passages of the susceptible Louis were brought to a sudden conclusion by the prompt measures of his brother. He married, in the sequel, not the niece, but the daughter of Josephine, Hortense, mother of the present emperor of the French, Napoleon III.

Anxiety and terror had, at the period of her husband's arrest, shaken the health of Madame de Lavalette to a painful degree. She was so weak that the movement of a carriage caused her acute suffering, and for some time past, she had been obliged to adopt the then common practice of riding in a sedan chair, such as is still shown to the visitors to the Lesser Trianon, as that belonging to, and constantly used by, the hapless Marie Antoinette. On the evening before

the day appointed for her husband's execution, Madame de Lavalette came to visit him, for the last time, at the Conciergerie, accompanied by her daughter, a girl of twelve, and a faithful dependent, Madame Dutoil. On arriving at the prison, she learned with anguish that so determined was the government to carry out its sentence, that orders had been received to lose no time in conveying the apparatus of death to the Place de Grève, and that no doubt could be entertained he would suffer death at four o'clock on the following evening. The chill gusts of the melancholy December night, sent not so sharp a thrill through her enfeebled frame, as did these cruel tidings inflict upon her heart ; nevertheless, she had come prepared to make a last effort for the life a thousand times more precious when in peril. Others might abandon hope ; it was reserved for the true-hearted wife, to plan, to anticipate, to succeed, when all else had failed.

The prisoner for high treason was, nevertheless, not debarred from a last farewell with his wife and child. The visitors were admitted, and remained with him until his dinner was served ; then came coffee, provided for all four ; and now the final adieu must be taken, the last words exchanged, and Eberle, the man whose duty it was to wait upon Lavalette, withdrew, either from delicacy or connivance, receiving orders not to return until summoned.

No very long interval elapsed before the bell rung. The gaoler, named Roquette, was standing with Eberle

in the hall, and he desired the latter to go and see the visitors out. As soon as the door of Lavalette's apartment was opened, he saw, as he believed, Madame de Lavalette pass out, in her riding costume of cloth and fur, a drooping Spanish hat and feathers on her head. The lady's whole appearance betokened the extreme of misery ; her handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, while beside her, walked the little girl sobbing vociferously. Although accustomed to such scenes of anguish, the heart of Roquette was not entirely callous. He advanced, in the scantily-lighted hall, to the lady, and offered her his hand to conduct her, as usual, from the prison. The child and her companion, Dutoil, were behind ; Eberle speedily summoned the sedan Madame de Lavalette had left at the door during her interview with her husband ; the lady seated herself in it, and, followed by Mademoiselle de Lavalette and Dutoil, disappeared from the gate of the Conciergerie.

Shortly after, Roquette visited the chamber of Lavalette. He saw no one, but heard some one moving in a portion of the room concealed by a large screen. He was satisfied, and withdrew at first ; but some misgiving rising in his mind, he returned again soon after, and called out the prisoner's name. No answer was returned. He sprang forward, and discovered Madame Lavalette concealed behind the screen. "Mon mari est parti," she had just strength to falter. "What, madame, am I then deceived ? he

has escaped!" cried Roquette. "I hope so!" fervently exclaimed the poor wife; "but stay one moment"—for Roquette was already hastening to give the alarm—"stay! and may you—" He cut her short with—"No, madame, not another moment; this is insufferable." Anxiety lent sudden energy to the weak and ailing woman. She struggled with Roquette to gain every second of delay she could, for her husband. His coat was torn, and her strength utterly exhausted, when at length he forced himself away.

In the mean time, Lavalette's safety was anything but achieved. He lost no time in throwing off his wife's dress, which had so felicitously disguised him; but the departure from Paris. remained yet to be effected. "Whilst his name resounded from every tongue, coupled with plaudits of his magnanimous wife, never were the energies of the French government more vigorously exerted, nor the court more inveterate, than upon that momentous occasion. All the barriers were closed, no passports granted, public conveyances of every description examined; and, as a great preventive of the possibility of escape, portraits of Lavalette were sent to the keepers of every gate, in order to render the lineaments of his features familiar to their eyes. Such a dreadful state of public incertitude and apprehension, completely paralyzed the inhabitants of Paris, so that every other consideration was of minor importance; and it has been well

said, that but for the interference of three British subjects, no human power could have snatched the victim from his impending fate." But England has ever been the home, and her children the champions, of the distressed. The one presents a sea-girt asylum, on which liberty has upreared its throne ; the other possess the coolness of head, and the calm, yet generous impulse, which enable them to devise, as their courage will successfully consummate, the boldest plan with unfailing energy. All mental resources were needed to insure Lavalette's escape ; but the mode adopted in this case of imperative emergency was as follows :—

As soon as the friends of Lavalette had ascertained the impossibility of evading the police, they began to consider, in that forlorn predicament, whether any expedient could be devised, unconnected with their own personal interference ; when it was, at length, agreed, that if the count could be rescued at all, it must be through the intervention of the English. As the liberal principles of Mr. Hutchinson, and those who ranked his associates, were known to some of the count's friends, it was determined that a letter should be forwarded to that gentleman, demanding of him whether he was willing to advocate the cause of a *persecuted individual*, without mentioning a name, and that, in case of his resolution in the affirmative, he was to repair to a certain spot indicated, in the evening, where he would find a

gentleman holding a white handkerchief in his hand, to whom he was to address himself. Upon receipt of that anonymous communication, Mr. Hutchinson repaired to Sir Robert Wilson, who, having perused its contents, immediately gave it as his opinion that the suffering person alluded to, could be no other than Lavalette himself. Actuated by feelings of genuine philanthropy, he then immediately decided that the appointment proposed in the letter, should be attended to by Mr. Hutchinson, who repaired, accordingly, to the place of rendezvous, where he found the person designated, bearing a white handkerchief, whom he proceeded to address. The unknown immediately demanded whether, if an unfortunate gentleman was committed to his (Mr. Hutchinson's) care, he would use every possible effort to accomplish his preservation ; when, upon receiving an affirmative assurance, the stranger, retiring for a few minutes, returned, accompanied by another individual, who was delivered over to him, with the emphatic word— *Remember !* Mr. Hutchinson and his *protégé* then walked off, arm-in-arm, to the lodgings of the former, where he remained concealed, until the plan was carried out for passing the frontiers. The means of doing so were supplied by Sir R. Wilson and Messrs. Bruce and Hutchinson. Dressed as an English officer, he went to their quarters, and started at seven in the morning with Sir R. Wilson in the cabriolet. One of the postmasters examined his countenance, and

recognized him through his disguise. A postilion was instantly sent off at full speed, when Lavalette urged his demand for horses ; but the postmaster had just quitted the house, and given orders that none should be supplied. The travellers, therefore, thought themselves discovered, and saw no means of escaping, in a country with which they were unacquainted ; and, in consequence, it was resolved that they should defend themselves, and sell their lives dearly. The postmaster, at length, returned unattended, and, addressing himself to Lavalette, said, “ You have the appearance of honour ; you are going to Brussels, where you will see M. de Lavalette ; deliver him these two hundred louis d’ors that I owe him, and of which he is no doubt in want ; ” then, without waiting an answer, he threw the money into the carriage, and withdrew, saying, “ You will be drawn by my best horses ; a postilion is gone on to provide relays, for the continuance of your journey.” He, at length, arrived at Mons, where he obtained permission to settle at Munich. Five years after, a royal ordinance revoked the sentence of death, and permitted him to rejoin his family in France.

On the escape of Lavalette being known, his wife, together with Dutoil, Sir Robert Wilson, Messrs. Hutchinson and Bruce, were tried before the Cour Royale. The latter were condemned to a short imprisonment ; the two women were acquitted. Alas ! the heroic wife never recovered the shock caused to

her constitution by the risks to which her noble fidelity had exposed her. It is reported that even the king so far applauded her as to have said that she alone, of all the parties concerned, had “done her duty.” But praise or censure had lost the power to charm or pain : a fixed mental alienation succeeded the efforts she had made ; and when her husband returned, she, whose association had allayed every pang, and whose fortitude had confronted peril, now claimed his sympathy, in the helplessness of prostrated intellect. It was a sad eclipse of so bright a sun : the form he loved was there, but the spirit, which had clung to his through weal and woe, no longer swayed the impulses of that once beauteous being !

“ — Every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense,
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bow-strings when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside),
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide.”

Elizabeth Fry.

“This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.”—HARLEY.

Elizabeth Fry.

BORN 1780. DIED 1845.

THE life of this remarkable woman is, to use the words of her daughter and biographer, not "merely valuable as a personal narrative. Her objects and endeavours are interwoven with many of the greatest interests of the day in which she lived. She illustrated a principle—the deep debt due from man to man—and proved, in her own person, how much human agency, in dependence on Divine assistance, can effect towards raising the fallen and consoling the afflicted. Her work was carried on as indefatigably as though success depended upon her exertions alone, while she sought for Heavenly guidance, and implored a blessing from on high, with as much fervour as though her best powers were of no avail." Elizabeth Fry seems to us, from the first, to have been destined to good and great deeds. Born of highly intellectual parents, she

belonged to a numerous family, all of whom were impressed by truths, which many of them lived to illustrate practically ; but it was reserved to her to attain pre-eminence as the champion of misfortune, the guide to penitence, and to leave a name so honoured for its beneficence to the human race, as to become almost a synonyme for Christian philanthropy. Of her universal charity, it might be indeed said that

“There was no winter in’t ; an autumn ‘twas
That grew the more by reaping.”

It is observed by Aristotle, that action increases our susceptibility to pity, while the repetition of suffering or passion, deadens our sense of pain : the whole life of Mrs. Fry is one bright exemplar of this truth, augmented by that highest stimulus, Christian motive. We find no shrinking from the most appalling scenes of woe, from which, originally, her acute sensibilities must have revolted. There is no enshrouding the heart in a selfish panoply of morbid refinement, but throughout her course, we observe one prompt, steady adherence to duty. It is remarkable also, that this paramount influence was manifested in a career not forced upon her, but assumed voluntarily. Moreover, when adopted as a favourite and constant pursuit, it was not performed at the sacrifice of other responsibilities. The Dorcas of the gaol, was the indefatigable superintendent of her family ; the mother was not forgotten

in the compassionate visitor, nor did the charity of the philanthropist, obliterate the fond affections of the wife.

Earlham Hall, in the neighbourhood of Norwich, is the pleasant scene of our heroine's first introduction to the public. It is described as possessing peculiar charms. "The house is large, old, and irregular; placed in the centre of a well-wooded park. The river Wensum, a clear, winding stream, flows by it. Its banks, overhung by an avenue of ancient timber-trees, formed a favourite resort of the young people; there, in the summer evenings, they would often meet, to walk, read, or sketch. On the south front of the house extends a noble lawn, flanked by groves of trees growing from a carpet of wild flowers, moss, and long grass." Hither Mr. Gurney, the father of Elizabeth, had removed when she was quite a child, and here was laid, by the judicious teaching of her mother, the foundation of those habits of scientific observation which, in after life, proved constant sources of refreshment and recreation to her occasionally jaded spirit. She appears to have been almost wildly attached to this dear mother, who, on her part, thus speaks of her even in her early childhood. "My dove-like Betsey scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging." Not that her own account seems to point to any extraordinary *goodness* about her child-life. She was reserved, excessively subject to nervous fears, and accounted stupid and obstinate

by all but her mother and one or two others. This tender friend, who fully understood the nature of her susceptible and fragile child, was taken from her when she had reached her twelfth year. A severe illness was probably the first awakening process to lead her to serious thought ; but owing to circumstances, the attraction to what in the first instance was natural rather than revealed religion, was not destined for some years to bear visible fruit. Her journal "is replete with desires after 'virtue' and 'truth.' She seeks and finds God in His works, but as yet she had not found Him as He stands revealed in the page of Inspiration."

There is no doubt Elizabeth Gurney's mind was more thoughtfully inclined than that of girls of her age ; but the word in due season, which was to transform her into the earnest worker as well as dreamer, was destined to be spoken in the year 1798, when William Savery, an American, of the same denomination to which the Gurney family belonged, the Society of Friends, came to preach at Norwich, and spoke so convincingly upon the stupendous doctrine of the Atonement, that the glad tidings of salvation gradually became the fixed consideration of her life. There is reason to suppose that at this period of the seed's early growth, she might have adopted some less strict, not to say more legitimate and warranted, form of Christianity ; but, surrounded as she was by the formulæ and associations of one

particular sect, it is not wonderful that she fell into its characteristic peculiarity of system, especially at a period when extreme asceticism seemed necessary to her self-denying principles, to correct the originally worldly tendencies of a light-hearted temperament. Be that, however, as it may, Elizabeth Gurney continued throughout her life a Quakeress ; nor do we find in her the least trace of narrow-mindedness or intolerance.

Now commenced those habits of visiting her poorer neighbours, and of general sympathy and instruction to all who needed them, which her future career developed. She established a school, and soon had seventy scholars, who were managed by herself without assistance. "How she controlled the wills, and fixed the attention of so many unruly children, must ever remain a mystery to those who have not the gift she possessed, of influencing the minds of others." Her schemes for local usefulness were soon, however, to be set aside for a sphere of more extended influence, for Elizabeth received an offer of marriage from Mr. Joseph Fry, a banker residing in London, and became his wife shortly after she had attained her twentieth year, the wedding being celebrated at the Friends' Meeting House, in Norwich.

From this period until the birth of her sixth child, closely followed by the death of her beloved father, Mrs. Fry's life flowed smoothly on, in a round of domestic and other unostentatious virtues, which en-

deared her to all who had the privilege of her care or sympathy. In the year 1811, she was publicly acknowledged by the Society of Friends, as one of their ministers, and her biographer remarks upon the circumstance as follows: "This commenced a new era in the life of Elizabeth Fry. To discuss the question of woman's ministry would be irrelevant here. One thing, however, is obvious, that it was as a minister of the Society of Friends, and as such only, shielded by its discipline and controlled by its supervision, that she could have carried out her peculiar vocation in the world and the church." The entries in her journal as to her impressions at this time, are very interesting, and afford, occasionally, striking contrast with the spirit of Christian liberality, which characterized her in after-years. A great portion of her time was spent at Plashet in Essex, the former residence of her husband's parents, and here she speedily set on foot her usual plans for the improvement and instruction of those around her, though it was not until the year 1813 that we find recorded in her journal, her first visit to the female felons in Newgate.

We will not distress our readers by the affecting details of mis-called prison discipline, nor of those flagrant abuses which, under the very eye of law, encouraged rather than diminished crime, by destroying the last remnant of self-respect in the criminal. The condition of the female convicts was a disgrace to any civilised community. Four rooms, comprising about 190 superficial yards, were crowded with nearly

300 women, besides their children, without classification or employment, and with no other superintendence than that of a man and his son ! Into this scene Mrs. Fry entered with a sister of Sir T. F. Buxton, impelled by that noble spirit of charity which deems

“It were a happy lot if, every day,
One had the power some act of grace to do,
Some pious hope or effort to renew ;
Where Hope had swoon’d, and strength been swept away
By suffering or grief.
He who one sore doth salve,—one hurt doth heal,—
Hath founts of joy no world can make impure.”

Henceforth, her life was divided into public and private streams of benevolence, before the influence of which, moral contamination yielded, which had defied the cruel indifference, or official perverseness, of the legislature ; whilst under the benign aspect of such a character, virtues grew up in the household, and even in the prison. It is, of course, unnecessary to remark, that the first and chief impediment to her plans, was derived from the crass ignorance of the government and its agents ; as in similar cases, Mrs. Fry presents a painful proof that improvements, even of the most important character, emanate from individuals, and are generally opposed by those in power. She was told that her efforts were exceedingly praiseworthy, but would be unsuccessful. The usual cold acquiescence, — the half-sneering patronage,— was all she could command from officials whose

selfish apathy connived at the semi-barbarous condition of hundreds of their fellow-creatures, while their consciences never rose to condemn the judicial murder of their brethren and sisters, whose lives were deemed only equivalent to the value of a horse, a sheep, or a ten-pound note. Those who think that men, placed in even the highest positions, cannot easily forget their responsibilities, should turn to the dreadful records of our law of blood, against which Mrs. Fry was among the first to raise her voice, when judges in ermine and bishops in lawn could tamely acquiesce in such unchristian exhibitions. After a time, those who prophesied her failure, were surprised at, and compelled to admit her success. A school was established in Newgate, associations for the benefit of criminals instituted ; the thanks of the civic functionaries testified their appreciation of her efforts ; and her examinations before the House of Commons shamed the legislature, at last, into feeling and action. The words of the report, while clinging to a difficulty, allow indisputable encomium to her efforts : "The benevolent exertions of Mrs. Fry and her friends have produced the most gratifying change ; but much must be ascribed to unremitting personal attention and influence." Yes, her attention was indeed unremitting ; but, fortunately for the country, her influence did not die with her ; on the contrary, it survived to change the aspect of the law, into something like retrieval, not revenge, and its operation is now felt

throughout those numerous reformatories and systematic improvements in prison discipline, which prevail, so that, we trust, the day will shortly arrive she so longed to witness, when all capital punishments shall be abrogated, nor that life which was given by God, be ever, under any circumstances, withdrawn by man.

The details of her career, it will strike the reader, are so full, that, while presenting an almost inexhaustible fund of instructive thought, they must yet, necessarily, be somewhat repetitive. Like the work of the beneficent Author of our being, that of the charitable person is constantly the same. There may occur, indeed, startling incidents, arising from peculiar circumstances or individual cases ; but it is the glory of benevolence to be uniform, and, as the river flows steadily onwards in its course, fructifying and sanitary, yet deep and noiseless, so Christian charity is never more potent than when unostentatious, its uninterruptedness attesting its power. In her household, she had many troubles, and one of the marvels of her being is, how, notwithstanding the management of so large a family, this mother of eleven children, whose spirituality and wisdom rendered her the sought-for upon all occasions, —the “friend in need,” in the truest sense of the word, to every member of her relationship and acquaintance, to say nothing of the discourses which, consistent with the custom of her sect, she delivered,—contrived to discharge such important public functions as constitute her the first great reformer of the

criminal code. It was necessary to travel in furtherance of her plans, and forthwith Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, and Holland, were visited. Whilst in Scotland she inspected the gaols, and had her attention first drawn, it would appear, to the frightful treatment of the insane. On one occasion, when visiting an asylum, a young man was observed to listen attentively to her reading some passages of holy Scripture, a habit with her, wherever she went. Though usually more violent than his companions, he became subdued even to tears. When she finished reading, he exclaimed to her, "The angels have lent you their voices!" Thus even madness owned the power of pity.

Mrs. Fry deplored the feeling, too prevalent amongst her immediate connections, that the Bible was to be approached as a sort of sacred mystery; and, notwithstanding her other avocations, she found time to select passages of Scripture, for every day in the year, combining them into a form calculated to be everywhere useful, and easily carried about the person. Of these she distributed thousands. Where have not these little text-books penetrated, from the monarch's hall to the felon's dungeon? An instance may be here recorded. "Two or three years after their publication, a text-book, bound in red leather, which she had given to a little grandson, fell out of his pocket at the Lynn Mart, where he had gone to visit the lions. He was a very little boy,

and much disconcerted at the loss of his book, for his name was in it, and that it was the gift of his grandmother, written by herself. The transaction was almost forgotten, when, nearly a year afterwards, the Rev. Richardson Coxe, the clergyman of Watlington, a parish about eight miles from Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book. He had been sent for, to the wife of a man living on a wild common at the outskirts of his parish, of notorious character, between poacher and rat-catcher. The message was brought to the clergyman by the medical man who attended her, and who, after describing her as being most strangely altered, added, 'You will find the lion become a lamb ; and so it proved. She who had been wild and rough, whose language had been violent and her conduct untamed, lay on a bed of exceeding suffering, humble, patient, and resigned. Her child had picked up the text-book, and carried it home as a lawful spoil. Curiosity, or some feeling put into her heart by Him, without whose leave a sparrow falleth not to the ground, had induced her to read it. The word had been blessed to her, and 'her understanding opened' to receive the gospel of truth. She could not describe the process, but the results were there. Sin had in her sight become hateful ; blasphemy was no longer heard from her lips. She drew from under her pillow 'her precious book, her dear little book,' which had 'taken away the fear of death.' She died soon afterwards, 'filled with joy and hope in believing,'

having, in these detached portions of Scripture, found a Saviour all-sufficient to bear her heavy burden of guilt, and present her, clad in his own spotless righteousness, before the throne of God."

Queen Charlotte was informed of Mrs. Fry's extraordinary exertions, and expressed a desire to see her, testifying her high appreciation of such unselfishness and devotion. Later on, we find her paying a visit to her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria. Her name was becoming of world-wide celebrity ; but, amidst all, the same unpretending and self-forgetting nature invests her character. Unfortunately, her health grew greatly impaired, from over-fatigue and anxiety ; but she rallied, and set herself fresh tasks of benevolence, only ceasing from the good work when her strength was indeed and entirely spent. As increasing age and infirmity prevented her from more active employment, she occupied herself with a correspondence which had, by degrees, become enormous ; with arranging and sorting Bibles, Testaments, and tracts ; in applications to the Bible Society for grants both in England and abroad. Death had been busy with numerous members of her family, and "sorrow upon sorrow" formed sometimes the burden of her wounded spirit. Yet the "regulation of her mind, and her established self-discipline, were at this period very instructive ; her health infirm, her spirits broken, she persevered as much as possible in regular habits and certain hours for different occupa-

tions ; in no degree refusing to be comforted, willing to be diverted, driving out in the carriage, or on fine days drawn in her little pony chair, while some of the party walked by her side.

On the 3rd of June preceding her death, the annual meeting of the Ladies' British Society was held at Plais-tow for her convenience. On this occasion she "had the happiness of knowing that Newgate, Bridewell, the Millbank Prison, the Giltspur-street Compter, Whitecross-street Prison, Tothill-fields Prison, and Coldbath-fields Prison, were all in a state of comparative order ; some exceedingly well arranged, and the female convicts in all, visited and cared for by ladies. Varying according to their circumstances and requirements, the prisons generally throughout England were much improved, and, in the greater number, ladies encouraged to visit the female convicts."

In the August of the same year, Mrs. Fry was removed to Ramsgate, which had been considered likely to benefit her failing health ; but who can postpone the end ? Fitful changes kept the hopes and fears of her relatives in a constant state of alternation. On the 10th of October, she appeared better, but shortly after was seized with a paralytic attack, which, though it at first did not render her speechless, yet gradually deepened into the thick pall which hid her mental being from communication with those around her. The last words she spoke were, "Oh ! my dear Lord,

help and keep Thy servant ; " an ejaculation strongly coincident with a passage in Isaiah, which one of her daughters had open in her hand. " I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel ; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel." Subsequently, one gleam of intelligence passed across her face, and the light of the soul upon the external world vanished for ever. She had alluded, during one of her passing conflicts, to the impressions affecting her, in the striking words, " But I am safe ! " and those who saw the quiet of the earthly tabernacle, the painless passage,—except for one short struggle of the vital element,—felt that the expression was a witness of her heart's fixed faith, and that she, who had so long been the harbinger of God's mercy to the sinful and the lost, was already in the presence of angels, and of Him whom she had so closely followed.

At her funeral vast numbers attended, to listen, not as is too often the case, to the language of inflated eulogy, but to the avowal endorsed by the experience of all, that in her a nation had sustained a loss. But though the material torch was extinguished, the gleam of holy acts remains, an undying testimony of the endless good achieved by the influence of individual example. Her career could not pass away. Like a ray or sunbeam falling into some darkened chamber, her philanthropy excited a nation's

enterprise, and gave a stimulus to criminal reformation, which has gone on increasing to the present hour. During her life, constant attestations of grateful love from those whom she had snatched "as brands from the burning," invigorated the persevering energy of her Christian charity ; but it is since she has entered into her rest, that the full fruit of her labours has been realized. Of such a woman, volumes might be written ; nor can we pay too high a tribute to those whose ability and affection have secured to the world full memorials of this distinguished heroine ; but to sum up all, two elements appear as the columns of her character, without which no permanent success in God's work can be ascertained, nay even the impulse of the most loving disposition will be fragile and inconsistent. She knew Whom she believed, and this knowledge she endeavoured to enunciate to others, as taught to herself by constant application to the Spirit and Word of her Saviour.

"The Christian beam
Illuminated Faith, and bade her trust
All that might happen, to the will of Heaven.
New force inspired her, and her strengthen'd soul
Felt energy divine.
She, with a smile, beheld Misfortune's face,
And thought the weight of miseries a trial.
The Heavenly precepts brighten'd to her mind,
No useful part of duty left behind.
Here the consenting principles unite,
A beam Divine directs her steps aright,
And shows the mortal in the Christian light ! "

Prasca, or Prascobia, Lounouloff.

“Kings, like trees, are not sent to impoverish a land, but to refresh with their shadow; shelter by their influence; nourish by their productiveness, and support by their strength.”

O. F. OWEN.

Prasca, or Prastobia, Luponloff.

BORN 1791. DIED 1810.

IN the physical world the most luscious fruits are found upon the most arid soil: the vine, the melon, the pomegranate, yield their juices in greatest exuberance, to refresh the parched lips of the weary traveller over the wilderness of sand. So is it in the moral world; and in the story of filial piety, which a few years ago,—through Madame Cottin's narrative of the “Exiles of Siberia,”—was a class-book amongst all ranks, we find the wild and bleak fortunes of the exile, like those scenes of desolation he inhabited, teeming with the richest germs of heroic virtue.

Notwithstanding the popularity of Madame Cottin's story, it has been well remarked that the authentic incidents in the life of the heroine Prascowja Lupo-lowa, are more pathetic than when coloured by imagination. Still the clever authoress conveyed so

much of the real details, and the latter have become so extensively known, as almost to supersede the necessity of a very full analysis ; especially in a work which, though compelled by its subject-matter to forego mere novelty, would yet bring before its readers less trite recollections.

Born before the exile of her father, an officer in the Russian service, but who for some unknown crime, or more probably a victim to court intrigue, was banished to Ischim, in Siberia, the earliest years of this child of misfortune were doomed to witness the regrets, and even the bodily sufferings, of her parents. The wild steppes of an uncivilized region, whose atmosphere was an appropriate type of the harsh tyranny which doomed some of the best and bravest to protracted misery, failed to daunt a heroism which, even in childhood, partook of a strongly devotional character. Often did this fair spirit soothe the regrets of the banished soldier ; nor was it until she perceived that the government allowance to exiles was insufficient to sustain her parents, that she relinquished her favourite employment of building little chapels during the winter, and realized a mission of a severer and more absorbing duty.

Contented as she had been in labouring to augment their scanty means, by almost servile drudgery ; and ignorant, except by the too frequent and regretful reminiscences of her parents, that the world presented any more attractive scene than the desolation which

had lost its ruggedness from habitual association with her good acts ; she suddenly surprised her father in the midst of angry invectives against the Government ; discovered the cruelty and injustice which had oppressed him ; and learned that the thought which robbed his heart of peace, was the painful anticipation that his child should consume her days, in such a fearful region. It is very well for painters and poets to throw a delusive halo around human suffering, and every one, says Pope, " can bear another's misfortunes like a Christian ;" but judgment, even in its calmest moments, cannot fail to condemn, with just severity, those tyrants whom, unfortunately, events now passing at the time at which we write prove, to be not banished from the earth, but from whom all sympathy with human woe is as far removed, as the victims of their oppression are from liberty.

The child's resolution was taken, and, as might be expected, the first opposition came from those she sought to save. Her plan, to take a message in person to the emperor, was received with scornful ridicule, or scarcely less contemptuous tenderness. At last it was agreed that she should abandon her project, so long as her father repressed the slightest sign of discontent at his condition. The pressure of his misfortunes soon relieved her from her promise, and when the brief Siberian summer came round, she, through the agency of a friend, being unable to write herself, obtained a passport from the governor. This

preliminary proof of her persevering fidelity to her parents, affected them both, and they could only urge the length of the journey, 800 leagues, and the difficulty of obtaining access to the emperor, until finally ascertaining the nature of their child's unshaken will, and perhaps, with that strange mystery of hope, clinging to what reason would deem but a visionary support, they gave a reluctant consent that she should set out the ensuing summer, trusting in the Friend of the helpless for success.

Human nature never appears so pitiful or mean, as when it detracts from, or opposes the virtues, it is too cowardly to imitate. Prasca experienced this, when, at the commencement of her fearful undertaking, only two inhabitants of the district, who had known and loved her long, encouraged her by their words, and gifts. The latter she refused, nor would she take pecuniary assistance even from her parents. After a journey of five leagues, she stopped to obtain shelter at the abode of a peasant, to whom she was by name known. When the morning came, she again set forward, but mistook her way, and travelled several miles to no purpose : her energy, nevertheless, sustained her, and she continued her weary journey, getting food and rest at the various huts she reached as far as she might. Many times she met with scorn and derision when her object was made known; occasionally with generous consideration suited to the magnitude of the enterprise she had in hand ;

constantly she received help and shelter, and so sustained, she passed onward slowly but surely, lessening each day the distance which separated her, from the place where were centred all her wishes.

Once, sleeping heavily after a day's excessive fatigue, she was awakened by the owners of the cottage, and listening anxiously, found them discussing herself. At length the woman, coming to the place where she slept, shook her rudely, desiring that she would produce the money she possessed. Prasca showed the eighty copecks she had in her purse. "You could not get to St. Petersburg with so small a sum," they exclaimed; but searching her, and finding no more, they left her at length to her slumbers. Her night was an unquiet one, but morning arrived, and she hastened to pursue her journey. The old man was stirring. "Here," he said, "are your eighty copecks; go, and may Heaven preserve you!" When, at a short distance, Prasca stopped to count over her little property, she found that the worthy but strangely mannered couple, had added to her store, and that she now possessed one hundred and twenty, instead of eighty copecks.

A band of the wild dogs which infest this part of Asia had nearly proved the death of our poor young heroine. Her characteristic courage did not, however, forsake her. Falling down on her face, she kept the creatures effectually at bay, until some assistance appeared; but the shock to her nervous system was

great, and doubtless contributed to the weakness which afterwards took possession of her.

At length her weary steps approached Ekatherinembourg, a town on the confines of Asia ; but her strength was failing fast, and she found it impossible to proceed further on foot. The sledges going to that town with provisions for Christmas, were expected shortly, and Prasca was fortunate enough to secure a ride forward upon moderate terms. Her clothes were worn out, the intense cold chilled her very heart, but the drivers of the sledges agreed among themselves to lend her their pelisses in turn, and by means of this timely charity, she reached their destination in safety.

A friend was now raised up to Prasca in Madame Milin, a lady noted for her benevolence, who, not content with affording her temporary assistance, kept her during the severe months of the winter, and who instilled no less instruction into her mind than she evinced careful hospitality by the nourishment of her body. Under the guidance of this excellent woman, Prasca's natural thoughtfulness became deepened in the foundations of religious knowledge ; and superstition, the crude creed of the intellect, was exchanged for something wiser and better, elevating the intelligence, and solacing the soul. To quote the words of a beautiful writer, "There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest : there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity : there are those, too, who have heard

its 'still small voice' amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction ; and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human breast." Prasca felt it to be so.

As soon as the weather became sufficiently favourable, the good Samaritan, Madame Milin, allowed her interesting protégée to depart. She took a place for her in a boat going to Nijeni, and provided her with money and clothes, as well as with a letter of introduction to some friends in Moscow. On the voyage the young Siberian had nearly lost her life. She was precipitated with two more of the passengers into the Wolga, and rescued with considerable difficulty. The necessity of keeping on her wet clothes, there being no opportunity in a small boat of changing them, brought on a violent cold, and this acting upon a constitution already enfeebled by premature fatigue and privation, doubtless laid the foundation of the disorder which closed her short and eventful life. So ill was the poor girl on arriving at the end of her voyage, that the nuns of the convent, who had been prepared by Madame Milin to receive her, would on no account permit her to go on, until her strength should be more established : the interval of delay was a bitter one to her anxious heart, and when she wished once more to travel, no sledges could traverse the

roads. As soon as a fall of snow rendered this mode of transit practicable, Prasca again set forth. The abbess of the convent of Ijéni, struck with the mixture of childish beauty and almost womanly intelligence she presented, would gladly have bound her by vow to return and end her days in the vocation for which her tastes seemed to fit her. She refused, saying that she could not promise any disposition of her future life, until she discovered the will of God respecting her ; yet, were she suffered to complete her holy mission, inclination would prompt her to choose this convent as her last resting-place. At length they let her depart with many tears, and she pursued her journey to Moscow, and thence to St. Petersburg, arriving in that city at the expiration of eighteen months from the date of her first leaving Ischim.

Here, perhaps, came the true sense upon her of her helplessness and difficulty. She had been accustomed to the loneliness of nature, not to the solitude of cities, and the blood rushed back to her heart as it realized, for the first time, the insignificance of the atom, when surrounded by myriads of living beings, bound to it by not one tie of sympathy. Alone in a city of palaces, wealth and luxury, tyranny and servitude, the arrogant brutality of a semi-barbarous people, whose laws, culminating in the arbitrary will of one, sacrificed life, if the serf dared but sigh, and crushed the emotions of the heart, into one shapeless mass of plastic servility to despotism, what chance

had a young unfriended girl, against such odds as these? Paralyzed by a sense of loneliness, and suddenly called upon to confront all shapes and kinds of obstacles, which human crime, folly, or perverseness could present, it was the justice of her cause, and the energy which is imparted to the soul by the innate conviction that the God of justice is ever present to maintain it, which supported her, as she tasted the bitter truth, that real solitude is not upon the tops of mountains, in the abysses of caves, or the howling recesses of forests, but in large cities; where the individual life and being, may throb and hope, and die, unnoticed; where the eye wanders restlessly for one responsive look of love, and finds it not; and where the heart, in its wildest emotions of agony and despair, pants out its last unavailing sob, upon the pulseless void of a breathing wilderness, and dies without an echo!

Prasca lived for her parents, and the memory of them made her conscious that

“Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another.”

Arrived at the scene of her mission, no yielding to the exhaustion of physical power, was permitted to retard her purpose. She had made a friend during her journey, of a merchant in easy circumstances, the family took her in, and did all they could for her, but they were utterly incompetent to give any advice as to the means of attaining the object of her

mission. Thus left to her own resources, the pale, melancholy-looking girl might have been seen, day after day, standing on the steps leading to the Senate-house, and offering a petition, roughly drawn up by some inefficient hand, to every person likely to assist her. Of course, none received it ; she was taken for a common beggar, and once, when she summoned courage to ascend the staircase, she was seized by the shoulders by a Jack-in-office, and rudely thrust out. Thus passed two miserable weeks, until the arrival of Easter broke up the session, and rendered further visits for the present impossible.

There are two versions of the means by which she ultimately gained her purpose. One represents her as obtaining, by the kindness of a lady, a friend of Madame Milin's, an introduction to the Countess L——, who interested a Russian nobleman, of great influence in her suit. Through him her story created such effect at court, as to engage first the patronage of the empress and the empress-mother, and lastly of the Czar himself.

The other account is more graphic, and represents her as hopelessly returning from the Senate-house, when the words of a friend, that she might just as well seek a favour from the bronze statue of Peter the Great, as from his successor, induced her to place in the hands of the figure, the petition which every one else rejected. The act, as might have been expected, created much curiosity ; and one of the



Prasca Loupouloff on the Steps of the Senate House. P. 348.

princesses having inquired what was its object, received from the girl the striking reply, that, "trusting in God, she hoped He would make the emperor descend to her, if she could not ascend to him." The answer awoke the lady's sympathy, by whom she was introduced at court. Upon approaching the throne, she kissed the steps, and implored God to excite towards her father the clemency of the ruling occupant. There is a further difference in the statement, that the emperor restricted, at first, his acquiescence to any favour she might have to ask for herself; but this somewhat equivocal generosity is altered by others to the *direct* grant of a recall to John Loupouloff, and the concurrence with Prasca's entreaty for a pardon to the two poor exiles who had encouraged and aided her, at the commencement of her undertaking. She withdrew with a heart overflowing with gratitude; and, doubtless, in that moment, the monarch's conscience repaid him for his act of clemency; that virtue which adorns a throne with more true wealth of happiness, than if the exile's child had added whole provinces to his empire, or extended his power beyond the uncertainty of fortune.

But her work being done,

"The angel, with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing descended; and with a voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like death."

Although she reached Novogorod, and was spared

to hear from her parents, accents of gratitude and love, broken by heartfelt sorrow, as they wept over their fragile liberator, now about to submit to the pale sovereign who sways all earth and its denizens, yet the blow had been too surely stricken to afford the least hope of her recovery ; and anxiety and fatigue brought on premature decline. One narrative represents her as expiring on the eve of the day marked for her parents' arrival, December 8th, 1809, her last words expressing a conviction that "she should see them in heaven." She died, after having assumed the veil among the nuns of Ijéni, to whom she redeemed her conditional promise with the same fidelity which characterized her every act. Another recital, after giving a striking proof of her constant sympathy with the poor, stimulated by the recollection of her own misery, authenticates the fact, that her means were augmented by an order from the empress-mother of three hundred gold roubles from her private purse, and a promise of a considerable pension, but her altered circumstances were only of brief duration. Again, in a note to Madame Cottin's work, "Elizabeth ; or, the Exiles of Siberia," we read, "Elle mourut à Novgorod en 1810, six ans après son généreux dévouement. Son père avait été exilé en Sibérie in 1798." Whatever discrepancy, however, may exist about dates, there is none as to the calmness and resignation with which she met her end.

We subjoin the following extract, republished from the French :—

“ It was on the 1st of October Prasca departed this life. The ground had for some days past been covered with snow, but the weather was unusually fine, and the sun shone brightly. She was sitting at a window that overlooked the high-road, and appeared to be gazing with pleasure on the pure white landscape. A young woman who attended on her said,—

“ You are better, I am sure. I have not seen you look as you do now for these many weeks past.”

“ Yes,” answered Prasca, “ I am better every day, and I hope to be well soon. It cannot now be long before my spirit will be released from the burden of the flesh. I never felt it so light and free as at this moment.”

Suddenly a sledge—the first that had been seen that year—came up, and drove rapidly along the road in the direction of Petersburg. Prasca’s heart beat violently ; the recollections of past sufferings and dangers rushed back upon her mind at the well-known sight ; a change came over her countenance, and she begged her attendant to lay her on the bed, and call together her parents and friends to pray with her. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of devotion ; but before the young woman returned, she had ceased to breathe.”

Sarah Martin.

“ Hail ! heavenly piety, supremely fair !
Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair,
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe.
How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
Like thee, exalted, smiling and serene !
Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight,
Whose bosom melts with more refined delight ;
Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
Can soar at once beyond the views of time ;
Till, loosed from earth, as angels unconfined,
He flies, aërial, on the darting wind ;
Free as the keen-eyed eagle bears away,
And mounts the regions of eternal day.”

OGILVIE.

Sarah Martin.

BORN 1791. DIED 1843.

THE formerly quiet fishing-town of Yarmouth is fast growing into a fashionable watering-place. Within a mile or two of it, visitors are taken to a dull little village, containing the ruins of a castle. A few years ago, the unpretending hamlet offered a yet more interesting object than this half-demolished relic of brick and stone-work. It was the home of Sarah Martin, a prison benefactress, scarcely second to Mrs. Fry in the boldness of her designs, or the success of her ministrations.

Left an orphan at a very early age, and entirely dependent upon a relative for support, it became speedily necessary that Sarah, born of humble parents, should, like them, gain her own livelihood. She was placed with a dressmaker for a few months, and, at the expiration of that time, commenced business for

herself, by going out to daily needlework in Yarmouth and its neighbourhood. The girl had been taught to read and write—acquisitions of incalculable benefit to her who was destined to employ all her endowments in the interest of her fellow-creatures.

Passing to and fro on her work, Sarah's thoughts were often drawn to the prison, situated on her road. She had heard something of the condition of the criminals confined there, and her imagination filled up the outline. Tales of cells below ground, where a ray of the blessed sunshine never penetrated, mingled in her mind with the thought of Sundays passed within those melancholy walls, Sundays utterly misused and worse than unsanctified, for there was no service then within the prison, nothing to remind the miserable and abandoned inmates that the holy day of rest and self-communion was come, to infuse strength into the tired and overwrought heart for the remainder of the week. The idea of sufferings she could not alleviate was ever present, and, after some years, the desire grew so strong to enter, and judge in person of the possibility of inducing a better state of things, that it could no longer be opposed. In the latter part of the year 1819, a woman was imprisoned in Yarmouth gaol, whose case filled the gentle mind of Sarah Martin with mingled horror and pity. It is interesting to hear from her the manner in which her wish was gratified. "Years ago," she says, "I began to experience a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners

to read the Scriptures to them ; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God ; how they were shut out from society whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances. I did not make known my purpose of seeking admission to the gaol until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother ; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him." After some trouble, Sarah was admitted ; she inquired for the woman she desired to speak to, who came, surprised at the sight of a stranger. "When I told her," goes on Sarah, "the motive of my visit, of her guilt, and of her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me."

Upon this single token of encouragement, Sarah commenced a series of regularly-organized visits to the prison. She began to read to the culprits, but soon made time to instruct them in reading and writing. Her leisure did not suffice for all the schemes she had in view, but one day in every week must be set apart, so that the prisoners might not be forgotten. "I thought it only right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking, to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed

with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

As is ever the case, the promise was realized to godliness concerning "the life which now is," and a trifling increase of income now enabled Sarah to take up her residence in Yarmouth, nearer the scene of her labours. She engaged two rooms, and began to make a little repository of Bibles and religious books, which, by the liberality of a few Christians, soon assumed an important appearance. She gave every spare moment to the work she had so earnestly engaged in ; yet endeavoured to fulfil her engagements with the ladies for whom she worked. Decreasing custom caused her some anxiety, but her faith in the providence of God was never shaken, and even when her customers failed altogether, and nothing remained to her but the slender pittance she had received from her grandmother, we find this true believer thus beautifully expressing herself :—"In the full exercise of my calling, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future ; but as work disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right, I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported ; God was my master, and would not forsake His servant ; He was my father, and could not forget His child. I knew, also, that it sometimes seemed good in His sight to try the faith and patience of His servants, by bestowing

upon them very limited means of support ; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth ; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah ; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy ; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I had become exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Nothing, perhaps, can more forcibly portray the apathy of Government towards the religious education of the people, at this period, than the fact, almost incredible in these days of Christian privilege, that Yarmouth gaol, as late as the year 1826, possessed no facility for Sunday worship ! The only mode of supplying this sinful negligence of rulers, was by persuading the prisoners to form a system among themselves. This was a difficult undertaking, but Sarah Martin succeeded at last, and herself attended regularly as a hearer, believing her presence might exercise a salutary influence upon the little congregation. While she was pursuing this unobtrusively effective mode of bringing back the lost sheep to the fold, she was daily gaining grace and intelligence for herself. So true is it that their own exertion brings home a reward, swift and true, to the architects of those "social bridges," called reformatories. How aptly do

the words of Longfellow apply, wherein he invokes a benison on such work and workers :—

“God’s blessing on the architects who build
The bridges o’er swift rivers and abysses,
Before impassable to human feet ;
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of Death !”

There are dark and dangerous places in the social world which need “bridging over,” to afford a way of escape to the miserable dwellers in degradation. Public reformers are frequently of the lowest and most unobtrusive rank, but are sure to succeed if they follow the martyred king’s advice, “first to practise on their own hearts, that which they propose to try on others.” Our unpretending little dressmaker had not only the soul to feel for others, but the head to plan improvements for their condition. She borrowed patterns, cut out articles, taught the ignorant to work, and enthusiastically encouraged talent wherever she discovered it. In the course of a short time, a considerable sum was raised among the prisoners by the product of hours formerly spent in riotous and wicked conversation. Four hundred pounds’ worth of useful and ornamental performances, was sold for charitable purposes, and enlarged the active expansion of intelligence and religion. So much for the result of energy in one devoted spirit !

Tribute to her worth is to be found in the Prison

Reports of the year 1835, from the pen of one of the inspectors, who seems to have been greatly interested by the novel sight presented to him.

“Sunday, November 29th.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled ; a female resident in the town officiated ; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England ; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well,—much better than I have frequently heard them in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition was read by her ; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners.”

How greatly must we admire the systematic rules laid down for herself and her *protégés*, by this self-educated and long-suffering woman ! She kept a register of all new comers ; passed six or seven hours every day among them ; taught, read, prayed, and reasoned with them ! Her success was nearly universal : few could resist her influence, none could feel other than attachment to the patient and affectionate

teacher, whose convincing discourse was—her life ! Nor was her prison work her sole philanthropic effort ; a school for the factory girls received a share of her time : here a crowded class listened to her judicious method of imparting instruction, with faces relaxing into pleased surprise and interest, from the stolidity of ignorance, and semi-barbarous apathy. Then, determined to work to her very utmost, “to spend and be spent” for her Saviour, she employed any leisure from other duties, in visiting and reading to the sick and aged throughout the town. What wonder that she grew to be considered its guardian angel, who thus devoted herself to the works of one ?

Few existences were more characterized by those indications of piety which Dr. Chalmers defines as “a beauty of holiness which effloresces on the countenance, the manner, and the outward path.” Hers was a spirit which included faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God which stimulates us to inquire His will and perform it, and offers the best foundation not only for solid happiness, but for a serenity of temper which is at once the Christian’s charm and privilege. It has been well said that

“True piety is cheerful as the day,—
Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others woes, but smiles upon her own.”

This was it which at her return from her daily ministrations among the poor and the guilty, lit up

an ill-furnished and otherwise desolate apartment with the rays of a Divine presence. The sunbeam of the soul was there, irradiating each phase of the mere bodily existence : self was forgotten ; and, like Archbishop Leighton, who so practically exhibited the meaning of his own commentary, her heart, filled with the love of God, and deriving joy from His presence, was as unaffected by the storm of earthly passion, as one "who hears the dripping of the rain upon the house-top, whilst he sits within, at a sumptuous feast."

Her poetical temperament developed itself in sacred songs, some of which evince a power of composition of no common order, and are remarkable for vigour of thought, as well as holiness and strength of faith. In one she remarks—

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From Eternity's own light ! "

How little do those who look to steep existence in a whirl of pleasure, or labour ceaselessly for wealth, know of the sublimated joy which, ignoring this world's influences, brings down heaven into the heart, brighter than the transitory palaces of kings ! This proceeds from a meek unsophisticated discharge of the great duty,—to such a spirit, a true pleasure, —of loving man now, as it knows itself to have been loved by God for ever !

To Sarah Martin the passage from earth to immortality could not be said to be through "darkness and shadow." She had died daily, and the sun she had so often looked upon beyond the distant hills, gilded the clouds which veil the departure of the soul. She passed away "in the full assurance of faith," and with all the signs of triumph and repose, on the 15th of October, 1843, having completed her fifty-second year.

A review of her character elucidates its striking features as reflecting the wisdom of the serpent, tempered with the harmlessness of the dove. It can never be too strongly insisted upon, that pure religion is the true atmosphere of the intellect, as well as of the affections; and that just as physical strength expands itself upon the mountain-top, and is invigorated by healthy air, so the mental no less than the moral growth, develops its full excellence when refreshed by the celestial breath of piety! Inspired by the purest Christian love, she was remarkable for fortitude and perseverance, together with that singular prudence and discretion in carrying out her plans, which appertain, we have said, to the region of holy thought. If she was herself not irritated by disappointment, if ingratitude could not check her benevolence, nor even guilt and ignorance, detraction or obstinacy, appal her resolution, she was equally careful of giving offence; and her whole life exhibited the precept of removing

stumbling-blocks from their path, lest she should cause others to offend. In short, Sarah Martin, as far as human judgment can decide, was one of those true angels upon earth, who seem, like comets, to appear at intervals in the dark sky ; transitory passengers whom we admire and wonder at, seeing the glory they bring from another sphere, as it renders the gloom which surrounds them here, more apparent. They come—they go—we can scarcely tell whence, or whither ; but when they have departed, we feel that “a mighty light has fallen,” which we were happy to rejoice in for a time,—praise—yet how seldom strive, to follow !

Grace Darling.

“She holds no parley with unmanly fears :
Where duty bids, she confidently steers ;
Faces a thousand dangers at its call,
And, trusting in her God, surmounts them all.”

COWPER.

Grace Darling.

1800.

It is not often given to human heroism to see the results of its ardour, to taste the fruit of its self-denial. The subject of the present sketch was destined to form an exception to this rule. The report of the noble action that immortalized her, had spread far and wide ; praises and money were lavished upon her, from noble, and even regal, hands : the blessings of those she had rescued from a terrible death, cast a halo around her, as the sweet incense of flowers hangs about the hand that revives, with timely nourishment, their drooping leaves : lastly, she was not perhaps the less blest, that the angel of death wafted away her meek spirit whilst her fame was at its zenith, and time hesitated to wither a leaf of the chaplet gilded, now, by the fadeless tints of Heaven !

Grace Darling ! how vivid, how graphic, a picture rises before us at the very sound of that singularly expressive name !

We can fancy a lone lighthouse, dropped, as it were; into the very midst of the sea. The waves toss and wrangle around it, and at times they even curl up as if to lap the friendly light itself, and, drinking, quench the lustre for ever! Beyond, among the black waters, moves a speck, heaving and disappearing in every fresh struggle with the fearful element. And alone upon the island of the lighthouse, a young girl of delicate form, and strange intelligent countenance, wanders to and fro, clasping her little hands, and murmuring prayers for the safety of the hapless mariners; whilst her father hastens to their assistance, and her mother, gazing from the windows above, watches him, through her tears, and the ever-blinding spray, go forth upon the merciful and perilous errand!

Later on. The child has grown into a woman. Still goes the father on his work of mercy, to succour the shipwrecked sailor, and rescue the half-drowned passenger from the hungry waves that threaten every moment to engulf himself; but a female form gazes with straining eyes upon those frightful billows, watching the rowers as with marvellous dexterity they surmount each wave, cheering onward with earnest hopeful voice, when strength and courage flag. Whenever danger menaces, whenever others shrink aside,—in the tempest, and lighted by the thunder-flash, wave the tresses of the ocean-nurtured maiden, damp with the salt foam. Another Venus,

she seems ocean-born, yet invested with a beauty more touching than her prototype's; for it is the beauty of the heart, not of mere physical charms, but that of an angel guardian, sent to pity and to save!

Those who have visited the coast of Northumberland will remember the group of islands, called the Farne or Fern, upon one of which, the lighthouse, called the Longstone, is situated. Nothing more desolate and isolated can well be imagined. Like the Eddystone, it is so placed that an interval of weeks sometimes elapses without an opportunity of reaching it from the shore, whilst even those accustomed to the jarring warfare of the elements, around the lone and unprotected spot, tremble, despite all their courage, to realize its perilous position.

What an abode for the early years of a child, and that child a girl! Yet here the infancy, nay the greater part of Grace's short life, was passed. Her books were the shifting clouds and the capricious billows; her pleasures, the search for strange ocean-shells and many-tinted sea-weeds; her companions, the screaming sea-fowl and the melancholy curlew. It would have been wonderful indeed, if extraordinary circumstances had not made her a remarkable woman.

Instead, however, of the moroseness such an education was likely to engender, the spirit of energetic philanthropy early manifested itself in the senti-

ments and actions of the little, lonely, island girl. Around the fire at night, while the waves sounded a rough lullaby, and the growling of the distant thunder sent a thrill like the voice of a shackled but giant foe, the father would relate stories of tempests which had driven many a gallant vessel against the treacherous rocks ; whose precipitous bases appeared beneath the billows to waylay, like serpents, the unwary ; now, diving out of sight, anon reappearing, to work some deadly mischief, when least expected. Grace would listen with wild beating heart, or retire to weep in silent corners, over the fate of gallant crews, battling for life more madly at every struggle, until, one by one, they sunk to rise no more. Some thirty years before her birth, there had been a noble merchantman from America, wrecked near, and the details of the event often sent the poor child away to her sorrowful bed. This recital, and that of other similar disasters, never seemed to lose their interest for her, however often told, and the intensity of her regret and compassion surprised those who knew the ordinarily quiet unobtrusiveness of her demeanour, and the reserve characterizing the usual expression of her thoughts.

So Grace grew up to woman's estate.

It was the fall of the year. September had arrived, and the evenings were growing dark and chilly, when the *Forfarshire*, a steam-vessel of small size, but containing a considerable cargo, with passengers and crew

to the number of between sixty and seventy persons, set sail for Dundee from the port of Hull.

For a short distance all went well, but it afterwards became apparent to the passengers, that something was wrong, as the vessel neared Flamborough Head. The crew moved uneasily about, the captain's countenance wore a decided shade of anxiety, and those of the travellers soon reflected it in greater or less degree, when it became whispered that a leakage had been discovered in one of the boilers, and that the constant use of the pumps was necessary to prevent the deck from becoming inundated with water.

So considerably was the progress of the vessel retarded, that it was the evening of the following day before she entered the narrow channel between the shore and the Farne Islands, and passed into the bay of Berwick. It was eight o'clock, the wind threatened a tempest, and the waves, already susceptible of the commotion, tossed the hapless bark ruthlessly upon their snowy crests.

From this period up to ten o'clock, the scene upon the deck of the *Forfarshire* can hardly be described. Friend gazed upon friend, with pale and quivering features ; half-formed words escaped, as if from the ebbing bosom of hope ; hand sought hand for support, and even rough sailors lifted glances of silent inquiry to each other's faces, as the fog gradually surrounded them, and shut out all but the melancholy scene on board. The leak had now completely set at defiance

the power of the pumps, the engines were useless, and, in a fearfully short period, it became evident that all control over the vessel was gone !

All the time the rain beat upon the unhappy beings who crowded the deck, and strained their anxious eyes to discover some object in the dense mist which enveloped them. Too soon it came. A wild cry burst from a dozen whitened lips, as suddenly the lights of the Farne Islands grew perceptible, and the captain called out loudly, for their lives, to avoid the breakers, by running the vessel into the channel between the rocks and the mainland. The sea, however had the mastery —wildly its billows surged up the sides of the frail timbers—all that intervened between them and destruction. Every lurching swell drove them nearer the milky edge of the line of land ahead, and at length looming horribly above the bows, there appeared a massive rock descending at least a hundred fathoms deep, so frightfully rugged in its black detail, that those who knew the spot, closed their eyes with a sinking feeling of despair.

There was a moment's pause, a dead silence !—the next, the devoted vessel struck heavily, and the shock brought upon deck, those unfortunates who had hitherto remained unconscious of their danger, and who now rushed frantically here and there, some bent on finding a friend or relative, as if to lose in companionship, some of the horrors of the moment ; some in search of means of escape ; all scarcely hoping, but yet anxious, to take

advantage of any mode of preservation, principally, alas ! selfish.

While the captain, whose wife clung wildly to him, imploring him not to forsake her, gave hurried orders no one cared to obey, the sailors lowered one of the boats, and scarcely had it touched the water, than it was occupied to overflowing. One terror-stricken wretch springing into it without thought for two older relatives, who attempted to follow, beheld them perish before his eyes, the waves curling round their struggling forms, and hiding them, in scarcely more than a second, from all earthly ken. The boiling surges now swept over the decks, and a mighty wave with fearful violence completely lifted the vessel, which fell again with a crashing noise, upon the sharp edge, parting the next instant, exactly in the midst. One portion, containing the cabin, with its occupants, those on deck, the captain and his wife, with some of the crew, was carried past by the force of the current, while the fore-part still remained crushed upon the rocks,—a sad trophy of the wreck !

It was at this awful moment that a few of the passengers crowded around the windlass, and were joined by the remainder of the crew. There were only eight on deck, of all those who had quitted Hull the previous evening—five sailors and three others ; but from the cabin below, through which the waves held on a broken course, there came the heart-rending wail of childhood, still augmenting the

horrors of those who heard, powerless to save. A poor woman, folding two infants to her bosom, lay there; but anon the melancholy cries ceased, and silence reigned, broken only by the roar of the triumphant eddy. Darkness came down, and night closed in heavily.

The morning of the 7th of September broke mistily over the lighthouse of the Longstone. Grace, who had passed a night of no ordinary inquietude, rose early, and with her eyes to the glass, sought anxiously to discover some vestiges of the disaster her heart had predicted during the silent hours. She uttered a cry of horror, which was echoed by her parents, as the remains of the shattered vessel met her sight, lying about a mile off; while, plainly distinguishable between the rapidly-flowing surges, might be observed human forms clinging to the broken timbers, which seemed as if each succeeding wave must sweep them away for ever!

Grace, her father, and mother, were the only persons at present in the lighthouse. The hearts of all sank. What could they do alone, those three, while the waves were running mountains? Even could they reach the wreck, how return without further assistance, which would be rendered imperative by the state of the tide? The poor girl turned for comfort to her father's countenance. He shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

Up to this time, Grace had never accompanied her

father upon any of his humane enterprises. Others had always been at hand, nor had further duty devolved upon her, than that most willingly imposed by herself, of warning them when danger or distress were at hand, and receiving the sufferers who from time to time arrived, to claim the Longstone's friendly shelter. She knew how to handle an oar, and that was all. A more dangerous mission was now before her ; and eloquently she urged her request, for it seemed to her as if the lives of those shipwrecked wretches were in her hand.

The success of Grace's solicitation, so wildly, so desperately urged, was not long doubtful. The father yielded to entreaties which his own heart seconded ; and by means of Mrs. Darling's aid, the boat was launched. What must have been her emotion as she beheld her husband, and the child so precious to them both, embark upon that raging surf ; when she saw Grace exerting every nerve in her haste to assist the practised hand of her father, and each succeeding wave seem more menacing and potent to keep them from the object of their hopes ?

By means of unrelaxing toil, and blessed by the assistance of that Heaven which looks ever down with approval upon those who peril themselves in the cause of mercy, the father and daughter reached the rock, and could clearly observe the expression of the eager countenances turned towards them, in the newly-formed hope of deliverance. The sight re-

doubled their efforts, and the difficult task of disembarking, and drawing the boat up the rock, out of the reach of the waves, was accomplished.

We may imagine the surprise of the sufferers, as they watched the boat,—now presenting a means of deliverance, when hope had almost deserted them,—near the rock, and deposit its occupants, a man only and a young girl, upon that perilous landing-place. When it was secured where the sharp edges of the stone could not inflict damage, the pair approached the half-dead and thoroughly-drenched group. All were safe, with the exception of the two poor children. Their mother, indeed, was apparently dead also ; but care and unceasing attention revived the almost extinct spark, and blew it into a weak and lambent flame, as she relinquished the two poor little lifeless forms that had breathed their last sigh upon her bosom. The nine persons were placed in the boat, and, with the assistance of the sailors, they reached the Longstone Rock, where the kind hands and cordial welcome of the mother of their preserver soon changed their pitiable condition into one of thankful comfort.

To appreciate Grace's heroism in its full degree, it must be remembered that if, upon reaching the wreck, the occupants of it had been unable to render assistance in rowing back the boat against the tide, herself and her father would have been compelled to remain there, liable to the danger of sharing the fate they

intended to avert. So high, indeed, were the billows running, and even later on in the same terrible day, that the solicitations of some charitable persons, backed by the promise of reward, could scarcely prevail upon the crew of a fishing-boat to attempt the succour of those left upon the wreck, from the shore. Although placed in comparative safety, the violence of the sea forbade all thoughts of attempting to reach England, and the narrow resources afforded by the lighthouse, were put in requisition to the utmost, not only to shelter the sufferers, but to find means of hospitality for the accommodation of a boat's crew from North Sunderland, which, after an interval of some hours, arrived in search of the devoted *Forfarshire*. Nearly three whole days were spent by the shipwrecked visitors in the lighthouse, and Grace's joy was great when the same information that promised them a transit to England, brought intelligence of the safety of nine more persons, who had been picked up from the boat first launched, and taken to Shields.

The character of Grace Darling scarcely seems to have been of a nature to appreciate the plaudits which now, through newspaper paragraphs and every other available medium, marked the world's recognition of the noble daring she had so successfully evinced. Public subscriptions, gifts from high and low, requests for her portrait, and the personal kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who invited her to their castle, and presented her with a

watch (perhaps the most valued of all the testimonials she received, for she wore it constantly afterwards); all these failed to produce other than extremely quiet tokens of pleasure, in the heroic girl's demeanour. Her reward was to be of another description. At this time disease was slowly and tenderly weaning her from the world, and teaching her the hollow transitoriness of all earthly distinctions. We may fancy the smile with which she rejected an offer made to her by the directors of some London exhibition, to earn a considerable sum of money by sitting to be stared at, in a representation which had her heroism for its subject. Invited upon all sides, flattered and caressed by those of elevated station—an attractive snare generally to the lowly—Grace preferred to remain a tenant of the island lighthouse, aiding her mother in their simple domestic duties. She still preserved her untiring scrutiny over the fortunes of the mariners, who grew to regard her name with the same thrill of delight that they would have greeted the friendly warning of the light which shone above her home, a guide to safety, and an assurance of sympathizing care.

Scarcely three years after the date of the shipwreck, Grace drooped, and evinced symptoms of confirmed decline. It was deemed advisable to remove her from her home, and place her under the constant care of a medical man at Bamborough. No improvement taking

place, she was induced to try more than one different abode ; but all alike proved unavailing, and eventually, after a short sojourn at Alnwick, she acceded to her father's desire, and prepared to return to Bamborough, to her relatives, with the internal conviction that her days were drawing to a close, and would speedily be ended among them.

Whilst at Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland had endeavoured, with kind and constant attention, to alleviate the weakness of our poor young heroine, and provide her with every comfort, by those sympathizing assiduities which wealth alone cannot bestow. When the hope her noble friend had cherished, relative to Grace's recovery, was reluctantly abandoned, the duchess visited the humble maiden, and bade her a touching earthly farewell. Many had sought the hand she now clasped for the last time, in marriage, but, acting upon the advice of her friends, as well as the dictates of her own excellent sense, Grace was enabled to refuse every entreaty to bind the spirit which, for some time past, had been struggling to free itself from alloy, to the fetters of earth. It appears she had promised that she would not marry without the duchess's approbation. This may have been rash, but beneficial ; since most of her suitors were doubtless attracted by the possession of the public testimonial she had received, and which amounted to several hundred pounds.

As it was, no personal attachment disturbed the frame of peace and resignation in which her fate found her ; no sweet earthly dew of tenderness for husband or child left behind, dimmed the pure brilliancy of that hope, that shone like a star through the ruined temple of the soul's frail tenement. So passed she away, calmly and humbly, as she had lived.

“ —— Oh ! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.”

Florence Nightingale.

“Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten. No. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.”—
CHALMERS.

Florence Nightingale.

BORN 1820.

Few persons have pursued the counsel given by Dr. Chalmers, which we have prefixed to this notice, with more undeviating practice, than our present heroine.

Always a difficult task to the biographer to discuss a living celebrity, the path is smoothed in the case of Miss Nightingale, by the universal concurrence in one of her characteristics, philanthropy. It is admitted unquestionably, that she fulfilled not only the glorious mission of rescuing suffering valour, from reckless mismanagement and neglect, but that she taught, by heroic self-devotion to the cause of duty, her own sex that there was a nobler object in woman's existence, than to "sit in glory, the elegant deity of a drawing-room." The result still working, proves the energy of the agent, and the imperishable nature of good. There

is therefore less danger in Miss Nightingale's instance, than in many others, of praise becoming exaggerated into hyperbole, or criticism degenerating into detraction.

Born in 1820, at Florence, "Firenze la bella," she not only derived the name, but partook also of the taste, incident to the capital of Tuscany, over which still linger the memories of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, and Andrea del Sarto ; an illustrious brotherhood, whose genius appears to have found a ready response in one who was the child equally of affluence, as of intellect. Her father, the son of William Shore, of Tapton, assumed the name of Nightingale, after the death of his maternal uncle, under whose will, he inherited large estates at Embley Park, in Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire. By his marriage in 1818, with Frances, the child of William Smith, Esq., M.P. for Norwich, he had two daughters, of whom Florence was the younger, and as her disposition from the earliest years, manifested an admiration of the beautiful and noble, so the scenes of her childhood's education were eminently calculated to foster feminine accomplishment. Her father superintended her studies in classics and mathematics ; she acquired many modern languages, with ease and fluency ; became proficient in music, and was so desirous of extending her information by travel, as even to visit Egypt, where her attendance on the sick

Arabs is reputed to have given the first decided evidence of her philanthropic skill and intelligence.

At home Lea Hurst appears to have been her favourite resort, and as every element which moulds the mind, and develops the disposition, must be interesting to the observer of eminent and rare qualities, we subjoin the following description of the hall where her childhood was chiefly passed. "Erected in the Elizabethan style, it is most enchantingly situated on an expansive sloping lawn, on the outer edge of an extensive park, and is surrounded and overhung with luxuriant trees. It is built in the form of a cross, with gables at its extremities and on its sides, surmounted with hip knobs, with ball terminations ; the windows, which open beneath the many gables, are square-headed, with dripstone and stone mullions, and the general contour of the building is much heightened by the strongly-built clustered chimney-stacks which rise from the roofs. At the extremities of the building, large bay windows stand out in the grounds, and are terminated with balustrades and battlements. The hall, with its out-offices, gardens, and shrubberies, is enclosed from the general park by a low fence; and is approached by a gateway, whose massive posts are terminated by globes of stone. The whole place, embosomed as it is amid a profusion of beautiful trees, in an extensive park, raised up, on a kind of table land in the midst of one of Nature's choicest valleys, and from which a long series of exquisite views of the

surrounding country are obtained, surrounded by its gardens and shrubberies, and the walls covered with a profusion of ivy and creeping plants, is one of the most charming and poetic spots we have ever visited, and one which seems to be peculiarly well suited to be the home of such a pure and holy character as Miss Nightingale."

It is not to be denied but that certain duties require constitutional tendencies. It is all very well for persons to devote themselves to a school or a hospital; but they will scarcely be able to tolerate the drudgery of the one, or the disorders of the other, as a *mission*, except there is a direct element in the physical and mental organization, which enables the individual to ignore such evils. Many excellent men who would spend their fortunes in helping the sick, cannot bear the sight of blood; to others of highly sensitive and delicate breeding, be they ever so pious, a "rank compound of villainous smells," as Falstaff describes it, is positive poison. We do not say this to detract from those who, like Miss Nightingale, have personally braved the battle and the storm, but in justice to others who would have done so if they could. Her claim to heroism is not less clear, for she took up the mantle which her humane predecessors had left, and with the option of refinement and wealth before her, preferred peril and sympathy with suffering, and held the plough of progress for a nation's good, when the very paid workmen of that nation turned away.

In proof of her constitutional tendency, we find that, in her earliest years, Lea Hurst and Embley experienced in her an instructress unwearied in attention, from whom was derived persevering guidance, and unfailing support. The extreme limits of self-sacrifice appeared to be her delight, and the metropolis surprised, saw in her one of the most studious and diligent visitors of its reformatory, and hospitals. Not that she eschewed her own rank, but the tenor of her mind was to look backward to an apostolic age rather than to the present one of Mammon, and her whole life has been a practical scorn of the frivolities of fashion, with no compromise between ease and duty. In the North and on the Continent, she moved "among men, but not of them," and it is remarkable that she withdrew herself to the Training Hospital at Kaiserwörth, among the Protestant sisters of mercy, the very year of the first Great Exhibition, when the tide of Europe was at its height towards London. There were no models of sick-rooms among the specimens of scientific invention and national thought, but a far more enduring work was in progress elsewhere, and the corrector of abuses to which scores of men's lives fell a sacrifice, the disinterested physician to a Government's pertinacious errors, was even then preparing her weapons for the forthcoming struggle, and acquiring skill. After a short return to her family, and a brief superintendence, though a most devoted one, of the sick-wards in the Hospital for Governesses in Harley Street,

the Russian war broke out in 1854, and Florence Nightingale was looked to as the female Hercules to crush the Hydra of mismanagement.

It is not our intention in this volume to discuss political guilt—for what other word is applicable to the selfish ignorance which slew our bravest men?—we leave to fuller histories the record of the sanguinary inauguration of the Crimean war. One thing is indisputable, that if our country is said invariably to sacrifice, at its first entrance into war, to official imbecility, the spirit of the people speedily coerces and corrects the Government. Like the cry of Egypt on the night of the Destroyer, arose one universal thrill of indignation when the facts transpired, that, notwithstanding the vast outlay made for their support, our armies were withering away, without support or shelter, beneath the wasting effects of famine, disease, and climate. The country readily responded to the appeal, but it had been already proved that if cabinet councillors had the management of supplies, individual benevolence would be misapplied, as national had been. In a word, the success of the endeavour depended upon the person who was to direct it, and, as frequently happens, the one who had been passed over in crowds, and little considered in aristocratic assemblies, was chosen for a pioneer in a duty which patronage did not condescend to contest, since there was no pecuniary profit, but only the satisfaction of the conscience to be obtained from it.

To Lady Maria Forester is attributed the credit of

forming a band of nurses, and of proffering to Miss Nightingale the superintendence of the expedition. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" we find that Timorous is one of Christian's early opponents on his way to the Celestial City, and the threshold which Goodness has to pass in its outset, has ever been a *sneer*. The moment *she arrc* Miss Nightingale's determination was known, the hypocritical Mawworms affronted her with their pity, and Selfishness and Slander were eager to prove their old hostility to one who went about doing good. They might have spared themselves their opposition, for Miss Nightingale's life had been that of one ever looking beyond the present scene. She therefore persevered, and companions in her holy mission poured forth from among the delicately-trained, who had practised attendance on the sick. It is the nature of true charity to assimilate, not to divide ; to unite heresies and schisms, and not to widen them ; and in this spirit, twelve nuns from the convent at Norwood, were accepted as members of that devoted band, who, in October, 1854, quitted England, not in pursuit of that illusion which mingles victor and vanquished in one common death, but of that humanity which plucks the victim of disease from the grasp of the pale monarch, and confronts the pestilence with a heroism uninspired by merely earthly reward.

A good deed has been compared by Shakspeare to a taper shedding its rays far into a naughty world. Those who did not themselves assume the mission,

yet honoured it, and the passage of the heroic band through France was one continued triumph. As is usual with our gay neighbours, the Parisians looked as much to the dress of the woman as to her physiognomy; and many an idler on the Boulevarts was astonished that *La belle Anglaise* should seek so little aid from costume to enhance attractions, whose unpretentiousness he could hardly comprehend. Miss Nightingale, however, did not come to France to court or to be courted, she therefore discarded the vapid compliments of "*sentiment*" for a rapid assumption of her self-imposed duties, and the 5th of November saw her safely installed in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari.

Her fearful task was soon inaugurated by the arrival of the wounded from the battle of Inkermann. Government arrangements were almost worse than useless, and there is ample proof that, but for the aid of the nurses, brought down by Miss Nightingale, and her own quiet determination, which overawed officials, restored intelligence to the bewildered and incompetent, and taught the most indifferent to feel, the loss after an engagement would have doubled that which occurred in it. While the necessaries sent from England were "rotting under the snow at Balaklava, or hidden in the mud outside the Custom-house at Constantinople, she has been known frequently to stand twenty hours, on the arrival of fresh detachments of sick, apportioning



Florence Nightingale.

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quarters, distributing stores, directing the labours of her corps, assisting at the most painful operations, where her presence might soothe or support, and spending hours over men dying of cholera fever. Indeed, the more awful to every sense, any particular case might be, the more certainly might be seen her slight form bending over the patient, administering to his ease by every means in her power, and seldom quitting his side until death released him."

Meanwhile, supplies had been brought so near as, by their non-administration, to mock the craving of the sufferers ; but red-tapeism and routine had claimed and exercised arbitrary sway, until Miss Nightingale dethroned them. "The rule of the service could not be transgressed, even to save hundreds of men." Soldiers were exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, shoeless and in rags, while the new apparel was sent off to perish by the damp and the worm, in an opposite direction to the disappointed seekers. But indolence, self-interest, and incapacity, rode riot, like three demons of mischief, under the patronage of Misrule ; so that it is even recorded, on one occasion, that Miss Nightingale had a storehouse broken open, and its contents distributed, in violation of a "rule of the service," which had ordained that necessaries, even for present use, should only be procured by the complicated wheel-within-wheel machinery of an incompetent Board, in collision, not in conjunction, with a mismanaged commissariat !

Through evil and through good report, this good Samaritan held on her way, and her example prevailed to swell the number of the missionaries of mercy. Five thousand sick lay in the hospitals on the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, three thousand in the barrack hospital alone ; a demand so great upon her original little force, as to cause her gladly to hail Miss Stanley's arrival, in January, 1855, with fifty more nurses. As step by step, she advanced, so more determined grew the opposition of official ill-will. True, she was supported by the sympathy of the nation, and this so loudly applauded her efforts as to intimidate her enemies, and force them to relax the silly restrictions obstructing the exercise of common sense and humanity. But disease increased its ravages : the medical staff suffered so severely that only one attendant was well enough to afford scant help to twenty-one wards. Yet fever and death produced no fear in the soldier's true benefactress. "Wherever," observes Mr. Macdonald, "is the hand of the despoiler distressingly nigh, *there* is that incomparable woman sure to be seen ; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

And it was no common scene of hospital experience

which startled the humane spectator at that hour One, mentioning the awful horrors of the wards, observes, "During the day, little of this is heard, but when all is silent, and sleep has settled down upon the occupants of each ward and corridor, there rise at intervals upon the ear, sounds which go straight to the heart of the listener. Now it is a wasted skeleton of a man, who fancies himself in the trenches, or on the blood-stained ridges of the Inkermann valley, contending for life, and the honour of his country. That ceases, and through the stillness comes the heavy moaning of another sufferer, at grips with death. By and by, a patient in deep consumption, has a fit of coughing, and so, through the dreary hours, the ear is arrested by expressions of suffering which, heard in these huge establishments, have a terrible significance."

No wonder that "when the ear heard her, then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her." "We lay there by hundreds," writes one soldier, "but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." Let no one, after this expression, doubt that poetry is the language of feeling, and is restricted to no rank in life. Her personal appearance, as given by the author of "Scutari and its Hospitals," is in strict accordance with her tone, and sphere of action.

"Miss Nightingale is just what you would expect in any well-bred woman, who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life: her manner and

countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty. It is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet, and rather reserved ; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness I would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others, and constraint over herself. She seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful : I have been with her at very severe operations ; she was more than equal to the trial."

The death of a personal friend, Miss Smythe, who had shared in the good work, appears to have shaken a system not originally strong, and debilitated by such continuous and harassing responsibility. It is common, also, to find the body yield, when the soul "sees of its travail, and is satisfied." Grief, no less than accomplished duty, causes the mind to fall back upon itself, and in the leisure which is not repose, the destroyer finds his weapon. Fever attacked her whose calm religious confidence had so long looked on its ravages ; but though it prostrated her strength

so far that she had to be carried to the vessel which bore her from Balaklava to Scutari, she refused to return home, and inaugurated her recovery by causing a monument to be erected, with an inscription in four languages, to the memory of those fallen in the war. With her usual self-abnegation, not a word is engraved upon it, relative to the originator of the design, the merit of which is attributed to "Queen Victoria and her people." She accepted, in 1855, a St. George's cross, with the inscription, "Blessed are the merciful," from the hands of the Queen ; a bracelet of brilliants from the Sultan, and a testimonial from the British Public ; but she steadily refused all pecuniary reward, and her address to the meeting, at Willis's Rooms, in 1856, bears not only proof of a high-minded discretion, but conveys a significant and severe rebuke to the malevolence of her traducers.

"Exposed as I am," she writes, "to be misinterpreted and misunderstood in a field of action, in which the work is new, complicated, and distant from many who sit in judgment on it, it is, indeed, an abiding support to have such sympathy and such appreciation brought home to me, in the midst of labours and difficulties all but overpowering. I must add, however, that my present work is such as I could never desert for any other, so long as I see room to believe that what I may do here, is unfinished. May I, then, beg you to express to the committee that I accept their proposal, provided I may do so on their understanding of this

great uncertainty as to when it will be possible for me to carry it out." Well might Mr. Sidney Herbert remark : " Miss Nightingale looks to her reward from this country in having a fresh field for her labours, and means of extending the good that she has already begun. A compliment cannot be paid dearer to her heart than in giving her more work to do." No wonder that Selfishness shrunk abashed from such a contrast to itself, or that Detraction used its utmost to disparage the excellence, which it had not virtue, or energy to imitate.

Notwithstanding an accident which befel her in 1856, one institution after another, organized by her for the intellectual and physical comfort of the troops, attested her indefatigable zeal for them. That her power of applying her strong perception and experience to practice is at once comprehensive and particular ; and that she is no less fearless in denouncing an abuse, however prejudice may support it, than she is closely observant of the minutest chords of human feeling, is demonstrated by her recent work on "Nursing." Never was a greater outcry raised against what they were pleased to call an arbitrary invasion of prescriptive science, than by the adherents to theories, many of which had exploded beneath the torch of Truth. It may be that Miss Nightingale's uncompromising plainness of opinion, savours of dictation ; most reformers are compelled to dictate. It may be that her system of therapeutics appears

extreme ; perhaps so to those who have not witnessed the ravages of fever, and the wholesale devastations of carelessness. Let it be granted that she has shown powerful perception of truth, and an unflinching conscientiousness in carrying forth its dictates, and she must, at least, be deemed qualified to discuss with authority, what a life's career has enabled her to ascertain.

An extract or two from her work on "Nursing" will give a short sketch of the author's mind, exhibiting her as speaking for herself. Alluding to the necessity of reform in the nursing of hospitals and workhouses, the latter especially, she remarks, "It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse."

"This reminds one of the parish, where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster, because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'

"Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse, to making a good servant, and the receipt will be found to fail."

"What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women in matters of business, about which they can know nothing, and think they know a great deal."

We commend to the reader's attention, the cutting covert satire at one of our most grievous national mis-

takes, contained in the first part of the quotation, and the feeling and common sense, apparent in the concluding remark. Let us hear her own reply to the attack made upon her career, as being unsuitable for a woman. It meets the whole phalanx of vituperation, with caustic independence; carries the war into the enemy's country; and shows the spirit of devotion as well:—

“ I would earnestly ask my sisters to keep clear of both the jargons now current everywhere (for they are equally jargons); of the jargon, viz., about the ‘rights’ of woman, which urges women to do all that men do, including the medical and other professions, merely because men do it, and without regard to whether this is the best that woman can do; and of the jargon which urges women to do nothing that men do, merely because they are women, and should be ‘recalled to a sense of their duty as women,’ and because ‘this is women’s work,’ and ‘that is men’s,’ and ‘these are things which women should not do,’ which is all assertion, and nothing more. Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God’s world, without attending to either of these cries. For what are they, both of them, the one just as much as the other, but listening to the ‘what people will say,’ to opinion, to the ‘voices from without?’ And, as a wise man has said, no one has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the voices from without.

“ You do not want the effect of your good things

to be, 'How wonderful for a *woman!*' nor would you be deterred from good things by hearing it said, 'Yes, but she ought not to have done this, because it is not suitable for a woman.' But you want to do the thing that is good, whether it is 'suitable for a woman, or not.'

"It does not make a thing good that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it. Neither does it make a thing bad, which would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.

"Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart!"

Such is her conclusion to "Notes," which for their boldness, no less than for their sagacity, constitute a marked era in sanitary progress. It may offend many, and naturally, to find a woman discussing the minutiae of sick rooms, symptoms, and recipes; no less than to discover the actual cautery of sarcasm, applied to the favourite nostrums of half-educated doctors, by a female hand. But the book stands upon its own merits; and if the tendency of her sex towards excess, seems to mark its authoritative style, or its treatment of, what have been erroneously considered, insignificant matters of detail, experience and fact support the one, and a conscientious courage in meeting even repellent topics, has enabled the authoress to discuss the other in a spirit of sound piety and sense.

When, at length, her sphere of usefulness was com-

pleted abroad, England welcomed once more one who had maintained her country's honour with a lustre never surpassed. Yet she came not amid the din of triumphant applause, nor did the Sister of Mercy, whose sway was on the hearts of the people, seek the transitory plaudits of their tongues. "If," as La Rochefoucauld observes, "the mark of extraordinary merit is to see those most envious of it, constrained to praise," so it is no less true, that "humility is the low, but broad and deep, foundation of every virtue." In order to avoid public observation, Miss Nightingale passed through France by night, and performed her voyage in a vessel of that country, rather than accept the (to her) painful distinction of a British man-of-war. Indeed, she has expressed it as her opinion, that the greatest impediment in the work she engaged in, for the sake of her countrymen, was publicity, by arousing in some minds a care for worldly distinctions. Since her return, her active philanthropy has been incessantly displayed by a ready response to charitable efforts, in behalf of infirm soldiers, both here and abroad ; and she has received the two greatest testimonials to real desert, in the appreciation of the virtuous, and the detraction of the selfish ! May she, then, long continue an agent, and exemplar, of that true Christian benevolence which teaches,—

"From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,
Oh ! never, never, turn away thine ear."

Experience with misfortune in this bleak wilder-

ness has, even whilst it may have indurated her mental tone, and confirmed her independence, led her to make "all human weal and grief her own;" and though suffering may dim the buoyancy of youth, yet the spirit of devoted piety invests her with a nobler ray. Few may fathom that spirit's mystery of enduring hope and steady resolve, but the countenance reveals the graces of the heart, and

"— The whole

Quiet cheek, youth's lost bloom left transparent, the soul
Seem'd to fill with its own light, like some sunny fountain
Everlastingly fed from far off in the mountain,
That pours in a gärden deserted, its streams,
And all the more lovely for loneliness seems.

So that watching that face you would scarce pause to guess
The years which its calm, care-worn lines might express,
Feeling only what suffering with these must have pass'd,
To have perfected there so much sweetness at last."

THE END.

